THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 199, Number 39

MARCH 26, 1927

5c. THE COPY

enyon Gambier—Kennett Harris—Wallace Irwin—Richard Washburn Child
ac F. Marcosson—Eleanor Mercein—Leonard H. Nason—Albert W. Atwood

NOW more than ever

you need the health-help spinach offers

Spring days are trying days for all of us! After months of hearty eating, a fare of heavy foods defeats our very aim—lowers rather than strengthens our resistance to exposure.

That's why doctors and dietitians so strongly recommend *green foods*—particularly spinach—at this season. Now, more than ever, its bulk, its mineral salts and vitamins are of value in every diet.

Why not serve it often? Especially when it's so easy? DEL MONTE Spinach is as handy as your pantry shelf. And really delicious, too! It offers that rare menu combination—healthfulness, goodness and convenience in one food.

Do You Know these Important Facts about Spinach?

An ideal bulk food—DEL MONTE Spinach possesses the natural cellulose or tissue to provide bulk and balance for more concentrated foods. It helps in the movement of waste through the digestive tract and aids in keeping the system clean.

Rich in vitamins—Scientific investigation indicates a rich supply of all the principal vitamins in spinach (A, B, and C). Also that canned spinach (processed in partial vacuum) retains these essential vitamins in greater quantities than most spinach cooked at home.

Body-building mineral salts—Spinach is one of the richest of all foods in iron. It is also an important source of calcium and phosphorus, the two other most important salts for normal body growth.

Absolutely clean—Washing is one of the most difficult problems in cooking spinach at home. DEL MONTE Spinach eliminates this work and also insures its thoroughness. The crisp, fresh leaves are washed and rewashed in revolving wire cylinders under pressure jets of water. DEL MONTE Spinach is then scientifically cooked to preserve its full food value and flavor.

Selected spinach recipes are contained in a new folder just issued. They offer a wide variety of tempting, appetizing ways to serve this healthful food in your menus—including many welcome suggestions for everyday use. Sent free, together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

—but be sure you say

DEL MONTE *Spinach*

Tarvia

Roads so good you can enjoy the scenery

The Barrett Company
40 Rector St., New York City

Gulph Road, near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Tarvia.

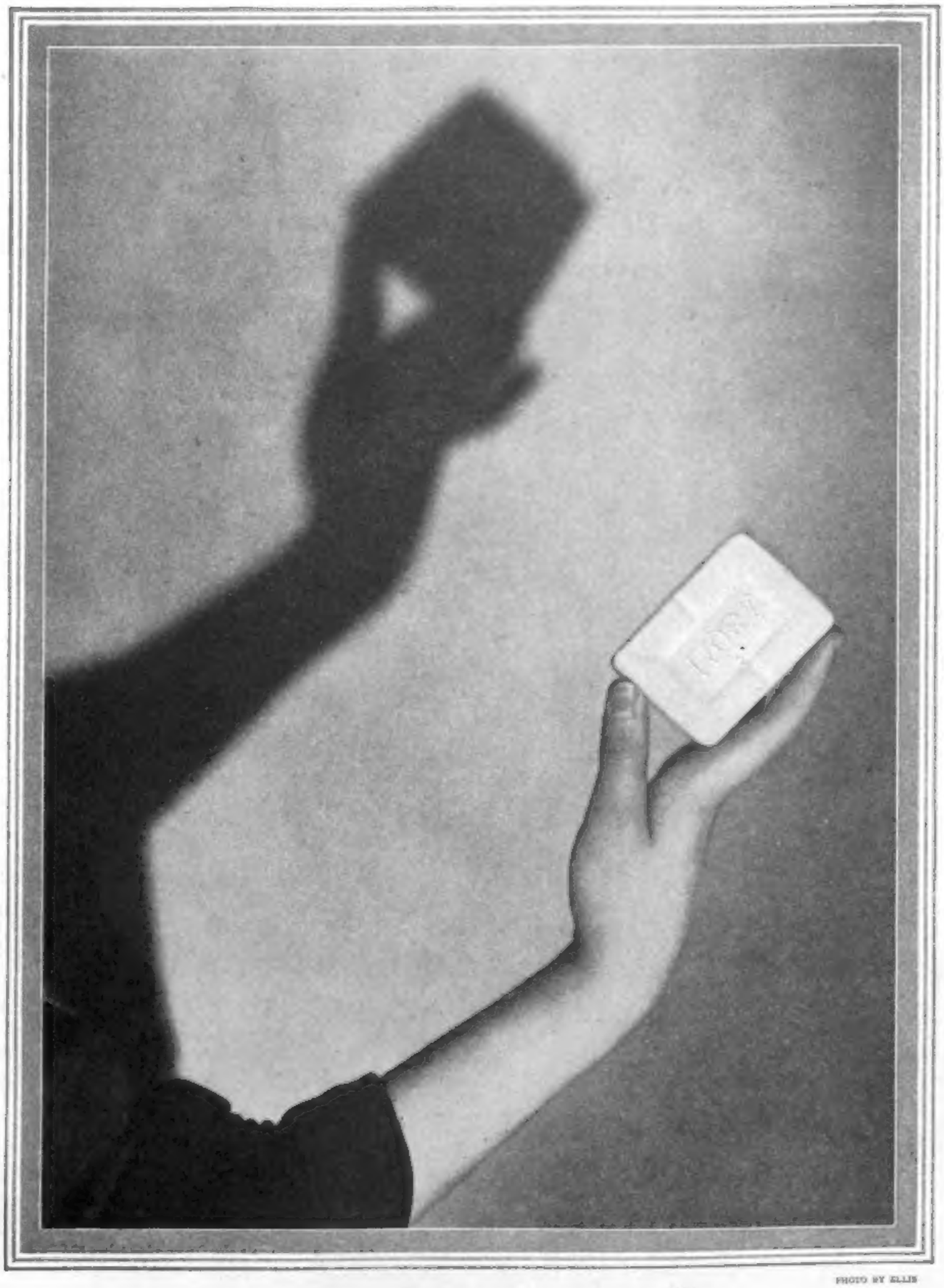


PHOTO BY ELLIS

When good taste smiles at money

CLAIRE has the quiet assurance born of wealth and long association with the good things of life. She knows that the possession of money alone is no guaranty of good taste.

Many of her friends buy with a casual "Isn't it lovely! I'll take it. Just charge it, please." Where they spend money thus lavishly, she spends careful thought and practical discrimination. The result is that her dimes often buy more genuine fineness than do their dollars.

For toilet-soap—an important detail in any girl's life—Claire pays five cents a cake. Of course, she insists upon *pure* soap to safeguard her precious complexion, because she knows that purity means mildness and gentleness. So, instead of paying for expensive-sounding names, fancy wrappers, costly perfume—things that have nothing to do with purity—she buys Guest Ivory.

And, since she insists that her soap must be dainty, too, she is doubly fortunate, because Guest Ivory is a perfectly charming little round-edged cake of lovely ivory whiteness wrapped in fresh blue, for which one might expect to pay *much* more than five cents. And she says that her friends are being converted, one by one.

A *trio* of Guest Ivory cakes costs the quite surprising sum of fifteen cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

For the face and hands ✻ As fine as soap can be 5¢ *99 44/100% Pure ✻ It Floats*

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1927, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 26, 1927 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) — Number 39

THE MAD MASQUERADE

"Good-by, Ponty. I'll Soon Bring Ellis Around. I Hate Family Rows." "Good-by," He Answered, Chuckling

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
26

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN A LITTLE hotel in a narrow and winding street near the Place de l'Opera in Paris a bridal couple were munching crisp rolls and sipping coffee. They felt it wrong, half dressed, to be eating this apology for a breakfast in this untidy bedroom, but it was the custom of the country and they wished to be cosmopolitan. They were weary, for the day before they had done the Louvre, the Invalides, the Tomb of Napoleon, the Eiffel Tower and the Carnavalet. From time to time the bride laboriously read aloud items from Le Journal, lifting provocative eyes for commendation. She had lips naturally like decanted port wine held against the sun, and lots of dark-brown hair that brushed quickly to a brilliant sheen. These, and long lashes, were her assets. For the rest, she was pretty and young. Her husband, dark, with burning Celtic eyes, sometimes glanced over her shoulder and, under pretense of reading what he could not read, softly tickled her neck. It felt like his cheek, he told her, for her hair was bobbed and her neck was shaved, but the caresses thrilled him as pleasantly as though he were twirling tendrils. With a sudden sharp interest he pointed to a name and asked what the paragraph was about.

"Why? Who's Lady Llanthony? Do you know her?" This daughter of an English Baptist minister was intensely curious about lords and ladies. She spelled out the paragraph: "Another taxi accident—another serious injury—taken to Salpêtrière. Ellis, I'll never get in a taxi again while I'm in this city. Don't ask me. . . . Who is she? Where did you hear about her?"

"Lord Llanthony is my uncle," her husband admitted; "I—I—can't help it, Jennifer."

The bride strained back so far to look at him that she snapped her left shoulder strap.

"Ellis Evans! An uncle, a lord—and you never told me."

She was hurt at reticence so surprising, and justly could not believe her husband when he explained that he had forgotten all about it. Father and uncle had not spoken in his lifetime, he said. After their bitter quarrel the one had leaped from one brilliant success to another, while the other had stayed poor with the solace of a clear conscience. His uncle had been bought off opposition to Lloyd George by the grant of a barony and been promoted to viscount by financing a party paper—a hundred thousand pounds was said to be the price. His uncle wanted that promotion so that his son could be a lord too; and such a son, a rotter, a degenerate, notorious in print more than once, banished to the States two or three years ago, and quiet since; not relations to be proud of, this unscrupulous Lord Llanthony and his fat-witted son, Lord Pontlottyn—oh, no.

The bride pouted—a mannerism due to praise, in childhood, of her brilliant lips—planted her elbows on the dressing table, put her chin on her hands, and let silent tears roll down her cheeks. Her husband would not know for several years that these tears were no more than comfortable relief for overstrained nerves, and he could not guess that cramming a Paris guidebook into five days would make any bride weep; so he was deeply anxious and profoundly puzzled. He knelt and clasped her, but she drew back.

"Two lords—and me never told," she reproached him, sobbing.

"If I had had an uncle hanged and a cousin in prison, you might blame me ——"

"That," she broke in, "might have been honorable. To conceal misfortunes—I might forgive that. But two lords—and we agreed—oh, Ellis, we said it a hundred times—to have no secrets from each other. And my friends never knew, nor father, nor mother ——"

"Your father," he reminded her, "despises worldly honors. In his last sermon ——"

"That's why he ought to have been told." Jennifer jumped up and dabbed water on her face.

"But you said," the perplexed man retorted, "that it was not a misfortune."

"He would have forgiven it. It is not as though you were a peer of the realm."

"I might be," he answered gloomily. "If my cousin dies unmarried, I shall be."

She turned from the washbasin. "Ellis," she cried, and flung herself into his arms. She rested there, panting. She opened her eyes, lifting her lids slowly, and looked up. "Ellis," she whispered, and drew his lips to hers.

"Go downstairs, Ellis," she ordered, prettily slipping away from his eager arms, "and wait for me. I won't be a minute. We'll call at the hospital ——"

"Call?" he repeated blankly. "I've never seen her. She's never heard of me, most likely."

Jennifer smiled and shook her head. "You won't see her now," she reminded him, "but you—we can inquire. And who knows, we might be of use? What if Lord Llanthony or Lord Pontlottyn—what if neither is here; no man to help?"

"They have ignored us," he protested.

"Oh, go, Ellis, go." She pushed him playfully. "You call yourself a Christian and refuse to help an aunt because she has a title. Oh, no. That's not you!"

"Oh, well ——"

She kissed him again and hustled him out. She went to the mirror, lifted her lids slowly and inspected her lips as they framed the words "Lady Pontlottyn." She quivered ecstatically. She turned away without even looking for signs of tears. Her little fountain emptied itself automatically and left no trace on cheeks which had never known rouge. She put on her dress, then unlocked a bag and drew out a volume—The Manners and Tone of Good Society. Possession of this book was her most important secret from her husband. She wished always to be an authority to him and to appear as though she knew everything.

Following directions, she wrote "To inquire" on the engraved card she was so proud of, and powdered her face lightly. She had only done this since her wedding day, and the touch of the powder puff on her cheek was a caress to her. In the elevator her side-sweeping eyes told her that the boy was admiring her, and when she stepped out she knew that the three men in the hall were watching her. Every stitch in her clothes pealed wedding bells, and pealed them rather well, considering limited opportunities and a thin purse. She advanced toward her husband with a dignity transcending wifehood. She inspected him with a new vivid interest. A lord one day, perhaps; he must get his clothes made in London hereafter. Her smile was radiant.

"Sharp worksky," he said. It was the national joke of the moment to Russianize words in derision of alleged Bolshevik propaganda. "It must be a taxisky." The underground and the buses are not for these who do not understand French. Mrs. Evans spoke a little, but as yet did not understand a word. In the taxi she consulted her guidebook. "This Salpêtrière has been everything in turns," she commented. "Who was Manon Lescaut?"

"There's an opera about her."

"Well, she was imprisoned there, whoever she was. It was a kind of bastille for ladies, and before that an arsenal, it says. Now it's a home for old people and mad people, and it has a ward for accidents."

They were silent after they crossed the Seine, for the shadow of the hospital waxed deeper as they approached. They looked at each other with lifted brows as they passed the bonded wine warehouse. These conscientious objectors to alcohol in any form were troubled to see this Gargantuan provision for the demands of a thirsty city, and the young husband thought that they might at least have put Le Halle aux Vins in a side street. He wished to retreat when the taxi stopped in front of grim penitentiary walls, so harshly forbidding, stretching so far to right and left as to suggest a walled city; but his wife was inside the gate before he had paid the taxi man.

"*Ma tante*—Vicomtesse Llanthony—*est ici, malade*," she told keepers of the gate, and they said, "*Oui, mademoiselle*," and poured out a cascade of directions, fortunately pointing with outstretched arm. Across great courtyards, beneath arches, along a wide avenue shaded by budding sycamores, they walked; acres of green grass spread around them, peopled by old women, some of whom were feeding lusty dusty sparrows, some hobbling aimlessly, some gazing vacantly. At last they were completely lost, but the wide Rue de Cuisine—this walled town boasted a kitchen road, along which men pushed little food-laden cars on rails—led them to the Rue de l'Infirmerie, and they were soon among a crowd of silent people seeking, like themselves, for news from the wards or the operating rooms.

"*Ma tante*, Vicomtesse Llanthony." The savor of that inquiry was sweet to the lips of the bride, and the hearing of her utterance chimed musically in her ears. A young interne, passing, caught her words and addressed her.

He Leaned Forward, Deeply Earnest. "I've Not Got a Choice; No More Have You. I've Just Got to Go On. See?"

Madame la vicomtesse was not fully conscious, she was told, and no one could say what the outcome might be. Jennifer got the general sense of the words after patient repetitions, but understood immediately when told that "*son fils*, milor Pontlottyn," had only just now arrived from foreign parts and gone to the chamber of his mother. Mademoiselle Desmond was with him, that young lady who had also been in the accident, but had escaped uninjured.

"Leave the card," the young husband ordered abruptly, as the wife translated, and he turned as though to run.

"Ellis." Gentle reproach was in the tone, in the slow sweeping glance. "I must know. How can I go seeing sights when a relative of yours is lying between life and death? Are you ashamed of me, dear? Don't you want your swell relations to meet me?" She bent her head. "Of course if it's that ——" She stepped forward in sorrowful obedience.

"Darling," he murmured, "of course we'll wait; it isn't that," but he had to coax her. She would go—go willingly—she said, if he thought she was not good enough for these relations about whom he had been so mysterious—she knew her life had been very simple; she had tried her best—they would leave this wicked gay Paris this afternoon.

He wanted to shake her, but was still profoundly under her spell. "His reputation is putrid," he said. "I don't want you ever to meet him."

She smiled at this. "Can't you trust me?" she asked. She was intensely excited and very curious. She had never spoken to a lord. So the two sat down, waiting, silent, with the rest of the anxious little throng.

Inside, this young man of "putrid reputation" was standing before a closed door. From time to time a young girl who was by his side lifted her tameless sensitive face to his and murmured a word of caution or encouragement. She was white with that vivid pallor which anxiety can bring to the cheek of red-haired people, and her eyes were strained, but so complete was her self-control that she stood quiescent, without restlessness or impatience, with mind and slim graceful body braced to withstand a great calamity. Not so her companion; he shifted from foot to foot, fidgeted, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, averted his eyes when in the distance he saw a long white bundle silently wheeled across the hall into the operating room, and appeared to think of running away in panic.

A doctor stopped—a middle-aged, gray-haired man exuding vitality, kindness and ability. "Mademoiselle," he said, in a voice that breathed hope and encouragement. He looked a question as he glanced at the young man.

"Yes," the girl said, nodding, "he has come—Tybo has come. Lord Pontlottyn, *Professeur Losset, chirurgien de la Salpêtrière*."

"*Bien, bien*." The doctor shook the young man's hand with hearty sympathy and spoke at some length.

"He says, Tybo," the girl translated, "that your coming will be a great blessing to your mother. He hopes—he is almost sure—she will know you. He says her end will be peaceful now. Doctor Losset has been so kind; he has done everything he could." She turned to the doctor. "My cousin," she explained, "arrived only this morning from the United States. He has eaten of the enraged cow." The doctor smiled at her idiomatic expression for "roughing it" and hurried away.

"Any minute now," the girl cautioned. "Remember, auntie can't see. We think she can hear. Speak low and very clear. Don't break down. Promise; yes, again." She caught his hand and pressed it as the door silently opened and a nurse beckoned.

They stood listening, gazing across the darkened room at the bed. A continuous sound came with the effect of a little tackhammer heard from way off. Intent concentration caught the words:

"Tybo, my boy; Tybo, my son."

"She will know you." The girl whispered this encouragement in a low voice as she tightened the clasp on the young man's hand. "She will die in peace. Your voice would reach her over the borderland, I think. Nearly twenty-four hours—all the time like this, moaning for you. Kneel down, Tybo; lift her hand to your head." She led him across and he followed, stumbling. She pressed him down by the bedside, and it was she who lifted the hand which lay nervously groping on the counterpane, and placed it on his head. "Tybo is here, auntie," she said in a clear calm voice. "He has come."

"I am here, mother—Tybo."

Muttering ceased, the moaning stopped. The hand rested motionless on the head of the kneeling youth. The silence was profound.

The long minutes dragged. Light hands pressed the young man's shoulders while the nurse slipped a pillow under one knee, then a second under the other. He was sure that a dead hand rested on his head, but he did not move. Hardly breathing, his face buried in the counterpane, he awaited a signal.

"Don't move," came the whisper into his ear. "We hope, we believe, that she is going to sleep." The girl caught his hand and held it, and the vitality of her touch made him wince, for the numb muscles were quickened to pain.

At long last, when cramp had bound him and he was trembling, came the message of release. He slipped backward and lay on the floor while the nurse massaged his legs. "*Elle dort comme un enfant; elle dort,*" she whispered, smiling. They helped him to his feet and led him to the door.

Sara Desmond's eyes were like stars and her face was radiant. "You have dragged her back!" she cried. "Oh, yes, nurse, there is a little hope now, isn't there? Surely ——"

"There is always hope, mademoiselle," was the answer. "You will leave the address below, of course, won't you? We might send at any hour, you see, milor."

"Yes, yes," Sara Desmond agreed, "they have my address. Tybo, you must come to my hotel. Any time, nurse. If she wakes and calls for him—yes, day or night."

The young man, dazed, deeply moved, limped along, leaning heavily on the girl's arm. She patted his hand. "I wonder if nurse meant it?" she whispered. "I wonder if there is a chance? To see that hand at rest, to see peace come to her the instant she heard your voice; we were afraid to let you move. We feared she would wake up. An hour—all of an hour. You were wonderful." Her voice was a little shaky. "When will you come, Tybo?" she pleaded. "Now—right away? Let's lunch at my hotel now and then you'll bring your things, won't you? I can't bear to be one minute out of reach, nor that you should be either."

"Of course." He was still limping and looking vaguely about when they stepped out of this long, low, new building, equipped to this morning's inventions in its laboratories and operating rooms. They stood in a little lane, behind them this last word in modern construction, in front of them a quaint little building of the time of Henry Fourth; a typical violent contrast of ever-changing Paris, old, yet eternally young.

Sara heard a man's surly voice: "It can't be, I tell you; he is American."

"I'm going to be sure anyway. Lord Pontlottyn—are you Lord Pontlottyn?" Met by a blank stare, Jennifer Evans stepped back with an embarrassed apology; but she was after them before they had covered twenty yards.

"You are Lord Pontlottyn," she cried. "They told me so. I'm Mrs. Ellis Evans. This is my husband, your cousin. If you don't want to know us"—she was red with indignation—"you can say so. Anyhow, you can tell us how our aunt is."

It was Sara who answered: "Oh, please forgive him," she said with a fine appealing courtesy. . . . "Tybo, wouldn't you like to sit down over there? I'll tell our cousins all about auntie." They had come to the long avenue of trees, bordered by seats. He sat heavily and buried his face in his hands.

"He doesn't even know what you said," Sara apologized. "He has just arrived from New York and seen his mother for the first time. We were all to have met in Paris, and he finds—oh, an awful shock to him. I'm a kind of cousin of yours too. I'm Sara Desmond, and Lady Llanthony is my father's sister."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said the bride. "We saw the notice in the paper and we just had to inquire. Ellis was so anxious, and so was I." Her eyes filled with tears.

"She is hardly conscious," Sara explained, "but we hope, we believe, that she recognized Tybo. She quieted suddenly. She slept. We have the right to hope—a faint hope. It is kind of you to come and ask about her." She looked at Tybo still sitting with bent head, his chin on his hands. "I must take care of him," she murmured. "I know you will understand and excuse us." She tried to withdraw the hand which Mrs. Evans still firmly held.

"We are so sorry," Jennifer said as the two tears rolled down her cheeks. "My husband and Lord Pontlottyn are first cousins. This is our wedding tour and we are going home tomorrow evening."

Sara smiled, wished them happiness, and tried again to draw her hand away.

"They should not part like this," the bride pleaded. "They have never met; I don't suppose you ever heard of us. Should they go on with this fathers' quarrel, and her ladyship dying, too, perhaps? Oh, couldn't you manage it? Wouldn't you come to lunch with us?"

"Perhaps tomorrow," Sara said, shaking her head and glancing at Lord Pontlottyn. Her brows lifted as Mrs. Evans promptly went over and put a hand on his shoulder. "Why couldn't we all make up the quarrel?" she pleaded. "Do you know why we should go on being strangers? Ellis doesn't. We can't be of much use, I suppose, but we should like to be."

(Continued on Page 84)

"To Conceal Misfortunes—I Might Forgive That. But Two Lords ——"

Sidelights on the Woman Question

By Anne Morgan, as Told to Mary Margaret McBride

LATELY, it seems to me, there is a considerable tendency on the part of writers, psychologists, lecturers and the like to revive the woman question. How that old controversy did rage a few years ago! All over the country men were debating furiously in the pulpit and the press as to whether females ought to enter professions, compete with men and run homes and jobs simultaneously. What oratory, what eloquence was poured out!

Soon afterward women got a chance to show what they could do and the front pages were adorned with outstanding feminine successes. Then more startling events preëmpted the headlines, and the woman question subsided. It even began to look as if women were to be allowed to consider themselves human beings, but apparently that was a mistake. For suddenly editorials are beginning to ask pointedly whether women have really made good in the professional world and to hint, some of them, that if potential mothers hadn't gone into business there would have been no lax morals among the younger generation.

Meantime, most fortuitously, 5000 professional and business women in New York City have begun a gigantic experiment, the working out of which will eventually, I believe, prove that the woman question, as such, no longer matters. I pretend to no great authority on the woman question, but I have always been interested in women who are accomplishing things, and I have drawn some conclusions from watching the gallant efforts of the 5000 who have organized themselves into the American Woman's Association and are building a clubhouse of their own in the heart of Manhattan.

In this clubhouse some of them will live and all of them will play and study and train for leadership. Finally, in their work and play, they will formulate the basis for a partnership arrangement between the sexes, which I am convinced is the satisfactory solution of the man-and-woman question. In other words, they, together with similar groups everywhere, will evolve a new order in which men and women shall no longer be antagonists, but mental and spiritual, as well as physical, partners. After that, we shall not have the woman question at all, but only the human question.

Anybody who studies today's woman is struck with the value of the contributions she has to make to the industry and living of the period. Yet because the world outside her home is still comparatively new to her she has much to learn of its ways. For a while she must be willing to go to school patiently.

The Impersonal Point of View

IN THE first place, she is handicapped in the struggle for business supremacy by her lack of impersonality. That is to say, she often interprets criticism from masculine employers or business associates as attacks on her sex. She self-consciously overlooks the fact that men also criticize men and that men are continually competing with men—in short, that competition is between human beings, not sexes.

A man is rarely so sensitive. If he has potential bigness he accepts criticism, takes stock of himself, measures himself against his rivals, pushes his standards up a notch and rushes back into the fray. He never regards criticism as a personal affront. Even when it is occasionally unfair, it disturbs him only mildly. He understands that there is bound to be some friction where there is competition.

A woman, lacking the impersonal point of view, is likely to assume that all men, jealous of women as women, are trying to shunt them back into the home. It is undoubtedly true that some men still believe a woman is out of place anywhere except within her own four walls. Fortunately such men get scarcer every year. The other day one of them added three women to the governing board of his great metropolitan business, though he had vowed he never would. His instinct has always been to keep the women of his family secluded, and he resents all women in public place, yet is uneasily aware that his business needs them. Finally he yielded to that need.

The big man is not jealous of women; and if the small man vents upon them a kind of irritation at his own ineffectiveness, we may be sure that he does the same thing to men who excel him. He is looking for alibis and will never fight either fairly or intelligently. The big man, on the other hand, is alert to discover ability and capacity, the qualities of a person who can be trusted with authority. If a woman has what he is seeking she need not be afraid to ask him for a chance. If he seems to hesitate about giving it to her it is only because not nearly so many women as men are yet fit for big jobs. Most of us must first go into training for leadership.

Man has generations of the impersonal attitude back of him. He establishes it in childhood, when he and the little boy next door stare at each other over the back fence, start a game of mumble-the-peg, quarrel about whose turn it is and settle it with their fists. Do they stay mad and stop speaking as a result? Not a bit of it. Next day they forget the blows in a new game—better friends than ever. That is symbolic of man's entire life.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, N. Y. C.

Anne Morgan and Douglas Fairbanks Looking on While Mary Rehearses Her Speech to be Given at the Mass Meeting at Madison Square Garden. In Oval—Miss Morgan

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

It is different with a girl. She helps about the house, or at least does girl things that keep her sheltered, restricted. She has no chance to get the impersonal point of view, and as a result every one of her contacts later in life is more difficult.

The leisured woman, if she happens also to be intelligent, is lucky in this respect, for she can take time for necessary adjustments and has more chance for contacts. She can, therefore, if she cares to try, almost surely become a success in business.

I know one such woman in New York City, for years a volunteer in politics, who has now gone into business on a paying basis. She is already a topnotcher, because she had learned to use her mind and it was easy for her to take her place as an individual in the industrial world. She went in expecting neither favors nor slights because of her sex, and got none. Her attitude helped.

Overprofessionalization

WE WOMEN need a new point of view toward humble beginnings. We hate to start at the bottom. The average woman resents the hard knocks that a young man takes as a matter of course. The boy just out of college heads straight for a definite goal. He does not mind beginning at the bottom, because he expects to climb straight up toward what he wants at the top.

The woman is often restless; especially if she has chosen an occupation which is mostly routine. She fidgets at humdrum and drive. She doesn't know what she wants, but feels that the vague something she misses would give her life importance. She has not yet evolved into the conviction that a career and a job well done are an end in themselves. She is a little too much like the average reformer—an earnest person, always honestly convinced that he has discovered the one perfect panacea for human ills. But the trouble is that in two weeks he is just as enthusiastically peddling a new panacea.

What with instability and lack of experience, woman is in danger, then, of limiting her scope by becoming professionalized. It has been said of some doctors that if curing a patient involved violating medical ethics, they would let the patient die. In the same way, many business women would miss any opportunity rather than be unprofessional. The woman secretary, especially, often suffers from overprofessionalization. She is beautifully efficient so long as her employer lays down hard and fast rules, but gets into difficulties when it is a question of using initiative to bring him something new. She is almost too loyal—more interested in his achievements than in her own, more absorbed in the mechanics of the job than in getting on.

All this is easily explained by the fact that woman's whole life in the past was centered about man in the home. Her mission was to see that he was fed and made comfortable. She accepted his opinion as the final word. When she became a secretary she extended her old job and her

inherited thought habits persisted. She passed from a world which was fitted to her into one for which she must fit herself, and refitting always takes time.

The ideal woman is feminine to her finger tips, but she has what must so far be called a man's mind. A man's mind is logical and capable of thinking through and acting accordingly. Most women skip nimbly from one idea or task to another without finishing anything. Again we can blame evolution. Women have not yet the race experience that makes for consecutive purpose and accomplishment. Experience of the world outside her home will accumulate from generation to generation.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

Marie Dressler, Anne Morgan and Jules S. Bache, New York Banker, on the SS Paris

The achievements of today's woman are already amazing, being the product of less than two generations.

The Seven Occupations of Women

WHEN Harriet Martineau visited the United States in 1834 she reported that there were only seven occupations open to women—teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, work in cotton mills, typesetting, bookbinding and domestic service. This was a casual estimate, based upon one woman's observation, and not a scientific survey; but the scientific survey probably wouldn't have shown vastly different results.

And today 183 professions and occupations are represented in the membership of the American Woman's Association! Practically all this amazing advance has been accomplished in less than sixty years. Women left the home first because they no longer found enough to do there. They were used to work, for in the old days every woman took pride in household tasks, no matter how high she came in the social scale, and a family with several daughters could achieve the output of a small factory.

When their accustomed needlework and spinning were turned over to real factories women's lives began to lag. Their twin tasks of creation and inspiration had not prepared them to fight. They were expert at encouraging the chevalier to go out and do battle for ideals, and also at keeping his slippers warm and listening to his tales on his return; but when they had nothing to occupy themselves during the long periods of waiting it was natural for them to chafe. Finally, three men were instrumental in opening a new field to them.

These men were C. Latham Sholes, Samuel W. Soule and Carlos Glidden. Working simultaneously in Milwaukee, the three perfected the first practical typewriter. It was an awkward, cumbersome machine, judged by modern standards, but it was skillful enough to prove woman's open sesame. Its keys gave her the chance she longed for to come out into the world.

Not long afterward a department store took on women clerks. In spite of the fact that the conservative New York Times editorially advocated such work for ladies as being nondegrading and something they could do better than men, the owner of the store was almost mobbed by critics.

But the objections came too late. They were overruled. Woman made her own decision that time, and it led her into a rapidly changing world. Today, as she comes into her own, change is everywhere—in business, in the home and in the church. In industry the steel age has tended toward what a few years ago would have been called artificial consumers.

No old-school business men could have been convinced that selling to people who had mortgaged their income for years ahead was sound business. Yet this installment-plan selling is now the rule of the country. Everybody lives in luxury surrounded by mortgages.

Opinion is divided as to whether we can go on so. I am among the pessimists. I am pessimistic, too, about our so-called democracy. In education, government and living the tendency is to bring everything down to the level of the least. In schools the bright child is kept back for the sake of the backward one. In government men are paid $7500 a year to make laws for men earning $75,000 a year, or at least capable of earning $75,000.

Our leaders are pushed up from the bottom of the heap, not chosen from the brains at the top, as they should be. I believe in the true aristocracy—the aristocracy which realizes that it has inherited something magnificent, with the obligation to carry it on. The most real aristocracy I can think of is that of the French peasant. He has been on his farm for generations. I know one man whose ancestors for five generations back have farmed the little strip of ground he inherited. The peasant hands down his land to his son, together with an obligation to make it as good or better than it was, so that it may be passed on to the next generation.

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

Miss Morgan Watching One of the Dogs From New York's First Mutt Parade Receiving First-Aid Treatment

A Succession of Mines

IN AMERICA we regard our soil as a mine or succession of mines. We take out, take out, and then move on. The only section of America in which anything similar to French peasant farms can be found is New England. There the rocky ground has been made to yield a living for at least two or three generations of hard-working families. In our West and Middle West, where the percentage of renters is especially high, the soil is robbed by transients who never put anything back, and, their desolation accomplished, clear out overnight.

Another cause that contributed to our sense of constant change was our unrestricted immigration. We have had constantly to make an effort to absorb and assimilate those who have come in. We have not succeeded, and must undoubtedly reach the point of resorting to all sorts of methods as a national expedient to slough off the unfit—birth control, perhaps, among others. As a nation we shrink from these, but they are inevitable.

With all such matters the woman question is vitally concerned. Woman can help solve every

(Continued on Page 156)

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris, Miss Gertrude Robinson-Smith, Miss Anne Morgan and Madame Schumann-Heink, Four of the Principals at the Mass Meeting of the American Woman's Association

LAS SEÑORITAS

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

She Had Noticed the Lips of Mademoiselle Chiquita Moving in Silent Prayer

THEY were the only persons so called in the community—so called collectively, at least, since in the singular each was addressed like ordinary people, merely as "mademoiselle." Some centuries earlier, when the northern provinces of the Pyrenees made their honorable and unconquered surrender to Gaston de Foix, prince of warriors and poets, the Olhagarray and a few others had resented bitterly the necessity for transferring their sympathetic allegiance from Spain to the less congenial neighbor. *Las Señoritas*, being of an official family, continued still to resent it; reminding Emily Urruty of certain countrywomen of her own, who prefer to remain unreconstructed rebels even unto the third and fourth generation, although the men who fought the war between the States have long lain down together in peace.

Just what constituted the Olhagarray an official family, Emily was not certain—a great-grandfather at court, perhaps, the rumor of a distant cousin who was lady in waiting to the queen—meaning, of course, the court and queen of Spain. For the Señoritas would have regarded the court of France, had there been one, as merely an upstart, a sort of synthetic reproduction of royalty; just as Biarritz appeared to them quite a vulgar mushroom growth, in contrast with its drowsy older neighbor, St.-Jean-de-Luz, where persons of names one recognized still occupied their family *domecs*, although they found it advisable to let out the more desirable rooms to visitors.

The ladies Olhagarray themselves let out their lower floor to Lastra the shoemaker. Not that they were poor—Basques are rarely poor—but the native thriftiness which made their father, Don Licerio, able to provide such excellent dots for each of his three daughters persisted in the daughters themselves; made it impossible for them to touch even the income from the dots, which went on increasing and multiplying comfortably long after the time had passed when dots might be considered a necessity.

For the Señoritas were old now, old before their time, as only unmarried ladies leading the cramped and lonely lives of their caste, in remote French provinces, can be old—even the little Mademoiselle Chiquita, who had a dimple in her cheek. Once it had seemed to her impossible, peeping into the tall dim mirrors at either end of the salon, that she could ever grow really old, who had such youth in her heart, in her fancies, in her feet. The dimple was to her a sort of promise, and assurance of something yet to come, which kept her from being frightened. But before her eyes her beloved sisters were aging into strangers; Teresa's once slender body was thickening, coarsening into the heaviness of a peasant woman's; the *spirituelle* Eulalie became with every year more fragile and faded, like a flower left too long without water on the altar, which does not lose its petals, but shrivels and withers slowly into dust. She, little-named by her father "Chiquita," was younger, of course; much younger—at least a year or two; but she had ceased some time since to peep hopefully into the tall dim mirrors of the drawing-room, content to leave them season after season shrouded in their covers of mosquito net.

Lastra's wife, who had been their *bonne*, still accompanied them when they went abroad. Their father the Don, who knew the wickedness of the world—none better—would have turned in his grave at the thought of his maiden daughters appearing in public unattended by a duenna. The four middle-aged women—*las Señoritas* a step in advance, Lastra's wife in her proper place at heel, but joining with unrestrained zest in their mutual conversations—were familiar figures at fêtes in all the near-by towns, and even at such neighboring spas as were frequented by Spanish aristocracy. The ladies Olhagarray were fond of travel; they kept their carriage, a large and cumbrous affair which required to pull it a pair of stout unmatched ponies rented on occasion from the omnibus of the inn. Once in the year they always made an excursion to San Sebastian, where lived the cousin in waiting to the queen, who was generally supposed to entertain them in courtly fashion.

But Lastra's wife had that most important virtue in servants: she knew when to keep silence. The truth was that the cousin in waiting had been dead these many years, and that long ere her death she had forgotten the existence of her timid, inconsiderable little relatives from the provinces. However, their papa having always taken them to San Sebastian once during the season, they continued to take themselves, with Madelon to shepherd them; though it became yearly more of a difficulty to refurbish their Paris dresses for this event; adding a panel here, a fall of lace there, turning the front breadth, removing the court train one season, lengthening it the next, according to the journal of fashion subscribed for by the village modiste and borrowed by everybody else. To be sure, the ladies Olhagarray could quite well have afforded new Paris dresses, but since the death of their papa, who was to select them?

Don Licerio, who did not impose upon himself the same retirement from the world he thought desirable in wife and daughters, had acquired somewhere, somehow, a very pretty taste in ladies' dress. He was the boon companion of his neighbor, the Sieur de Maytie, father of the famous and infamous Pilar; and while not for a moment would he have permitted intercourse between his fair filial flowers and that degrading influence of womankind, he was not above accepting Pilar's expert advice in the selection of his flowers' wardrobe.

"In Paris," as he once confided to Pedro Urruty, "one permits oneself contacts which at home would astonish oneself, *n'est-ce pas?*"—so that what was left of *las Señoritas'* world-going wardrobe was still quite sophisticated.

Emily first became aware of this when she paused in passing, as was her wont, to exchange the compliments of the day with Lastra, leaning sociably over the half door of his cobbler shop. In the background she noted Madelon, his wife, busy, with pursed lips and puckered brow, over a lapful of spangled ruffles and black velvet, the borrowed fashion journal propped before her. But madame had come just in time, cried Madelon in great relief, to inform one whether it was true that in the world, as the journal said, décolleté was worn no longer low at the back?—such a pity, when the shoulders of Mademoiselle Chiquita were those of a plump white angel!

Emily stared with surprise at this unexpected interest in the frivolities of fashion, and was then informed of the impending yearly visit to San Sebastian.

"While we spend as much time as possible at the bullfight"—began Madelon; and was interrupted incredulously by Emily:

"The bullfight! The ladies Olhagarray attend the bullfight?"

"But it is for that we go to San Sebastian, naturally! The youngest bulls, the bravest picadors, to be found in all of Spain! The Señoritas have a great devotion for the bullfight—Mademoiselle Chiquita especially. Also at the Hotel Maria Cristina one has it very gay," said Madelon complacently; and the ladies Olhagarray, she indicated, did not fail to attract their meed of attention in so august an assemblage. "It is our custom to dine in the public *salle à manger* —— Oh, but I assure you, it is quite *comme il faut*, with myself standing behind the chair of Mademoiselle Eulalie! The Queen Mother herself has been known to dine in the public *salle à manger*, with a lady in attendance behind her chair —— And afterwards we go perhaps to the Kursaal to hear the foreign music played; or we make the promenade on foot to inspect the windows of the *magasins*—Mademoiselle Chiquita has an especial devotion to the shop windows. As you may conceive, we have our adventures"—Madelon bridled. "It is well indeed for the Señoritas that my rheumatism still permits me to accompany them!"

Once, a few years previously, when Mademoiselle Chiquita had lingered a step behind the others to gaze into a particularly alluring window, a stranger had addressed her.

"And what a stranger! Handsome as a sun god," sighed Madelon romantically. "His mustaches waxed and pointed until they would have pricked the cheek!"

He had murmured into the ear of the unconscious Chiquita, "*Et puis*, Mademoiselle Dimple? What may I offer you?" Fancy, to one of the ladies Olhagarray!

Emily indeed found it difficult to fancy.

"Fortunately I was at hand, me. I said to her, 'Run, run, mademoiselle, surround yourself quickly with your sisters, while I attend to this desperado!' Then I put my two hands upon my hips, like this"—she suited the action to the word—"and I hissed at him between the teeth: 'Ah, ah, son of a female pig, species of a camel, marauding nincompoop that you find yourself! Do you guess to whose daughter you have thus addressed your insults—eh?'

"'What! Can it be the daughter of my old friend the Almighty?' inquired that insolent, grinning.

"'In a manner of speaking, yes,' I replied—for are we not all the children of God, madame?—'but she is also'—I paused for the effect—'the daughter of Don Licerio Olhagarray, of the house of Arahaïa, in the province of the Soule!'—and I left him crushed. But if you will believe me, madame, that innocent, that Chiquita, had not surrounded herself with her sisters, but stood there waiting, unafraid! And the desperado took off his hat to her with a low bow, saying, 'I ask your pardon, *señorita*, to have insulted you.' And she replied, as if she had known him always, 'Have you insulted me then, *señor*?' You see how it is well they still have me to protect them!"

It gave Emily quite a new impression of the ladies Olhagarray, particularly of the one called Chiquita, whose rather frivolous little name Esteban had once explained to her.

The Don, it seemed, having chosen to spite his wife whom he did not forgive for bearing him only daughters by naming each one of his daughters firmly for his own mother, "Maria Teresa Eulalie," distinguished among them by calling the eldest "Eulalie," the second "Teresa," and the last, and prettiest, "Chiquita."

"Which is to say in English, 'Cutie,'" said Esteban, who prided himself on his knowledge of English idiom.

Now the nickname seemed to her no longer quite so vulgarly unsuitable. Poor little starved, shy, innocent Miss Cutie, with her astonishing passion for bullfights and shop windows! Emily decided, when the opportunity offered, to cultivate the society of Mademoiselle Chiquita.

Las Señoritas would have been surprised indeed at pity from Emily, or indeed from anybody; they who alone of the village possessed a private carriage, in which they drove each week to mass, although the church was only on the far side of the Place. They also drove at stated intervals to call on the ladies of the Urruty family, and upon Monsieur the Comte des Luynes, and upon the doctor's wife, and the ancient aunt of the notary—which always embarrassed them pleasurably, because both the doctor and the notary had been among certain suitors discouraged by their papa when they were young. And at stated intervals, on the suggestion of Madelon, who was of a sociable nature, they entertained certain selected neighbors at cakes and coffee, with music afterward; for Don Licerio had not been niggardly in providing his daughters with accomplishments, selected by himself as seemed most suitable. Eulalie, who had fine arms, plucked uncertainly on the harp; Teresa performed solidly and efficiently, as she did all things, on the pianoforte; while Chiquita—it would have been incredible to Emily before she learned of the episode of the stranger with the pricking mustaches—but

(Continued on Page 58)

On the Lower Steps of the Madonna Altar She Saw a Figure Almost Prostrate in the Complete Abandonment of Grief

THE MARINE AND MARGARET

Purtle Went With Miss Weatherbee to Church and Remarked That She Did Not Seem Displeased at the Many Looks of Astonishment She Received From Her Fellow Parishioners

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IT WAS a Saturday morning, at the hour of ten, and in the offices of the Eagle Mutual Liability Company the entire force of adjusters was present; for, as every good claim man knows, Saturday morning is devoted to bringing dictation up to date, reporting the week's progress to the chief adjuster's assistant, holding a conference regarding the serious cases, and making out the swindle sheet, which last, perhaps, is more a labor of love than anything else.

The claim department of the company occupied the entire top floor of a high building; too high, some thought, because it gave the office force too much to see out of the windows and so had a tendency to distract them from their work. Desks for the adjusters were ranged in orderly rows, behind them the typists, and against the walls the batteries of file cases. In one corner was a sort of glass-inclosed den where the chief adjuster sat, and where he interviewed visiting attorneys and growled memorandums from the side of his mouth.

The chief adjuster's name was McClusky, known as Sign-'Em-Up; and though no one could say that he was a popular man, either among the adjusters or those members of the bar who specialize in cases of tort, there was no one who would deny that he could settle cases; and those attorneys who would not gracefully accept a figure from him always regretted it bitterly when the case was tried. It was Mr. McClusky's habit, however, to moan and complain, to tear his hair and grind his teeth, and to regret bitterly the days when he held down the rear end of a trolley car and took fares from the passengers thereon.

On this Saturday morning Mr. McClusky was in the aforementioned mood. He leaned back in his chair, an unlighted cigar end rolling around and around between his teeth, reading the contents of a folder.

"Now this here," said Sign-'Em-Up, champing his jaws on the cigar end, "is an example o' the kind o' work these lily-pad jumpers do for a man. This here case is three months old, and nothin' done. 'Accident: Woman ran suddenly in front of truck, driver swung to left, and on looking back, saw woman lying in road. Is sure he did not hit her.' Naw, she felt tired and lay down there. He probably run over her with all four wheels! 'Injuries: Slight if any.' How does he know? 'Witnesses: Driver was unable to secure any, as he was in a hurry.' Oh, never mind gettin' a witness! The insurance company will look out for it. Sure, let the insurance company pay! 'I'm in a hurry to deliver a load that the boss'll make five dollars' profit on.' Never a one of 'em thinkin' the policy limit is five thousand, an' that anything over that the boss'll have to pay.

"Miss Clancy, one o' these days we'll let a case drop an' then some company will have the fun o' payin' their share of a twenty-thousand-dollar judgment for a broken wrist or a ruptured eyebrow. An' with the class o' men they're givin' me for help nowadays, it'll be soon too. An' after that, what do we find in the folder? A doctor's report from the leading physician of Cobbs' Corner, or wherever this here happened, sayin' this woman has got a broken arm. H'm! 'Probable disability, six weeks.' Why don't he say she'll be disabled till she gets her money?

"I don't know a thing about medicine, Miss Clancy, but I'll bet I've cured more incurable cases, an' got more hopelessly bedridden wrecks up off their backs an' to work by givin' 'em a little money an' signin' 'em up with a release, than the best doctor that ever hung up a brass plate. There's no remedy an' no science like a wad o' jack an' a signed release. There may be some it won't cure, but I never struck 'em.

"Now, le's see. This is Saturday. If we wait until Monday, he won't get up there until Tuesday. Yeh, but who'll I send? Three months with a broken arm an' nothin' done. I smell trouble."

Sign-'Em-Up sat for a long time, wrinkling his brow and chewing upon his cigar. He picked up the very thin folder containing all the known facts of the case and reread the contents thoroughly, as if in search of inspiration. The sudden thump of his feet on the floor and the squeal of his chair as he turned again to his desk informed his secretary that the inspiration had been found.

"Go out there and tell—er—Barber Pole there—Tailor's Dummy—what's his name—that bird with the curly hair and the bay-rum smell?"

"Mr. Purtle?" suggested Miss Clancy.

"Yeh, Mr. Purtle. Send him in here."

"The adjusters are having their Saturday-morning conference with Mr. Cole of the legal department," reminded Miss Clancy.

"Never mind Cole. I taught him all the law he knows. Tell him I want to send Purtle away on a case." Miss Clancy thereupon left the office.

Opposite Sign-'Em-Up McClusky's den was another similarly inclosed space, but much larger. It was at the opposite end of the floor and was known as the library. It contained a great many volumes bound in law calf, digests of supreme court decisions in nearly all the states of the Union, and reports of proceedings before the industrial-accident commissions in those states having workmen's compensation acts. It was a favorite place, on a cold or rainy day, or after a strenuous session at penny ante the night before, for an adjuster to hide himself away and look up decisions on a case in hand. On Saturday morning the adjusters gathered there and conferred with a member of the legal department regarding baffling cases that had come up through the week.

Miss Clancy paused at the door and gave ear a while, for sometimes cases were discussed that, however interesting for her to listen to, were not those that she would care to interrupt by entering the library during the debate thereon.

"It ain't so!" said an emphatic voice from beyond the door. "Now listen! I belonged to the Second Infantry and I was there. I know all about it. Listen now! I know you were there, too, but listen to me a minute, can't yuh? Now this is how it was: We was up on the lines waiting for the rest of the division to come up, an' holdin' our own sector an' mindin' our own business. A'right. Our dizzy colonel gets word from you marines that yuh been in the lines a coupla weeks or whatever it was, an' are outta blankets an' chow an' ammunition an' are all mixed up so that there ain't one squad knows its own corporal. Now shut up, will yuh, an' let me finish? So he says, like the dumb egg he is, 'Here's a battalion o' mine that ain't doin' much. I'll take over your line with it for forty-eight hours and give you guys a chance to take a rest an' kinda get your breath a little.' 'Sure!' says the leatherneck colonel.

"So we went in an' took over, an' wasn't we the good lads? An' I will say this, that the leathernecks I seen draggin' themselves outta those woods was as sick a lookin' bunch as I ever see! Now wait—wait! I ain't done yet! So when we took over an' you guys went out an' pounded your ear for forty-eight hours, we gets the order from the Frogs to fall back a coupla kilos to straighten out the lines. So we done it. This here French general is in command,

ain't he? Never mind the razz. That's all the thanks we got. If our old colonel had minded his own business and not tried to be a good fellar, them boches would 'a' come over on you birds an' gone clean through to Noisy-le-Sec You was all in an' yuh know it."

There was a pause, then another voice said calmly "Well, I don't know about that. I was just a fighting man with a bayonet, and so you can't blame me if I don't know all the inside dope like one of these boot shiners that hang around the big P.C. and the deep dugouts all the time But what I know is this: I'd just about got to sleep back in the rest billets when a man pulls my leg. 'Outside!' he yells. 'Hit the deck! Break out ammunition and stand clear for small-arm practice! Them run slushers has slipped hawse and let the boches through!' Wait a minute, wait a minute! I'm just repeating what he said! When we went out, our lines were in such a place; and when we went back, they were four kilometers in rear of where they'd been before. How they got there I don't know, but I suspicion. It takes marines to fight those Prussian Guards!"

Amidst the general howl that greeted this last statement, Miss Clancy entered the library. A young man in spectacles sat at the head of the long table, grinning to himself. Scattered about the room, some standing against the walls, some sitting two on a chair and some draped on the window sills, were a number of young men, all smoking furiously, for the only place in the building where smoking was allowed was in the library during conferences, so everyone availed himself largely of the privilege.

"Mr. Cole," whispered Miss Clancy in the spectacled young man's ear, "Mr. McClusky would like to speak to Mr. Purtle a moment."

"Surely, I'll send him right in. . . . Purtle, Sign-'Em-Up wants to see you."

A blue-eyed young man whose light hair was inclined to curl rose from the window sill and calmly punched up his cigarette on the radiator. He was very carefully dressed, with a very white shirt and collar, and the edge of a two-colored handkerchief that matched his faultlessly tied cravat peeked from his breast pocket. Above this handkerchief, in the lapel buttonhole, was the peculiar button that denotes the honorably discharged from the United States Marine Corps. This one turned, and addressing the assemblage in general, swung his extended left hand, palm downward, in a short sweeping motion.

"When we went out, there were our lines. When we come back, they were four kilometers back. If the court please, we'll rest our case on that and ask the jury to sustain us in the contention that the Second pulled out on us."

"It ain't so!" cried another man, leaping up from his chair. "You didn't take a damn inch until the general advance!"

"No!" cried Mr. Cole. "Purtle, Sign-'Em-Up is waiting and it won't help his humor any. You're both right. Enough of this. . . . Now about the question of improper registration ——"

Mr. Purtle adjusted his necktie, and smiling to himself, followed Miss Clancy to the chief adjuster's office.

"We have here a case," began Sign-'Em-Up, when Mr. Purtle had entered the office, "that requires some fine work. Miss Margaret Weatherbee, spinster, age twenty-eight, got a broken arm three months ago. Right arm. One o' these here wanderin' oil trucks run over her. Nothin's been done because it happened way up in the sticks somewhere. It's one o' these cases that goes from bad to worse and ends up in a twenty-thousand-dollar verdict. It might 'a' stayed in the files until we got a summons on it, only the oil company gets a hospital bill and sends it to us. It ain't my fault. If the company would allow us some money, we might replace some o' the half-wits we got here and get someone, that would bring us a case for advice once in a while.

"Well, never mind. You buy yourself a ticket to—where is it?—Bolterstown, Vermont, and you drag yourself up there on the first train. This here Margaret Weatherbee is a spinster, twenty-eight years old. Yuh mind what I say? She's gonna have a crooked arm now, and if she wiggles her eyes at a jury they'd give her the works. We got a forty-twenty limit on that policy too. Yuh understand? Anything up to twenty thousand this company pays. If this case gets away from us, I'll go back to punchin' transfers.

"Well, listen t' me. You go up and see this here spinster, and take her out to a dance and maybe the movies and buy her a feed. For once, never mind the expense account. Spend a little money on her. Get in right with her. You know how better than I do, bein' as I ain't been up to that stuff for twenty year, but you know what I mean. An' sign her up. Doctor's bill and hospital bill—that's the limit. Go on now, fade! An' if you don't get that release, you needn't come back. You can resign by mail."

About noontime of the next day Mr. Purtle descended the stairs of the one hotel in Bolterstown. The train had left him there in the early hours of the morning, when it had been too dark to see what the place was like. He walked into the combined office and lounge of the hotel and surveyed the town through the huge windows.

"What a dump!" he muttered. There was a square, with the inevitable iron fountain in the center; the brick block that was built in the boom of the late 90's, the row of store fronts, their windows curtained for the Sabbath; an undertaker's place, a grocery, and the bright red of a chain store. Purtle groaned inwardly. He knew what kind of town this was; he had spent Sundays in several similar ones. The inhabitants, to a man, went to church in the morning, walked in the cemetery in the afternoon and went to church again in the evening. They would have roast beef, boiled potatoes and apple pie for dinner at the hotel. But wait! What was his business here? Why, to call upon and insinuate himself into the good graces of Margaret Weatherbee, spinster, age twenty-eight. Ha-ha! And no strictures on expense! Well, well, now!

In a corner of the office sat a sort of gray, moth-eaten man, bald-headed, and missing as to teeth. This one plied a toothpick and regarded Mr. Purtle.

"Nice day," he hazarded.

"Ah," Cried Purtle, "It Worked! It Worked!"

"It sure is," agreed Mr. Purtle. "Are you the clerk here? I wonder if I could buy some cigars."

"Yes, sir." The moth-eaten man got to his feet, and passing behind the desk, opened the old-fashioned show case thereon and waited for Purtle to choose his brand.

"How much are these?"

"Ten cents apiece, two f' fifteen."

"Gimme two. Have one yourself an' give me the other one."

"Well, don't care if I do," grinned the clerk.

He lighted the cigar and returned to his chair by the window, while Mr. Purtle took out a small book and made an entry therein: "Cigars, twenty-five cents." He then walked over to the window and took up a station near the moth-eaten clerk. The cigar would be smoked, the clerk's heart would be warmed and Mr. Purtle would accumulate a lot of very necessary information.

They conversed first of the weather. It would be a pleasant autumn, the clerk thought, but then it might not. He remembered just such an autumn in the year 1908, that began in just such a way, and by Thanksgiving every road was under three foot o' snow an' the railroad was only getting through about two trains a week. . . . Business in town was not bad. It had been better and it had been worse. Things had gone very well the previous summer, but now the boys had come home from the Army, jobs were scarce and wages had dropped considerable.

"I don't see many automobiles here," remarked Purtle.

"Well, no," agreed the clerk, "there ain't but a few months in the year that we don't have good sleighin', an' most people don't want to tie up their money in 'em."

"I guess that's right," agreed Purtle; "and then if you don't have autos, you don't have accidents."

"Oh, yes, you do," exclaimed the clerk. "There's people goin' through, 'specially in the summer. Now take that truck that comes down from St. Albeens, takin' gas to them summer places that sets up along the road sellin' pop an' stuff. He come down the hill from the high school full tilt and knocked down one of our girls here last summer, Miss Weatherbee, 'twas. Broke her arm. Half the town seen it. Some of 'em was for lynchin' the driver; but Joe Parker—he's chief o' police here—he come right over from his barber shop an' took charge, an' nothin' come of it."

"These truck drivers ought to be lynched, some of 'em," agreed Purtle. "It's a wonder he didn't kill her. Lay her up long?"

"Yes, it did," said the clerk. "A matter o' eight or nine weeks. She'll have a stiff arm, too, the doc says."

"Won't that affect her work?" asked Purtle with sympathy.

"I don't know," replied the clerk, inspecting the end of his cigar. "Hen Tupper took the books up to her house when she couldn't get out, an' I guess she made out to run things even when she was in the hospital. She owns the bank here, you know."

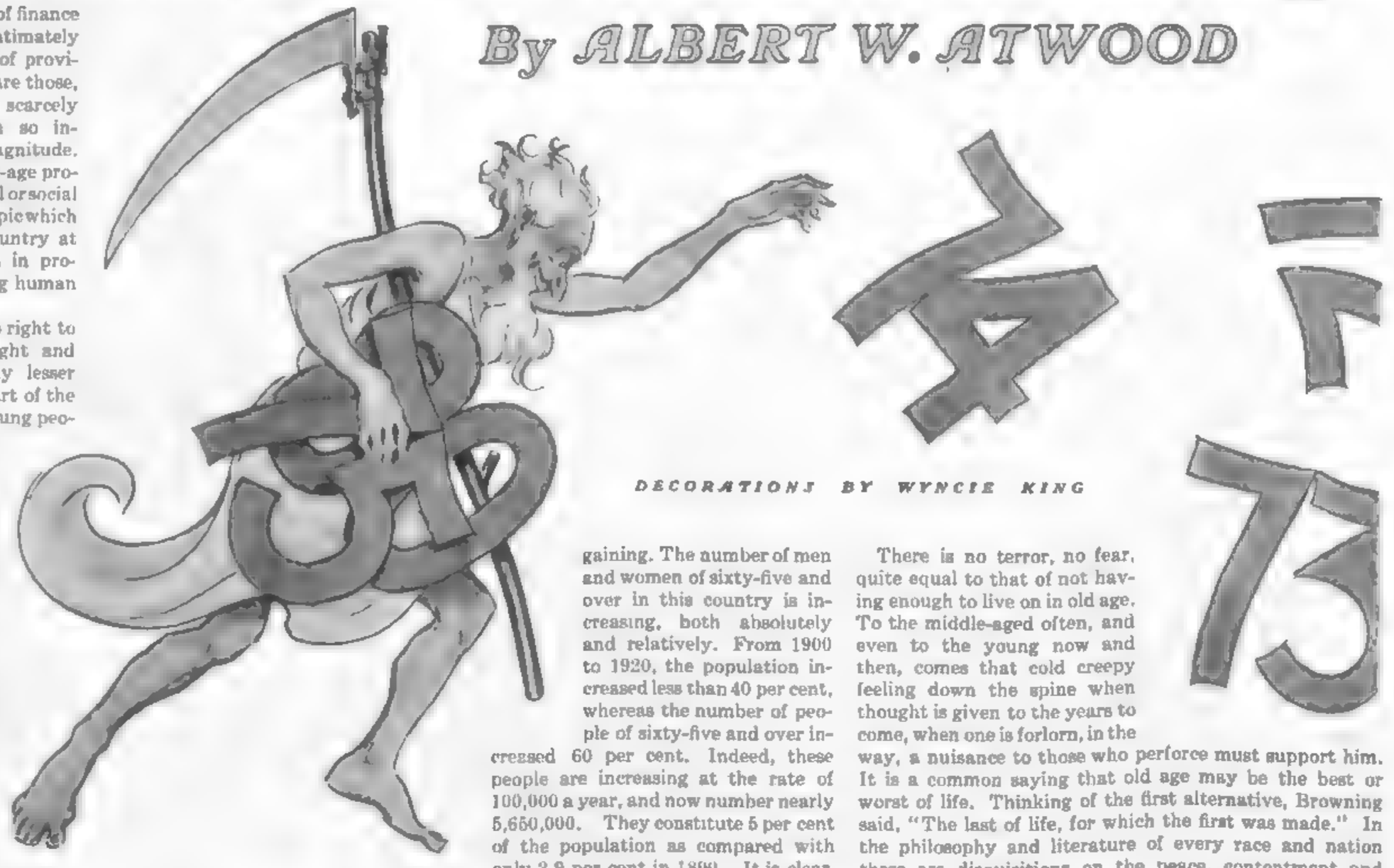
"Huh?" gasped Mr. Purtle. His mouth hung open and his cigar fell to the floor. He coughed gaspingly, for smoke had gone into his lungs. He picked up the cigar, started

(Continued on Page 132)

"Are You the Margaret Weatherbee That Was Run Over by the Truck?"

The Financial Problem of Old Age

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD



DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IN THE whole range of finance no subject is more intimately personal than that of provision for old age. There are those, in fact, who say there is scarcely another social problem so involved or of such magnitude. But whether we view old-age provision from the individual or social standpoint, there is no topic which has received, in this country at least, so little attention in proportion to its outstanding human concern.

Perhaps old age has no right to expect the heed, thought and study that go to many lesser problems; for a large part of the population consists of young people, and it is not in the nature of youth to think of itself as ever becoming old age.

Young men naturally minimize the contingencies of their older years—the illness, invalidity, disability, impaired strength and reduced earning power. Even middle life, with its full flowering of achievement and income, seems to them too far away to be real. Such a habit of mind in those who are young is almost unavoidable, and normal enough.

Yet for full happiness and well-being, this instinctive mental cast of youth must be fought in and out of season. Just as all human beings are born eventually to die, so all who do not die prematurely live into old age. It would be hard to find young men or women in mental health who, upon being asked if they prefer premature death or death at a normal age, would not choose the latter. Yet if the desire to live is natural, as we so well know it to be, why should provision for a long life be so rarely made?

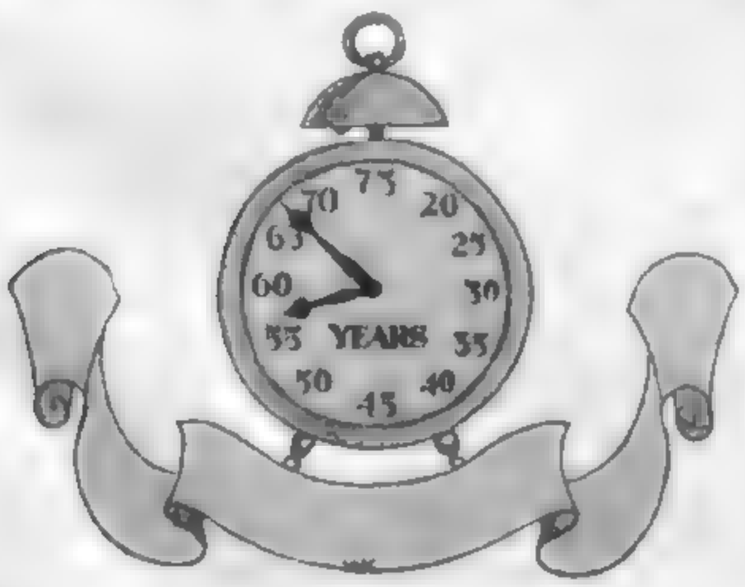
The Swelling Ranks of Youth and Old Age

A SUCCESSFUL life-insurance agent says that when he attempts to sell annuities or other forms of retirement allowances to business women, he never mentions the words "old age," but rather suggests that the time may come when they will desire leisure and independence.

"I do not think you need to stress the vicissitudes of old age in your article," said another insurance man to the writer; "rather, stress its opportunities."

But I am not selling life insurance or annuities or anything else, and have no need to be tactful about it. The fact is, reader, that no matter how young you or I may be at the present moment, we are either going to be snuffed out of this life before our time, or else will live to be old, in which case we are probably going to be very miserable indeed, unless we ourselves or someone else saves up a considerable sum for our provision at that time.

It is true that young people outnumber old people. But strange as it may seem at first sight, the older ones are gaining. The number of men and women of sixty-five and over in this country is increasing, both absolutely and relatively. From 1900 to 1920, the population increased less than 40 per cent, whereas the number of people of sixty-five and over increased 60 per cent. Indeed, these people are increasing at the rate of 100,000 a year, and now number nearly 5,650,000. They constitute 5 per cent of the population as compared with only 3.9 per cent in 1890. It is clear, therefore, that the old-age problem grows in importance year by year. Obviously, the more old people there are, the larger is the number to be provided for.



The growth in numbers is not entirely due, as might at first be supposed, to the increasing length of human life. According to such authorities as Edmund S. Cogswell, former director of the Massachusetts Old Age Pension Commission, and Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of one of the large life-insurance companies, an important cause lies in the very heavy immigration of adults during the last three or more decades, which adults are now swelling the ranks of the aged.

The other cause is the decline in mortality at the younger ages. The fact is that vastly larger numbers of men and women are entering upon the threshold of old age than formerly. It is a question whether the span of life itself has much increased.

We have very little evidence to show any great prolongation of the potential duration of life. One statistical compilation shows that the expectation of life at sixty-five has in the past twenty years increased from 11.86 years to only 11.97 years.

But evidence of a reduction in mortality at the younger ages, especially in countries like England and the United States, is overwhelming. This greater expectation of life at birth means a longer average life. Whereas twenty is said to have been the average age at which men died in 1650, it is now fifty-eight. Not only are infants kept alive now, but so are great numbers of young men and women who formerly died in their twenties or thirties from yellow fever, typhoid, tuberculosis and many other causes.

In any case, multitudes now reach middle life that would have died in infancy, childhood and youth in earlier years, and smaller but still increasing numbers live through middle life and into old age. Doctor Dublin says that there is now a little more than an even chance of a person arriving at the beginning of old age. In 1901, out of 100,000 born, 40,911 arrived at sixty-five, while in 1924 the survivors had risen to 52,466. Even in the case of a married couple, of a man of thirty and a wife of twenty-five, the chances of both surviving to sixty-five are two out of five.

It is true that an increase in the average length of life means a longer earning period and a greater economic sum total of human-life values. But on the other hand, a dead man of thirty does not have to be supported out of the accumulated savings of others, like a live man of seventy-five. The more we prevent accident, sickness and premature death, the more old people we keep alive past the period of their maximum earning power.

There is no terror, no fear, quite equal to that of not having enough to live on in old age. To the middle-aged often, and even to the young now and then, comes that cold creepy feeling down the spine when thought is given to the years to come, when one is forlorn, in the way, a nuisance to those who perforce must support him. It is a common saying that old age may be the best or worst of life. Thinking of the first alternative, Browning said, "The last of life, for which the first was made." In the philosophy and literature of every race and nation there are disquisitions on the peace, contentment and blessed lack of striving and malice that go, or should go, with the later years. The president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching remarks in one of his reports:

> The best accumulation a man can make for his old age is the capacity to enjoy simple things—books, the things of the open air, and above all, to be able to comprehend and enjoy the fellowship of the common run of men.

But even this accumulation is valueless unless there is another and much more material one—an accumulation of money sufficient to prevent dependency and the suffering and humiliation that go with it.

The Five Specters of Wage Earners

SOCIAL-WELFARE workers speak of the five dreads, or specters, that face the wage earner—death, accident, sickness, unemployment and old age. But all classes must meet these specters more or less. The more fortunate and prosperous do not suffer from industrial accidents, but they are injured in automobiles, boats, trains, and in many other ways. They, too, are subject to old age, sickness and death, and while unemployment is not such a factor with them, they frequently lose their money and thus drop out of the class to which they belong, only to spend a penniless and humiliating old age.

Newspapers and magazines have published articles beyond number on the problem of the retired business man. One prominent and successful editor has even written a whole book to the effect that business men should retire early and develop interests other than money-making. But unfortunately there are great numbers who never save or keep, and perhaps never make enough money to retire at all, who are always dreading the day when they may stumble in the stampede and the herd go over them.

There is perhaps no fear, no worry, no anxiety that so follows a man from his home to his work and back again, detracting from his efficiency and disturbing his peace of mind, as this one. It is a fear that tends to despondency and sometimes to suicide. To those who have accumulated sufficient funds, growing old is mainly a question of one of various choices; to a very large class it is an uphill fight against the downhill pull of increasing superannuation, a final, frantic and often useless effort.

In old age there are only a few years left, hope no longer springs eternal, ambition is less keen, sickness has weakened the body, the mind is less supple, friends and relatives have largely gone, financial losses have been sustained through business reverses or ill-advised investments, the

home has been broken up through the death of husband or wife and the growing up of children, and worst of all, the old person may no longer be wanted or needed in either a business or a personal way, and is often, in fact, regarded more as a nuisance than anything else.

All these contingencies of advancing years may come even to one who has had no personal misconduct or family trouble or disappointment, either with spouse or children, to grow bitterly remorseful over. They may come without there having been extravagance, shiftlessness or dissipation on the part of the elderly person.

The Cycle of Double Responsibility

IT IS true that children provide for a large portion, perhaps the majority, of all old people who have little or no means of their own. To a large extent old age has always been dependent upon the continuity and solidarity of the family, each generation, in its productive years, having to carry both burdens—those of the oncoming and the outgoing generations. This is not only a matter of social custom; it is to a large extent a requirement of law. Parents must care for children and also for their own parents, just as their fathers and mothers in turn cared for them in their juvenile weakness. Wealth is distributed to individuals, but its use has to be adjusted to rapidly changing family groups. Its consumption is a family rather than an individual matter.

Not only is the financial care of elderly people by their children thoroughly established in custom, law and stern necessity; it can be statistically shown to exist to a remarkable degree. The figures in the report of the Massachusetts Pension Committee are fairly startling on this point. Old-age dependency upon private charity or the taxpayer seems to exist in almost inverse ratio to the number of children. As the director of the commission remarked, Roosevelt was right in more than one respect.

It is also shown in such studies that poverty and dependency in old age are less among married than among single people and more among widowed men and women than among those who have a spouse living. Old age, however, is just the time when one is likely to become widowed. But even though custom and law require children to care for elderly parents, it is a very poor solution of the problem. Both the individual and society need to do better than that for their elder members. Many high-spirited men and women surely find it humiliating to be a financial burden upon their children. No matter how much the parent has sacrificed for the child in earlier years, there must be bitterness in having the tables reversed and forcing the child to sacrifice for the parent later on. The young or middle-aged son often finds it hard enough to support his own wife and children without taking on the additional load of a dependent parent. Or his marriage may merely shift the burden to an unmarried sister, who slaves until she is fifty or more to care for her parents without ever being able to save enough for her own elderly spinsterhood. Usually she is paid less than a man for the same work and is forced out of her occupation sooner.

Then, too, with the greater independence of women and because of other changing social standards, genteel dependency is being taken much less for granted now than in earlier times. Thirty or forty years ago it was the proper thing for spinsters and widows, of the more prosperous as well as of the poorer classes, to be supported by their families, by children, brothers and other relatives. But more and more such women are going out on their own, starting little businesses, working in offices, taking care of themselves wherever possible.

The woman who is now forty will be far more irked at being dependent upon relatives when she is sixty-five or seventy than the woman who is now that age. As for the girl who is now in her twenties, it may be safely predicted that the mere thought of future dependency upon her family is intolerable. As women chafe more under the inferiority complex, which they increasingly associate with financial dependence upon others, the problem of old-age provision will certainly not grow less.

We must be cautious not to generalize too glibly about old people. There are men and even women who do not find their right work until well along in years. Many of the world's greatest achievements have been those of the elderly. Not every business concern turns out its older employes. There are occupations, professions and places where years are an advantage. Many old people should be freed from work and supported out of their own savings or sums accumulated in some other way. But others should keep on working both for their own good and that of the community and society in general.

But speaking generally we are quite safe in stating that men and women eventually become incapacitated for self-support as they grow old and feeble, whether they are wage earners or self-employed or even not gainfully employed at all.

The age of impairment, of course, varies. There

are business women who find it difficult to secure a new position if they are more than thirty, and at the other extreme we sometimes find men who are welcome in positions of responsibility in the eighties. But in the population as a whole, partial impairment of income surely comes at sixty-four or sixty-five, and total impairment by and large at sixty-eight or sixty-nine. Says Doctor Dublin:

"I shall set age sixty-five as the threshold of old age. This is in accord with the best social custom. It is at this age that the rates of sickness and death show a marked increase over the previous ages. It is at this age that most superannuation allowances begin, whether provision is made by official agencies or private employers. Those who have attained age sixty-five have already given the community, in most cases, forty-five years of productive work, and in some instances even as many as fifty years. For these reasons there is little dispute over the choice of the age sixty-five as the threshold of old age."

A Result of the Industrial Revolution

THE problem of the aged poor is not a new one; it is as old as civilization. According to the minority report of the Massachusetts Pension Commission, there is on the whole no evidence that workers lose their earning power earlier than in other periods of the world's history. The implication is that modern industry does not fling the old worker aside or sap his energies, although it is admitted that with the family less rooted the old wage earner is more likely to be separated from his children.

Nearly all other authorities take quite the opposite view. They hold that it is because of the vast industrial expansion that less and less use is found for the old workers. One investigation in Pennsylvania showed that at age sixty only 13.2 per cent of the steel workers were earning as much as at earlier years. Says Ingalls Kimball, director of group annuities of one of the insurance companies:

"The pension problem in industry is not a poverty problem; it is not a welfare problem; it is not a charity problem; it is a business problem brought about by the industrial revolution."

Industry on a large scale is a new thing in this country. It has been stated that probably not 1 per cent of the corporations operating today were in existence thirty years ago. In earlier days life work for most people was more individualistic; employers did not have to worry what to do with the superannuated employe.

In former times a larger percentage of persons than now lived on farms. The farm supported them in old age, as did the little businesses which they had built up. Increasingly the great masses of the people are becoming industrial wage earners. Even in the higher ranks men receiving enormous salaries as corporation presidents are nothing but employes.

It is the increasing abruptness with which income is now stopped that creates the problem. A man living in a city apartment on a $10,000 salary may seem very well off to the ghost of his rural grandfather, who never made more than $1000 in his life. But if the big-city salary stops, the recipient is far worse off than his grandfather under similar circumstances, because the latter could

(Continued on Page 92)

HINDSIGHT

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A SHRILL yell and, with a dropping of pitch, a hoarse and wrathful shouting of language in which lurid adjectives outnumbered the highly improper nouns in a three-to-one ratio; a loud splashing of the waters of Box Elder, one series quickly followed by a second; a thudding of hoofs on the trail ascending from the creek to the stage station; and a cry of desperate appeal, as the mounted figure of the stock tender appeared in chase of the runaway roan.

"Head him off! Spread out and head him off, you pigeon-toed, lunk-headed parryleties! Watch out!"

Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, turned the roan at the corner of the corral, and Sam Stegg, the old bullwhacker, surprisingly active, checked his rush for freedom in the opposite direction. The roan wheeled, snorted and tried to get by the stock tender, but the ferocity of Hank's invective, as he raced to block the trail, made him reconsider. But only for a moment. The roan was a quick thinker and recognized defeat. Only one way was clear and that led to the open barn door. He took it, stepping lightly and daintily, with an air of having from the first meant to do that very thing. A whinnying welcome from his team mates greeted him. Mr. Stegg promptly closed the barn doors and stood with his back against them as the stock tender slid from the horse he had been riding and hurried up, stiffly enough.

"Not yet, Hank; not yet," said the old bullwhacker, motioning him back. "You wait until you're in a better frame of mind; more like your own sunny self. After all, that pore horse ain't to blame for wanting a snack of green grass. You'd do the same yourself if you'd been kept on a stiddy diet of hay all winter. You've got him now, and in plenty time to harness up and hitch him to the stage, so there ain't no harm done."

"No harm done!" The stock tender's emotion choked him for a moment. "Me a-chasing after that—that wall-eyed, black-hearted son of Satan on an empty belly and without no saddle, ever since five o'clock! No harm! Why, you dried-up, addle-brained old ——"

Tip Yoakum intervened. "Now, now, Hank," he remonstrated in a soothing tone. "That ain't showing no sort of respect for Sam's silver whiskers. And he's right; it ain't the horse's fault; you got yourself to blame. What you had ought to have done was test that there halter rope to see if it would stand the strain afore you put it on him. Another thing you should ought to have done was shet and fasten the barn door so's the wind wouldn't blow it open. Another thing, if I'd been you, I'd —— Keep off now!"

The stock tender had picked up a short-handled spading fork and was advancing upon him. Yoakum retreated and then turned tail and fairly ran. At the kitchen entrance to the station, he called that he'd have to see to the coffee before it boiled over and cut short an invitation to the stock tender to come and get some. The fork went wide of its mark, however, and presently the stock tender was peaceably eating his belated breakfast, and between and during mouthfuls, relating incidents of his six-hour pursuit of the wall-eyed wanderer. But, though slightly mollified, it was evident that Tip's criticism still rankled; nor had he entirely forgiven Mr. Stegg.

He Made a Grab at One of the Iron Hangers of the Barn Door as He Slid Along. He Missed It, But Got the Second Just as the Skiff Whirled Around, Mighty Nigh Jerking His Arm From the Socket

"Don't you tell me it was grass he wanted. He could have got all the grass he needed forty rods from the barn. What he wanted was to give me grief, blast his speckled hide, and he sure done it. Just naturally picked the roughest ground he could find—sidehills, gullies and draws—and he must have squatted and switched out his tracks with his tail when he come down or out. There wasn't a track either in or out of the draw where I found the old devil. And tell me that wasn't a good halter rope! He'd have got out if I had hitched him with a log chain if there'd been a cold chisel around where he could reach it. If I drove him this afternoon, I betcher he'd think a barn was a good place to stay, by the time the stage rolled into the Gap. What I had ought to have done!"

He glared at Yoakum with renewed resentment. "I had ought to have pounded the daylights out of you—that's what I had ought to have done. The coffee was all saved you. Keeping that hot for me saved your life."

"It wasn't the coffee; it was your kind and feeling heart," said Tip. "You wouldn't hurt a fly in cold blood—especially if the fly was able to lay you across one of his knees and spank you. And I was just a-pointing out ——"

Mr. Stegg interrupted to assert that Yoakum was never up the Little Missouri as far as Taliesen Bend fifteen years ago, and Tip admitted the fact. He never was no globe-trotter and never claimed to be. And what of it?

"It might have done you good," said the old bullwhacker. "You'd have met up with old Doug Maconochie and Doug would have pointed out to you, and you'd have took warning by him and been a heap more popular than what you are."

"Just as well I didn't then," said Tip. "If I was any more popular than what I am, I wouldn't have no time to myself at all. What would he have pointed out?"

"Any dog-gone thing that was wrong with you," the old bullwhacker replied. "The mistakes you'd made and what you ought to have done and the way you ought to have done it. He could point out how you might have kept from having the measles or breaking your leg or losing your money or having your woman skip out with the hired man or your well dried up. Any kind of trouble you got into, Doug could and would shake his bony finger in your face and point out how it was your own fault, account of your ignorance or your cussedness or your shiftlessness or being weak-kneed or bull-headed. When he'd pointed that out, he'd go to work and prove it and keep on proving it as long as you showed signs of consciousness."

The old bullwhacker went on: He was around fifty, and one of the first settlers along the river that Rain-in-the-Face and his enterprising young men didn't settle. It may have been account of him not having enough hair on his scalp to fringe an inch of leggin', or it might have been the way he handled his old Sharps rifle, when it didn't seem like a sinful waste of powder to use it. He stood about six foot three in his boots, but his face took up a heap of his height. From his toes up to his chin he wouldn't have been much over the av'rage. Whilst he was bald atop, his eyebrows was right luxuriant, and his little cat-gray eyes were set well back under them and as close to his long nose as they could get. He had a tol'able extensive mouth, which he opened mostly when he et or pointed out; his fists was big and bony and his face was so dog-gone bony that it was like hitting a stone wall. There wasn't skassly a man who knew old Doug Maconochie that didn't have scars on his knuckles to show for it. See these here?

Doug always claimed that he was a man o' peace, and strickly opposed to fighting like the brute beasts that perish—specially with his neighbors; but the trouble was that his neighbors all had to take a whirl at him sometime. One or two of 'em—Homer Wilkes and Dan Jennings—was drove to tackle him the second time; but from then on they let him point out all he had a mind to. They didn't have to listen to him or pay any attention to him anyway. It was noticed on these here brutal occasions that old Doug got better the longer they lasted. You'd have thought he was enjoying himself. Abner Frost swore that he seen him smile when he was hammering Joe Parsons, but nobody believed him. If it was so, it was more than his wife or his daughter Jeanie seen him do very often.

Now there was my idee of a young female girl that was satisfactory in each and every respect. I may remark that she was also Billy Thompson's idee of what was more'n satisfactory, and I reckon there wasn't a male man from three months old to three score and ten that didn't feel the same way when they laid eyes on her. I mention Billy because he seemed to be Jeanie's idee of about right, and that was just the one thing concerning of which I thought she showed poor judgment. Anyway, the girl didn't resemble her pa in no way, shape or manner.

To begin with, she had aplenty of hair on her head, and it was brown, soft, silky and shiny hair, at that. She wasn't extry tall, nor extry short, and whatever bones she had was covered up and completely concealed by the pinkest and whitest of skin, ornamented here and there by dimples. Contrary to her pa, she had lips. I'll tell a man she had! And you could get a smile out of 'em by just speaking to her, unless you said something that she didn't like—which you'd try not to. Her eyes was blue eyes, and when I say blue I don't mean bluish. They was blue blue, and also they was bright.

And it wasn't no more effort for her to talk than it was to smile, and what she said was most always pleasant to listen to, partly on account of her voice, which didn't nowheres near sound like rusty hinges.

No, sir, gentlemen, there wasn't a solitary thing about that young lady that would lead you to s'pose she was any kin to old Doug Maconochie. Not that there was ever a breath against Mis' Maconochie. Jeanie did favor her ma some, maybe, but you take a woman that's had to live the best part of a lifetime with a certain sort of a person and it's hard to guess what she looked like when she was young. Mis' Maconochie was a right nice lady, gentle spoken and neat appearing, but sun and wind had tanned her skin and care and worry had wrinkled it up, and hard work had wore her thin and spoiled the looks of her hands a considerable.

I reckon it was them things that made her bound and set that Jeanie wasn't a-going to look like her when she got to her age. If she'd had her way, Jeanie wouldn't never have done a hand's turn; but, as it was, Jeanie had her own notions about that. One time Mis' Frost stopped off at the house and found Mis' Maconochie tied into Doug's rocker with a couple of jack towels and Jeanie down on her knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor and a-laughing at her.

"I just had to prove to her that I was younger and stronger than what she was," says Jeanie.

No, Jeanie would mind her ma to the extent of wearing her sunbonnet when she was outdoors and using the cucumber lotion that the old lady brewed up for her, but there wasn't no getting her to shirk.

How come I was up there was that Barney Finn wrote me that the president, secretary, treasurer and board of directors of the Occidental Land and Cattle Company, owning and running the Circle Bar and Goober brands, had laid the heavy responsibility of bossing the Circle Bar on his shoulders and he was feeling sort of nervous and trembly about it without me to prop him up and aid and direct him. He wasn't able to pay me anywhere what I was worth—not much more'n ord'nary wages—but he was asking it as a favor, and he'd see that I got my pay, such as it was, and guar'ntee a good quality of prunes and dried apples, and he might get Mrs. Barney to slide me out a pie oncet in a while. Also that the air was fine and dandy and considered invigorating. Well, it just happened that I was dickering with a feller for my half intrust in the livery when I got the letter, so I closed the deal and put the money in the bank—just two weeks before the receiver took charge—and packed my war sack and lit out.

When I got to the Circle Bar I found Barney out by the tool sheds, a-listening earnestly to a long fiddle-headed somebuddy who was perched up in a wagon and a-laying it off to him like a Dutch uncle.

"Hwhat ye shud ha' dune, Mr. Finn," says this party, "was cock that hay before the rain came on and no' let it lie scattered oot to soak. Ye cud ha' takken a keek at the sky whiles and ye'd have seen, plain as the neb on yer face, that the rain was coming. Ye've nane to blame but yer ainsel' and ye've nae reason to ca' on the A'michty to damn onything."

"I know it, Mac, I know it," says Barney.

"Ony gowk wad know it," says Fiddle-face. "Ye shud ha' gane canny and cut nae mair at a time than ye cud cock in a hurry. Ye'd ha' tint the less and ye'd ha' saved time waiting for it to dry oot, for ye'll mind the wat will rin doon the standing grass to the roots, whilst the cut grass will hold it. I doot ye'll have mildewed stacks the winter. Ye shud ha' gi'en it the morning's sun, onyway, tossing it."

"That's true too," says Barney. "That's what I had ought to have done."

"In ma opeenion," says the expert, "ye shud ha' waited twa-three days. It's nae sign o' guid judgment, cutting, till the weather's settled. If ye'd have waited, ye'd have nae fairmenting hay on yer hands. Aweel, it's nane o' my affairs, but I'll just point oot to ye that when ye mak hay it's best dune in dry weather."

"I'm thankful to you a heap for calling my attention to it," says Barney; and then he seen me a-standing and taking it all in, and he grinned at me, sort o' shamefaced, as he shook hands. "I expected you yesterday, you old dog robber," he says, and I explained to him how come I was delayed. Then he introduced me to Mr. Maconochie, and right away Mr. Maconochie started in on me.

"Hwhat ye shud have dune," says he, "was turn east at the butte instead of going wast, and then follow the trail until it forked again and takken the left-hand fork to the river crossing at the mouth of Cottonwood. Then had ye crossed the river and gane nor-rth, wi' the red bluff to keep ye straight, ye'd have saved a good thir-rty mile and got here when ye was expectit. Hwhat ye shud ha' dune, if ye'd ony sort o' forethought, was spere yer way from a man that kenned the lay of the country. Ane o' they Injuns at Wilmarth's wad ha' scratched ye a line o' route in the dir-rt for the asking."

I'm sort of peculiar, I reckon, but I don't like to have folks tell me what I should ought to have done, no more'n Hank does. "Well, well!" I says. "However did you think of a daisy scheme like that? I'll bet if you had been at Wilmarth's you'd have give me all the information and instructions that I needed, and more, 'thout even being asked."

He looked at me from under his rank growth of sandy eyebrow, and none too amiable. "I'll tak' the leeberty of pointing oot to ye that yer remairk sounds to me unceevil."

I was going to set any doubts he had at rest, but I seen Barney winking and shaking his head at me real violent.

"I'll put it another way," I says. "I mean to say that if you seen where you could keep a stranger's feet in the right

(Continued on Page 73)

We Got a Nice Clear Spot Back of the Barn, and I Shucked My Coat and Vest and Looked Him Over to See Where I'd Hit Him First

HEEL TAPS

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAFFS

"But How Can a Girl Get on the Front Page?"

BECAUSE Tourville is one of your Southern cities where the weather is less capricious than the women, it has acquired of late a Lions Club, a chain hotel, a good-roads movement and a winter colony which encourages Yankee gentlemen in plus fours. The town is beginning to standardize its palmettos, japonicas, negro music. It is casting aside proud and kingly rags for the comfortable tailor-made of commerce. In short, although the Old Hundred may sit obscurely and deny the undeniable, Tourville is becoming a resort.

Yielding gracefully to the changed condition—indeed, she had done her share toward changing it—Eugenie Meldo habitually closed the Silver Wing Booke Shoppe at one and opened it again at two. This in defiance of the Old Hundred who, since time began, *in saecula saeculorum*, had dined at two, or later, and emerged from a coma at four, or later.

The Silver Wing was an eminently genteel concern maintained by the local Junior League, and its profits, if any, went toward the maintenance of an industrial school. More practically, it maintained Eugenie Meldo, last of a Huguenot family which had originally spelled itself Mieldaut and, since coming to America, had done nothing to sustain the Huguenot reputation for industry. Eugenie was guaranteed a hundred dollars a month and a percentage of the profits over and above. She had made the business pay, what with the introduction of Czecho-Slovakian toys, chenille dolls, exotic safety razors and a special library of that sort of book which gives the customer a superior feeling, even though he but touch the binding.

So on a Wednesday, promptly at one, Eugenie turned the key on the Silver Wing. As usual, she was prepared to be back at two, when Yankees, replete with luncheon, were wont to trade. Having in her nature that blend of romance and realism which makes the successful pirate, actor or man of affairs, she had a curious little undeveloped sixth sense which told her things softly and made her nervous. She wasn't going on forever turning that key at one. The key wears out. You change it for a bigger one, or a smaller. Habits wear out. Funny thoughts for a practical girl on a mediocre day.

At the door of the Bluebird Tea Room, where an invading Massachusetts schoolma'am served vittles at noon, she saw Bobbie Newbirch, his delicate little body in a patch of sunlight, peering eagerly through his shell-rimmed spectacles. He was peering for Eugenie.

"Hello, Bobbie!" she cried cheerily.

"Hello, Jean!" It was like a child's call to its mother. "I got here a little early. That new Yankee manager's put in a time clock for the whole lot of us. B-r-r-r-r, it's cold."

They went to their usual table and started luncheon with thick tomato soup. Perhaps Jeanie was a little tired that day, not work-tired, but wearied to death of the town's humdrum. She wanted to marry Bobbie at once and have done with it—they had been engaged two years. But Bobbie had so many things to decide. There was his music. If he would go on as a composer and the great Karl Emlich, at his Tourville recital, had played Bobbie's Shadow Fantasie—there must be many vague, struggling years. And there was something Jeanie so wanted to say about Bobbie's music.

"I'm nothing more or less than an adding machine now," he groaned at last, raising his mild eyes in accusal. It was Jeanie who had got him his job in the Confederate Trust Company.

"I know, dear," she responded with the patience which conceals impatience. "But you can stick at it until we get a little ahead, can't you? We're both working, and ——"

"Oh, but you love that sort of thing!" She should have remembered how tired he looked fooling with a mess of food on his plate.

"There are a lot of things I'd rather do than sell chenille dolls," she answered rather tartly. "I wouldn't mind having a house to run the way my mother did. Or if I went in for a profession I wouldn't mind banking at all, so long as there was a raise in sight."

"As I was saying"—Bobbie had a lazy, pretty drawl—"you like that sort of thing. It's mighty lucky you do."

She knew what he meant by that, and impulsively reached out to pat one of the fine, delicate hands which always made hers look coarse. Today they were cold. In a mirror across the aisle she got a glimpse of themselves and smiled with a shade of sadness. Eugenie, whose wide eyes, white teeth, look of vivid animation sparkled a message of power. Bobbie, inclined to a hollow chest, always drooping as if his heavy forehead were pulling him down. And he was accusing her because she had got him the only job he had ever held.

"But what could you do?" she persisted, striving to keep the shrew note out of her voice.

"I have my music," he replied with dignity. "Some men have regarded that as a life work."

His music! How could she tell him now, as she had intended to do, that his music could never be a life work? That she herself had talked confidentially with the famous Karl Emlich and heard the composer's condemnation both of the Shadow Fantasie which he had played to coddle local pride—and the half dozen other of Bobbie's compositions he had been kind enough to play over in private. He had shaken his mane, this Emlich, and said in the tone of a kindly judge, "It is just as well to discourage these beginners, when they have nothing." Vainly she had explained that Bobbie was no beginner, but what good did that do? To confess that those fantasies and rhapsodies were the work of fifteen years' constant application but made the case more desperate.

Well, here she sat, face to face with a man whom she had promised to marry, and he wanted to live by his music.

"The best composers in America," she argued concisely, smilingly, as to an infant class, "keep other work going just because they can't make music pay. Now, Bobbie, don't get cross. I don't mean to say that I want you to turn your divine notes into dollars and cents ——"

"You're laughing at me." His light jaws came together and there was a hurt look in his eyes which made her want to pick him up and cuddle him and make it all right. It was the maternal in Jeanie which had drawn her toward this pathetic boy who could be so charming when he tried, and was always looking toward her for the protection she could give.

"I'm not laughing at you, Bobbie. You know I'm not. But maybe you'd rather go on with your music just as you are. Of course we'd have to give each other up."

"Oh, that's what you're driving at!" He had paled. An impatient elbow sent a spoon skidding across the floor. Eugenie had come there as nervous as he. His attitude, sometimes appealing to her gentler side, began to jar on her like a dentist's burr.

"There's just one thing I want to say," she came back, and an ice crust had formed over her heart. "I'm not crazy about these eternal footless engagements."

"You mean that you can't stay in love with a man who can't support you." He, too, had chilled.

"I didn't say that. But if you want me to —— Huh!" A wicked, growling sound. "I've got sense enough to know that people have to eat and live and sleep. You've never thought of that. But you'll make me think of it till ——"

"Jeanie!" Had she been a little less intoxicated by her own emotions she would have heeded the wounded sound in that cry. She had begun to talk. She had to talk. She went on talking.

"You're nearly thirty, and you've wasted fifteen years sticking to something you can't do."

She bit her lip to repress the devil, gadding her on to tell him more—tell him about what Emlich had said—bid him tear up his fussy, tinkling, unmusical manuscripts and go seek an honest living. Already she had said enough

"Wasted fifteen years? That's the way you look at it, Jeanie?"

He was leaning far over the table. She wondered if her own eyes showed that same cold, savage look. Were people staring at them—people she knew in the restaurant? But she wasn't to be downed. The fighting demon had her by the hair.

"Isn't that about what you'd call it?" It couldn't have been her own voice speaking like that. But Bobbie Newbirch took it so. He had half risen. That look of animal hatred had weakened. A pet dog was being knocked in the head.

"I'm going," he said softly, rapidly. "I'll never see you again. I'm getting out of this town. I'm going to New York, where they know something about ——"

About what? She never knew, for in a sudden rush of escape he had bounded down the aisle, snatched his hat from the rack by the door. So rapidly had the quarrel developed, so quickly was it over, that Jeanie sat there munching, disbelieving it. Bobbie couldn't have been here and gone like that. Yet there lay his plate, its meat slightly disturbed, and beside it a broken bun. She went on with her meal calmly, stoically. Calmly, stoically, too, she paid the bill for two and wandered back toward her bookshop. Suddenly a thought arrested her, caused her to stop in her tracks at a corner by the Old East Church Why had she spoken in that horrible way? The look in Bobbie's face as he turned to go! She had killed a faithful dog. Coldly she had plied the ax. She had violated the code of her family, the code of a gentleman.

"Oh, well," she concluded, and walked on, "I'll have to apologize to Bobbie"—apologize humbly, sincerely. She considered the advisability of going at once to the Confederate Trust Company, routing him out, begging his pardon, doing her best to soothe the wound she had inflicted. Ridiculous idea! Bobbie had been rude, too—a little. But he hadn't wielded an ax. It made her laugh a trifle hysterically to think of Bobbie wielding an ax. "He'll be round this evening," she thought philosophically, and again turned the key in the Silver Wing's door.

That night she waited until eleven o'clock in the high-shouldered parlor of Mrs. Tread's, where she boarded with other economical aristocrats. Whenever Zetty Grey, the coal-black maid, passed through, Jeanie half arose, expecting a summons to the telephone. She went to bed with a load on her conscience and in her funny bone a little laugh at the thought of Bobbie, suddenly grown into a bold adventurer, seeking fame and fortune in New York.

He did not call her up the next day, nor lunch at the Bluebird Tea Room, nor come for his customary evening at Mrs. Tread's. She was restless that night; she had dreams of Bobbie, in armor too large for him, wielding a knightly sword which turned into a violin bow and made the most amazing discords. At breakfast she wished that Miss Lottie Percival, who believed in psychoanalysis, were there to interpret her dream

Bobbie, she knew, was sulking in the background, holding to his anger. All morning she worked feverishly in her shop, wishing that she had yielded to her first impulse and apologized forthwith. Just before lunchtime there was a vacant spell which allowed her to telephone to the Confederate Trust Company. She got Mr. McLean, head of the bond department.

"I've been trying to get Mr. Newbirch," she explained, "and it's so important. I wonder if you'd ask him to call me when he comes in."

"I'm sorry, Miss Meldo," replied his thin voice "Mr Newbirch isn't with us now. He's gone North."

"Really?" The shock was too great for her secretiveness, so she blurted, "When did he go?"

"Day before yesterday. It was rather sudden. Something to do with a musical organization he's interested in."

She thought rapidly, if dizzily. "I've got some scores he wanted forwarded. He forgot to leave his address. Have you any idea where I can reach him?"

"No-o-o"—judgmatically. "Several people have been asking for his address. I imagine he'll write and let us know."

"Thank you, Mr. McLean."

That last remark was by way of farewell to Tourville. She did take pains to ask a few more questions—of Bobbie's landlady, for instance, and of his one remaining cousin. Next morning she sent the key of the Silver Wing to a Junior League official, collected her wages to date and engaged a Pullman berth, upper, to New York. She had deeply wounded a man who had given over two years to the love of her, and she had made up her mind that he shouldn't disappear like that, go away thinking of her as a cad. She must hunt him up, tell him how ashamed she felt, how unjust she had been in the things a runaway temper had compelled her to say. She must find him, although the only address he had left was New York City.

II

MRS. TREAD had a spinster cousin, a Miss Barbara Huddleston, who combined great comfort with intense respectability in her Madison Avenue boarding house. Miss Barbara was Eugenie's cousin, too, because Tourville folk are as closely interwoven as were the Inca caste of Peru. It was natural then for the girl to choose Miss Barbara's as a resting place, a little Tourville oasis in the desert of New York.

There were elderly clergymen, elderly lawyers, elderly colonels, most of them encumbered with wives, some of them with grandchildren. Upon arrival the pilgrim was met by the family kiss, a genteel peck, and the drawl: "Aw, Cousin Jeanie, yew look all tihed aout"—indicating that Cousin Barbara's fifteen years in New York had done much to intensify her Southernness.

If you imagine a plump little bird all covered with frilly feathers you have an approximation of Cousin Barbara, under whose small wing Eugenie managed to squeeze herself to rest and prepare for an ordeal. Naturally she couldn't have told Cousin Barbara that she had come to New York in search of a man. At such a thought the little spinster

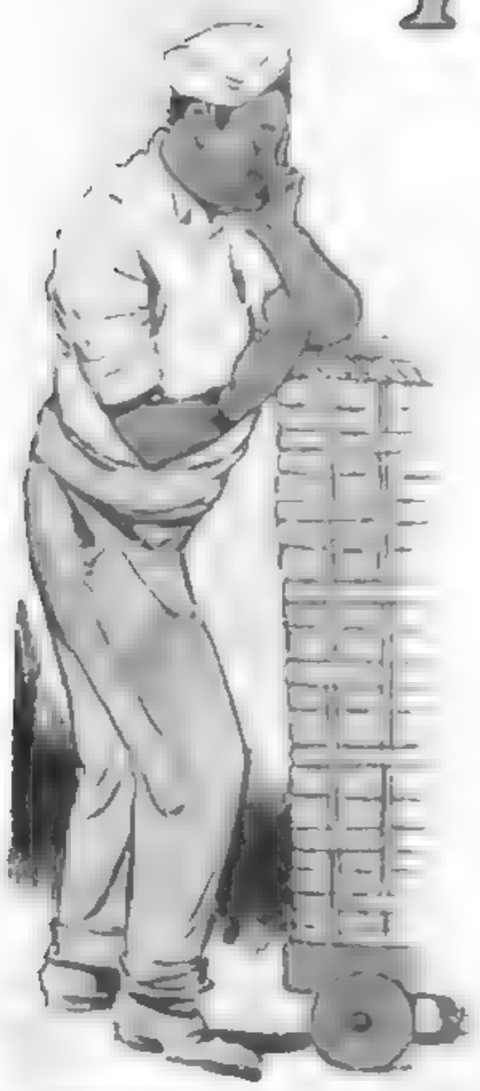
(Continued on Page 113)

There Stood Jeanie, Momentarily Blank, Her Foolish Little Shoe in Her Hand; She Had the Impression of Mud Seeping Through the Toe of Her Unprotected Stocking

The Life-Saving Business

By BOYDEN SPARKES

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



When He Dawdled on His Route the Workers in the Laundry Were Idle

TWO men, patients of the same doctor, were admitted to the same hospital on the same day of a recent year. Each was wretched with suffering of a character that indicated the need of an operation for the relief of gastric ulcer.

One of the men, Mr. A—or as I choose to call him, Homer C. Adams arrived at the receiving door of the institution in a $15,000 limousine that bore a license plate with numerals significantly low. In his home city Homer C. Adams is a person of such economic and social consequence that politicians glow with satisfaction whenever they get an opportunity to perform a favor for him, and a low number on your license plate usually means a salute from the nearest traffic cop. Even if you have never heard of the Adams Process Company, you must recognize the type.

Well, Mr. Adams was on his feet when his chauffeur opened the door of his car, but he was not allowed—due to his own orders—to take a single step beyond the wheel chair that was rolled to the running board of his car; and he did not even have to give his name to the admissions clerk. Instead, he was propelled gently to a private suite, in which two nurses were already engaged in patting his pillows. Mr. Adams was a sick man.

Brotherhood in Operations

THE other man, Mr. B—or, to make him more interesting, Oliver H. Briggs—arrived at the hospital in a taxicab, accompanied by Mrs. Briggs. Fortunately, Mrs. Briggs' mother had been able to arrive that day in response to a frantic appeal by telegraph, so that there had been someone to stay at the apartment and look after the two smallest of the four Briggs children. Worry about his family was gnawing at Oliver Briggs quite as relentlessly as that ulcer that was hidden somewhere in his alimentary canal.

He was received kindly enough, but before he was allowed to walk to his room, he and his wife had to discuss the matter of payment with a woman employe of the hospital. Mrs. Briggs simply would not hear of her husband going into a ward. Somewhat tactlessly, but out of an affection that was boundless, she declared that she would take in washing before she would allow Oliver Briggs to regain his health in a room with hundreds of others. It was useless to remind her that there were only twelve beds in any ward; Mrs. Briggs was on the verge of hysterics. So Mr. Briggs was escorted to a private room after he had paid over in advance, for a week's occupancy, forty-two dollars, which was precisely twenty-eight dollars less than his week's salary as chief clerk in the offices of the corporation for which he worked.

Oliver Briggs was cheered up late that afternoon by a visit from his jovially brusque doctor. He got quite a kick out of a bit of gossip this surgeon brought. His case was precisely like that of the well-known Homer Adams—similar symptoms and the same surgeon. It seemed to Oliver Briggs that he was mounting in importance, and his pain was soothed by the flattering thought that hereafter—he shuddered—anyway, in the future, he would have something in common with the great man.

"You go to sleep, Mr. Man," ordered the surgeon. "I'm going to operate on you at nine in the morning. Make a new man of you."

"Yeh?" This was spoken feebly by Briggs; but his tone was brighter when he asked, "When you going to operate on Mr. Adams?"

"Oh, him? Not for a day or so. Not another word out of you now. You'll see me in the morning."

Briggs and Adams recovered uneventfully from their surgical adventures and left the hospital without meeting, although the first day Briggs was allowed to sit up his surgeon had brought him two Blanca-Blanca perfectos costing sixty-five cents apiece—a token of sympathy from his fellow sufferer, the millionaire, Adams.

The director of that hospital in which Briggs and Adams sacrificed a portion of their stomachs in return for a fresh lease on life is a layman. He is swayed by the whims of his board of trustees and the members of the staff of physicians and surgeons to about the same degree that Mussolini is swayed by the Italian Chamber of Deputies. It is putting the same thought into a capsule to call him an autocrat.

One day the lay director, receiving a visit from the surgeon who had operated on Adams and Briggs, pushed aside the flowers on his otherwise clear desk and tossed in front of the doctor two large rectangles of stiff paper. One bore the medical history of Briggs; the other that of Adams.

"How come?" asked the director.

"What?" The surgeon's hackles of temperament rose at once. His eyes began to glitter.

"Come, come, come! No stalling. How do you account for this: Here are two men with identical histories, the same surgeon, the same operation and the same kind of recoveries. Darn good surgery, too."

"Well, what about it?"

"How do you account for the fact that the millionaire Adams had to pay eighty-five dollars for extras—X-ray pictures, bismuth and so forth—and Briggs did not?"

"Why," impatiently exclaimed the surgeon, "Adams is a millionaire and Briggs is a poor devil who will be scrimping and sweating for another year to pay the bills that piled up while he was ill."

"All right, that's what I thought you would say," exclaimed the director triumphantly. "Then one of two things is true: Either you overcharged the rich man or else you did not give the poor one a square shake."

"Nonsense!" denied the doctor. "Adams could afford to spend many times as much as he did. I knew what was wrong with both of them, but it was just as well to be sure, and so I had Adams X-rayed. That's all there is to it."

"But if Briggs had been a rich man you would have had him X-rayed, too, even though you were positive an operation was indicated?" The director was suave

"Sure," confessed the surgeon.

The Best Service Free of Charge

"ALL right, doctor," said the director, "put this down in your diary as an important moment in the history of this hospital. We have made our last special charge. Any system of charges that penalizes sound practice is wrong. Henceforth when you have a patient here, whether he be millionaire or white-collar worker, you order for him precisely what you think he ought to have in the way of special service. There won't be any extra charge. This is a hospital and not a medical boarding house."

Recently I asked this director whether the abolition of extra charges for X-ray photographs, blood tests and similar explorations into pathological secrets of patients there had put much of a strain on the laboratory equipment.

"There was a jump of 55 per cent the first month," he replied, "and I added one $1200-a-year technician to take care of the extra load, and that is all there was to it—except that every patient that enters our doors now may know that the very fact he has been admitted means that everything this hospital has to offer in the way of science and service is to be given to him. There isn't a free ward in the hospital, and still, 60 per cent of the work we do is free. If a

patient can pay fifteen dollars a day, and wants a room by himself with a private bath, he can have it; if he is willing to go in a ward at four dollars a day, all right; if he can pay only one dollar a day, all right; if he can't pay anything, all right. Not even the nurses know what the various patients are paying unless the patients choose to tell.

"There may be a sprig of parsley on the potato of the patient in the fifteen-dollar-a-day room, but his potato comes out of the same pot from which we serve the man in the ward who pays one dollar—or nothing. He may get a chop a trifle nearer the loin, or lettuce a bit closer to the heart, but there is no other difference for the fifteen-dollar-a-day patient. The linen on his bed is changed once a day, and it is changed once a day on the beds in the wards."

The Nurses Grow Foot-Weary From Bringing Him Fresh Linen

It is pretty generally agreed that in the United States a desperately poor man with calloused hands, a sick wife and a letter from the Associated Charities, or its equivalent, can get excellent hospital service for his mate, or, if he needs it, for himself. That is one of the things concerning which America may with full justification boast; and certainly there is no disputing the fact that anyone whose income tax is listed in the higher brackets may command the best of hospital care and surgery and nursing. But when the person to be cared for falls in that white-collared multitude into which most of us are to be found, that is something else, in the words of Abe Potash, again.

America's Large Investment in Health

FOR one thing, not many hospitals have altered their practices to conform with the dawning realization that the true mission of hospitals is to care for the health of all; not merely the very poor and the very rich. Another phase of this question is involved with the fact that the white-collar people, taken as a mass, are just beginning to think of hospitals as institutions having any direct bearing on their lives.

When Alice Roosevelt Longworth went from Washington to Chicago and entered a hospital there to await an event unique in her lovely career, her purpose and her plans were set forth in detail in newspapers throughout the country. When Paulina Longworth was born, her mother had set another fashion the repercussions of which are likely to be more lasting than the merely seasonal flavor of Alice-blue gowns. There was not a hospital in the United States which did not see an increase in the number of its maternity cases as a direct result of the interest created in that modern way of introducing young Americans into the republic.

There are counties in the United States where forty-nine babies out of fifty get their first baths and their first meals in their mothers' homes, and then there are places, such as Iowa City, Iowa, where about ninety out of each hundred babies make their debuts in hospitals, which means that in many instances they have a much better chance of having their mothers survive to care for them—to say nothing of their own survival—than if they arrived under less scientific auspices.

Clearly, there is work to be done, lives to be saved, for a national hospital plant vastly greater than the one we have, even though it is greater by any scale of measurement than that of any other nation. One man attempted to show me how big it is by contrasting it with other great American industries. This man is a business executive as well as a physician... He is Dr. C. Charles Burlingame.

"If the United States Steel Corporation was combined with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company," he said, "the joint properties would represent a smaller investment than the investment in hospital properties throughout the United States. The 8700 hospitals of the nation represent a capital investment of more than $4,000,000,000. It requires the expenditure of about $1,000,000,000 each year to keep these plants going.

"Now then," added Doctor Burlingame, "if those hospitals were managed as efficiently as, for example, the steel corporation or the telephone company, they could do twice as much to conserve the health of this country as is being done."

Which is by way of saying that many American hospitals are badly managed, generally speaking, from the standpoint of business administration. And this bad management, where it exists, is reflected in the predicament of the great middle class of Americans who are neither rich nor poor. For them hospital care, except in cases of dire necessity, is a luxury out of reach.

Certainly the American Hospital Association may presume to speak for the hospitals of the country, and that organization is behind the statement that 85 per cent of the people who constitute the great financial middle class could be offered cheaper hospital rates if a comparatively few simple policies and procedures common to almost all successful business were put in practice in hospitals.

There is the situation which is causing the leaders of medicine in the United States considerable loss of sleep; but while they lie awake, they are thinking, and that is what will lead, probably, to the solution of this problem. It was one of those doctors, doubtless, who evolved an epigram which does not begin to tell the truth about conditions.

"Hospitals," he said, "are mismanaged because they are miss managed."

Though that may be faintly amusing as a jest, it is even less accurate as a diagnosis. The real truth seems to be that hospitals are mismanaged, when they are mismanaged, not because they are run by some promoted nurse, but primarily because of a strangely and perniciously consistent lack of central authority.

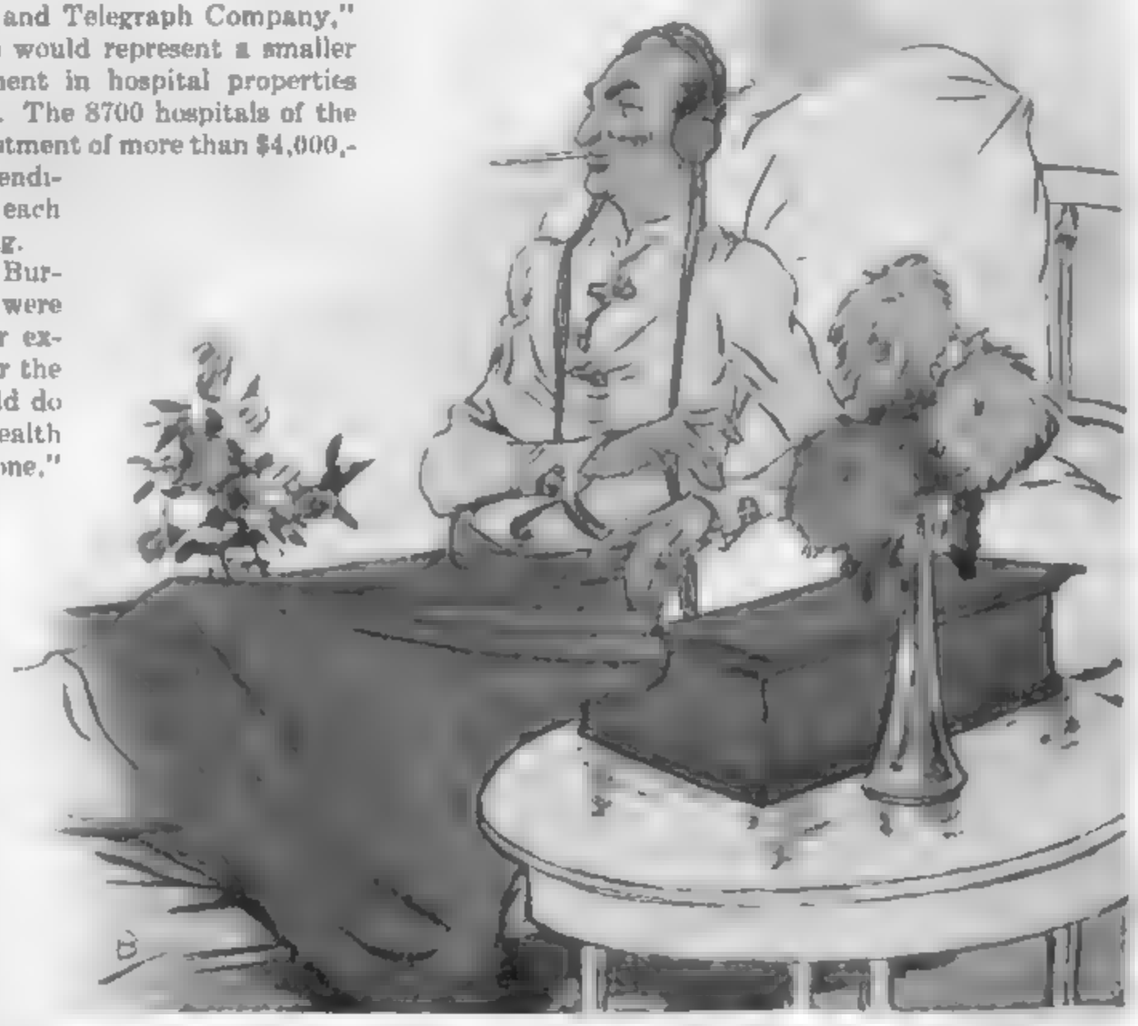
Cinderella's Fairy Godmother

IN THE majority of hospitals, when it is necessary to appoint someone to occupy that rôle in the institution which is analogous to that of captain of a ship, a benevolent board of trustees meets to consider the problem. Nearly always the membership of the board includes some of the shrewdest business men of the community served by the hospital; but when they sit down around a table in the directors' room of a hospital, they frequently do not exercise the judgment that enabled them to make their fortunes.

Instead of trying to find a man or a woman possessed of the same kind of intelligence and training that they would expect of any applicant for the job of running their respective business institutions, they attempt to perform a deed of magic like that which Cinderella's fairy godmother managed with a wand when she transformed a pumpkin and a cageful of mice into a coach and six. Sometimes, of course, they do appoint a trained administrator, but what they often do is to appoint someone from one of the following three classes: (a) A poor relative of a member of the board, or (b) a superannuated or otherwise incapacitated preacher or doctor, or (c) some doctor or nurse qualified to be doctor or nurse, but lacking in business capacity.

When a business is badly managed, that situation usually is corrected by a reorganization and an infusion of new blood at the top—or else there is a bankruptcy proceeding; but that lethal chamber of the inefficiently managed business institution never disposes of the poorly run community hospital. The best of hospitals, as a matter of course, have to rely on philanthropy for a share of their

Continued on Page 201.



Amusement is on Tap in That Hospital as Readily as Hot and Cold Water

THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE Holstein did not look as though he were about to escort Emory Schnepp to the lady of his despairing choice; in fact, he exhibited none of the graces of a social arbiter as he lowered his small, red eyes upon the pitchfork in Emory's fist, which had brought to sharp conclusion a two-mile race between them about the rocky pasture. Emory's eyes were neither small nor red—they were large and gray-blue—but at the moment they bore an expression equally tempestuous, as they eyed the animal with bitter distaste. Emory had not enjoyed the obstacle race, nor was he enjoying the effort to regain the breath of life after it. Even less was he enjoying the prospect of leading the Holstein through New Penn, where the populace—meaning Miss Elma Kochensparger—could witness the journey.

But at least he was going to lead the bull; the bull was not going to lead him. He knotted the rope from the iron ring in the creature's nose firmly about his strong waist muscles. He picked up the pitchfork again—but, no, he wouldn't. He would not go through New Penn with pitchfork hoisted aloft where everybody—meaning Miss Elma Kochensparger—might see him. He picked up a fence picket instead.

At that the beast vented a low gargling sound. It was not a bellow; therefore it must have been a laugh. He swung his tasseled window cord of a tail in capricious rhythm as he followed Emory down the steep road which zigzagged from his hill farm to the small valley pocketing the California hills.

Emory had presented the bull to himself upon the occasion of his twenty-second birthday, three months since. More pertinently, he had presented himself with the animal four days after he had consumed two plates of ice cream in succession with Miss Elma at the annual church social. There had been something about Miss Elma as she sat throned upon the shadowed back steps luxuriously licking her spoon which had made Emory Schnepp envision himself at once as the proprietor of a large, blooded-stock farm; and the bull had seemed, somehow, an imposing beginning. But Emory had never understood the bull, whereas the animal had from first glance understood him. This may have been because Emory's gray-blue eyes were fringed with trusting black lashes; or it may have been because the Holstein had a corrugated brow, indicative of deep and psychoanalytic thought. At any rate the animal had seemed from the first too large for Emory's twenty-acre farm, with its tiny cabin, its tinier barn and its tiniest beehives.

So now that Emory had a new business deal of magnificent proportions on hand and at the same time an opportune offer for the animal, he was for losing no time in consummating both transactions. He had completed his tentative arrangements for disposing of the bull no more than two weeks, to be exact, after he and his ice-cream plate had been figuratively kicked off the shadowed steps of the parsonage.

At least the voice which had urged him into outer darkness upon that gelid occasion had had foot-pounds of pressure in it; and it had been the voice of Mr. Herman Kochensparger, who cherished dizzy ambitions for his daughter. Emory, nevertheless, intended to court her, and to court her vigorously. His reasoning upon this point was as simple and frank as was the wide stare of his eyes: He intended to marry her, therefore he must court her. The bull, of course, was only a contributing factor, but it was a factor with two horns. That is to say, that just as Emory's bull adhered to the species of its genus in that it had two horns which might upon occasion prove useful, so also Emory's business scheme, in which the animal was involved, possessed two horns which he believed would prove extremely useful: In the first place he would acquire the acreage which he earnestly desired, and in the second place he would acquire the acreage from Mr. Kochensparger; thus proving that he possessed not only the coin which that aspiring gentleman had privately indicated that a son-in-law must possess but also the intelligence for which Mr. Kochensparger this past month had publicly made noisy and continuous demand.

There Had Been Something About Miss Elma as She Sat Throned Upon the Shadowed Back Steps Which Had Made Emory Schnepp Envision Himself at Once as the Proprietor of a Large, Blooded-Stock Farm

Not only had Mr. Kochensparger made an earnest appeal for intelligence from the inhabitants of his own vicinage through the county newspaper but he was also appealing quite frantically for the same exhibition of mentality from the passing motorist. Arrived at the valley crossroad with his hostage to fortune still securely roped to his waist, Emory paused before a signboard and obedient to its large-writ letters, stopped and looked:

STOP! LOOK! FREE LAND!
HAVE YOU INTELLIGENCE? DO YOU WANT A
FULL ACRE OF GROUND FOR NOTHING?
IF SO STOP
AT THE TRACT OFFICE OF
KOCHENSPARGER & SCHIEFLEY
AND FURTHER ON
AND ASK FOR THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE
ANSWER TEN EASY QUESTIONS
AND OBTAIN FREE DEED TO ONE ACRE
WE WISH TO ESTABLISH
AN INTELLIGENT COMMUNITY
UPON OUR LAND
HENCE THIS CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

Emory had stopped and looked before; but this time he did so with something of a proprietary air. For in the meantime he had obeyed the other demands; he had stopped at the tract office, he had asked for the Test of Intelligence, and the answers to the ten easy questions were secured by a safety pin to his inner pocket at that moment. Remained only to obtain the free deed to one acre and to establish himself as one of the intelligent community upon Mr. Kochensparger's land. He knew the land and he knew the precise acre he wanted. He looked up the steep hill from which he had just descended and he saw, halfway up, the green handkerchief which was his own alfalfa patch; he saw along its same level and adjoining it the long duller-green twistings of Mr. Kochensparger's vineyard; he looked farther up and he saw against the sky the gray treeless ridge upon which Mr. Kochensparger was beseeching an intelligent community to establish itself. Emory desired the acre of that ridge which steeped immediately above his green handkerchief; and to that end he would now obey the concluding demand of the signboard and Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

The only indirection he contemplated lay in not taking the right-hand road, which led directly to the future home of the Holstein and, incidentally, past the spacious lawn and the large square house of the Kochensparger—no, he would take the left-hand road and thus skirt the town, rather than traverse the main street tied to a ring in a bull's nose and brandishing a fence picket.

But the Holstein evidenced a decided inclination to turn to the right. Whether the animal in reality was possessed of more innate rectitude than Emory, in his complete lack of understanding, had given him credit for, or whether the animal in his penetrating psychoanalysis of Emory had discovered that he was a goodly young man and, after the manner of reprehensible characters, desired to be seen in Emory's company, is not pertinent to this simple chronicle. All that pertains is that the creature, at this particular crossroad in Emory's life, twitched his barometric tail, eyed the fence picket and gargled. Emory pulled and the beast pushed. Then Emory pushed and the beast pulled. The pull was a potent one. Emory found himself flat against the animal's lumbar regions, both arms outflung. The animal thereupon broke into a gentle but determined lope toward the main street of the town, which was but a large pasture and two fields distant. Increasing stricture about Emory's waistline induced him to lope with determination also, but he did not lope gently. He punched with the picket, he shouted hoarsely; and with every punch and with every shout the beast lengthened its lunge and hoisted its tail. Even so, the red haze which began to blur Emory's eyes was not due entirely to anger; it was due in large measure, at least, to the color of the Kochensparger roof, which was looming momentarily nearer.

It is not certain whether the Holstein descried the Kochensparger roof and became as excited about it as did

Emory; but it is certain that he shared the tremendous agitation in Emory's breast a moment later, when both saw simultaneously Miss Elma Kochensparger herself upon the sidewalk in front of her home. The beast snorted with lively determination, Emory belched with deathly panic, and the two plunged toward her as one. The dark beauty tilting along in a pink dress under a pink parasol became suddenly a white beauty as, startled by the commotion, she wheeled about and beheld the commotion snorting directly toward her. With a thin scream she pitched the pink bubble toward the two who were so shamelessly evidencing their attraction toward her and took to a pair of swift, thin legs. The beast neatly scooped the bubble upon one horn and neatly leaped the gutter.

Came the sidewalk. Came the front gate. Came the last desperate swinging upward of the picket. Came bits of pink flying backward from beneath murderous heels Came upon that gruesome vision darkness, blackness, death of reason.

Emory woke up in heaven. He knew it was heaven, for Miss Elma Kochensparger was bending over him, gazing earnestly into his eyes. He knew it was heaven, for he heard Miss Elma Kochensparger remark in trembling accents: "Och, my, such a braveness! He saved my life a'ready. If he wouldn't have up and swang that fence picket acrost the gate that way and hanged ower it, the cow could have hooked onto me, now that it could."

And he heard another voice—a voice with the stubborn twang of the natural-born objector: "Yes, but don't go forgetting what your beau done. If Schiefley wouldn't have jumped the fence ower and cut the rope the thing could still be hoofing with its feet at your pink snapdragons. Not saying nothing about pulling this here young man into two."

Emory here felt tenderly of his waistline; he had been harboring a dim impression that he was lying in two equal parts on the Kochensparger sofa.

"He ain't my beau," retorted Miss Elma. "Just because he has thoughtened out this worldly scheme for getting pop shut of his land ain't any reason I have got to get drug into it; and I would thank you to spread that reports for me too."

"It would take a plenty of spreading," observed the other dryly. "It's put out wonderful common where Schiefley is getting an extry bonus—and it ain't money either—if he gets oncet your pop out of this land where has nagged him so mean for the taxes. And—worldly? Who ain't in this here onreligious California? This neighborhood could be called New Penn, mebbe; but it ain't old Pennsylwania no, I should guess it ain't. And here's somepun else. If this here scheme works and your pop gets onto them free acres a lot of stylish towners—och, my, we could as well make shut the door onto the church."

"Look oncet! His eyes are near open. And he is working easier for his breath."

A harried middle-aged face here intercepted Emory's view of Miss Kochensparger. "It's the camphor where fetched him. He wasn't only out of puff, like I told you. I can fetch them out of their coffins with camphor if I ketch them in time. Well, I got to spritz my flowers, then; it is now wonderful the way this hot days spites them."

Miss Elma sat down by the sofa and looked earnestly into Emory's gray-blue eyes; even more earnestly Emory looked into her brown ones. Speech seemed unnecessary. There is sparse record of conversation in heaven. Chants of praise seem the proper procedure there. Chants of praise were the proper procedure here; only that Emory had not yet recovered sufficient breath for vocalization of any sort. So he lay, gasping hoarsely and cherishing a latent respect for the bull which had in so direct a manner gone about the business of depositing him upon the sofa from which he had been ejected in an equally direct manner not a week since.

"I guess you're feeling some healthier," surmised Miss Elma softly.

He started to nod, changed his mind and shook his head stubbornly. Lovers' guile had entered into even Emory's bland soul.

"Won't you spare the picket?" Miss Elma inquired politely. "I guess you ain't needful for it any more."

Emory turned a surprised glance upon the picket which he still held tensely upright. His lady bore it as if it had been a lance of honor and sheathed it tenderly in the umbrella stand.

Emory's fingers dived inward with sudden horrid premonition. No, it was there; it had escaped wreckage. He drew forth the test of intelligence and laid it triumphantly upon Miss Elma's knee.

The expression of astonishment which he had expected to see, overspread her features at once; but had he been less blinded by that passion which attacks the eyesight primarily, he would have observed that it was not by any means a pleasurable astonishment. She did not touch it. Indeed, if it had been a test of stupidity, her face could have held no more of incipient disillusionment than when her eyes lifted from the paper and quested doubtfully over Emory's really intelligent-looking brow.

"Read it off," beamed Emory.

She lifted it as though it had been printed in poisonous ink, and read:

THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE

I: Can you name a valuable yellow metal? Answer: Gold.

II: What creature of three letters can see in the dark? Answer: Cat or either rat.

III: What element necessary to human life entirely surrounds the body? Answer: Air.

IV: Upon what continent are the darkest-skinned natives found? Answer: Africa.

V: Can you name a fruit of six letters which has a yellow rind? Answer: Lemmon.

VI: What domestic animal is most used for drawing loads? Answer: Horse.

VII: What is the greatest lack of desert regions? Answer: Water.

VIII: Can you give two reasons why the sun is valuable to human life? Answer: Makes light and hot.

IX: What noun of six letters would you say is the opposite of male? Answer: Womman.

X: What do you have to possess before you can build a house? Answer: Land.

TAKE NOTICE: THE ANSWER TO THE LAST FINAL AND CONCLUDING QUESTION YOU MAY HAVE FREE OF CHARGE IF YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO COPE SUCCESSFULLY WITH THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE

"I've coped, ain't I?" insisted Emory.

Miss Kochensparger folded the paper and laid it upon her lap. She looked from Emory to the life-size crayon of

(Continued on Page 140)

"I Ain't Coming Up Here fur No Foolish Jokes," Panted Mr. Kochensparger With Dignity. "I'm a Man of Business and I Come Up Here fur Business"

MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN THE present article an attempt will be made to analyze Mexican legislation with special reference to that part which brought Mexico into sharp conflict with the United States Whatever view you may have of this legislation, one thing is certain the Mexicans have done the job completely. In their lawmaking they have covered "heaven above . . . the earth beneath" and "the water under the earth." The range is from the church to subsoil rights.

Fully to comprehend the scope and significance of the new Mexican laws, and especially the oil and alien land statutes which have caused all the trouble, we must first briefly review Mexican constitutional history. The constitution of 1857 was adopted under the leadership of Benito Juarez, the Lincoln of his country and the outstanding national hero, with the possible exception of Miguel Hidalgo, who first raised the standard of revolt against Spain. This document separated church and state and established a form of government which was, in the main, practical, progressive and liberal. In outline it followed quite closely the Constitution of the United States. As with ours, it provided for amendments. One of its provisions was: "No retroactive law shall be enacted."

As originally written, the constitution stipulated that no president could serve more than one term. When Porfirio Diaz came into power he amended it so as to bring about his rule of more than three decades. Although it is running a little ahead of the story, Calles and Obregón, late in 1926, put through a similar amendment to the 1917 document to enable Obregón, Calles' predecessor in office, to become also his successor, and permit their continued rotation in office.

An Oil Well on Fire in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico

An Expression of the New Order

PRIOR to May 1, 1917, the Juarez constitution was the fundamental law of the land. It made no specific mention of petroleum. There was an indirect reference in the provision which gave congress the right to issue a mining law. Three mining laws were subsequently promulgated during the period within which the 1857 constitution was enforced. Each made a sharp distinction between metals and mineral fuels, whether liquid or solid. Metals were construed as the property of the nation and exploitable only under concession from it. Mineral fuels—that is, oils—belonged to the owner of the land, who, under proper police regulations, could work deposits as he saw fit.

Two important facts must be emphasized here. The first is that under these laws all the oil properties now in controversy—they constitute 99 per cent of the oil lands owned by foreigners—were acquired by the companies either by direct purchase from the landowner or by oil and gas leases which paid the owner an annual rental, and in most cases a royalty upon the petroleum products extracted. The other is that they became the property of the alien companies before the 1917 constitution became effective. At the start the oil holdings were developed without hindrance from the government. In fact they had active official support and coöperation, because, largely due to American initiative, they meant a new industry for the country.

It was not until the Carranzistas gained political control through premature recognition of Carranza by President Wilson that the train of trouble was laid. The concrete expression of the new order—I might add that it remains the order of the day—was the now-famous constitution of 1917.

In every respect it is a unique document. The Constitution of the United States is the frame of the government. The bulwark of liberty fashioned under the

Excavating for Underground Telephone-Conduit System at Tampico

supervision of Carranza at Querétaro not only set up a form of government but included a pronouncement of social and political theories as well.

The promulgation of the constitution of 1917 was typical of Mexican political methods The Carranzistas went through the motions of electing their delegates to the Constituent Assembly and declared the constitution duly in effect The people as a whole were not consulted. As a matter of fact, it was never submitted to them

Nationalization

IN VIEW of the prevailing illiteracy, which approximates 80 per cent it would have made very little difference anyhow. Once promulgated, the constitution became the mandate for the existing regulatory laws.

Although various provisions of the constitution will be dissected later on, it may be well to get an idea of its general character. The storm center is the much-discussed Article 27, which has the nationalization features. Among its preliminary statements is the following:

> The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand, as well as the right to regulate the development of natural resources, which are susceptible of appropriation, in order to conserve them and equitably to distribute the public wealth. For this purpose necessary measures shall be taken to divide large landed estates; to develop small landed holdings; to establish new centers of rural population with such lands and waters as may be indispensable to them; to encourage agriculture and to prevent the destruction of natural resources, and to protect property from damage detrimental to society. Settlements, hamlets situated on private property and communes which lack lands or water, or do not possess them in sufficient quantities for their needs, shall have the right to be provided with them from the adjoining properties, always having due regard for small landed holdings. Wherefore, all grants of lands made up to the present time under the decree of January 6, 1915, are confirmed. Private property acquired for the said purposes shall be considered as taken for public utility.
>
> In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances which in veins, layers, masses or beds constitute deposits whose nature is different from the components of the land, such as minerals from which metals and metaloids used for industrial purposes are extracted; beds of precious stones, rock salt and salt lakes formed directly by marine waters, products derived from the decomposition of rocks, when their exploitation requires underground work; phosphates, which may be used for fertilizers; solid mineral fuels, petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid or gaseous.

The reference to the decree of January 6, 1915, in the first paragraph of Article 27 that I have just quoted, requires elucidation. This was the famous decree by Carranza which provided for the restoration of communal lands, commonly known as *ejidos*, to the villages. During the Diaz and preceding régimes many of these areas were seized under various pretexts and became the property of private owners. The constitution of 1917 raised the Carranza decree to the status of a constitutional provision.

Another part of Article 27 reads:

> Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership of lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property,

and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometers from the seacoast, no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters

At this point it may be well to explain that a provision of the Mexican constitution is not in itself effective. A so-called regulatory law and specific regulations are required to make it operative. Thus the Petroleum Law and the Alien Land Law are the regulatory laws of Article 27, while the Labor Law, which will be discussed in a subsequent paper, performs the same service for Article 123 of the constitution. A parallel to this procedure in the United States would be the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

We can now get down to the heart of the present business. The principal issue between the American and the Mexican governments grows out of the fact that the Petroleum Law is held by the former to be retroactive. That this point is well taken is shown by the reproduction of Article 14 of the constitution of 1917, which says:

No law may be made retroactive to the prejudice of any person. No one may be deprived of life, liberty or his property, possessions or rights except by trial before courts previously established, in which the essential formalities of the case are complied with in conformity with laws enacted prior to the act.

You will recall that practically all the oil lands owned by foreigners in Mexico were acquired prior to the enactment of the 1917 constitution. Contrary to the general impression, not one of the areas involved is held under a concession. Hence the talk indulged in by Mexicans that oil concessionaires have sought to exploit the country is without a basis of fact. It follows, therefore, that any step taken to deprive the owners of oil lands under a regulatory law based on the constitution of 1917 is retroactive. Article 14, which I have just quoted, provides that these lands should be immune from seizure.

The Mexican Way to Stop Everything

HARDLY was the ink dry on the constitution—it was effective from May 1, 1917—before Carranza, with a series of decrees, attempted to carry out the drastic provisions of Article 27. Under these decrees it became mandatory for owners of oil property to take out denouncement titles—that is, set up new claims for their property as if it were the property of the government instead of their own. The fact that they already actually owned these properties made no difference. Failure to set up new claims laid the properties open to denouncement—in other words, claim by any outsider. This procedure provided the precedent for the so-called confirmatory concession which the Calles regulatory law today seeks to impose upon alien owners of oil lands.

The Carranza decrees brought about a situation which led to the organization of the Association of Producers of Petroleum in Mexico in an effort to obtain recognition of preconstitutional rights through concerted action. The companies refused to manifest their lands. Immediately a flood of denouncements of their property by outsiders started. Some of the best holdings of the producing companies were claimed by these interlopers.

The companies then filed what is known in Mexico as a writ of *amparo*. Since this legal step has lately been taken to test the efficacy of the new Petroleum Law, and will therefore lead to a final show-down in the latest crisis, it must be explained here.

In the United States we have no precise kindred legal procedure. The nearest approach is an equitable action for injunction. When a Mexican believes that his individual constitutional rights have been violated he can resort to a writ of *amparo*. So widespread is its use, however, that, as one American lawyer in Mexico City put it to me, "You can get a writ of *amparo* to stop anything from the chirp of a robin to the roar of a waterfall."

This writ is obtainable only against a federal, state or municipal official. Its essence is to restrain him from proceeding with the act alleged to constitute the violation of the individual right involved. It is divided into two parts, which might be called preliminary injunction and permanent injunction. All this means that if the Mexican Ministry of Commerce, Industry and Labor, for example, seeks to issue on behalf of a third person a concession upon lands upon which you have a preconstitutional and paramount right, you get the writ of *amparo* against the Minister and not against the offending person.

Among the American interests filing writs of *amparo* in 1918 was the Texas Company of Mexico. After this case had been heard, the supreme court, in 1921, handed down a decision to the effect that lands acquired before the promulgation of the 1917 constitution, upon which the owner had performed some positive act showing his intention to exploit the petroleum deposits of the subsoil, were not subject to denouncement by outsiders under the Carranza decree. The court further held that the denouncement decrees violated vested rights.

Typical Native Life in Mexico

The positive act referred to in the Texas case, as it came to be known, was the leasing of land to an oil company for gas exploration and exploitation. It was implied that the drilling of wells, the hiring of geologists to study subsoil possibilities, or the buying of land from another at a price higher than its normal value, the enhanced price being due to the possibilities for oil development, would constitute positive acts.

The Texas case gave the oil companies a breathing spell. The menace of an adverse construction of the nationalization features of the constitution of 1917 still hung over their heads, however.

A Traffic Policeman, Mazatlan, Sinaloa

Reassurance

MEANWHILE recognition by the United States automatically died with Carranza. After the brief provisional rule of Adolfo de la Huerta, Obregón became president on December 1, 1920. Without American recognition, his administration was more or less sterilized. Let me emphasize again the fact that despite all Mexican bombast to the contrary, the friendly attitude of the United States is absolutely indispensable to progress and prosperity in the republic; nor can any Mexican president stand up very long without it.

Lack of recognition impeded business traffic on both sides of the border. Strong pressure was therefore brought to bear upon Washington from many quarters to find some way out of the impasse. In 1923 Charles Beecher Warren, former ambassador to Tokio, and John Barton Payne were sent as commissioners to Mexico for the purpose of entering into negotiations that would be the preliminary to recognition.

One of the most vital matters for discussion was the possibility of retroactive action through the constitution of 1917. While the commissioners were deliberating with their Mexican conferees, Obregón made this definite statement:

All rights of private property acquired prior to May 1, 1917, the date on which the present constitution was promulgated, will be respected and protected. That famous Article 27, one of the clauses whereof declares the petroleum deposits of the subsoil to be the property of the nation, will not have any retroactive effect.

This statement, together with the decision in the Texas case, naturally led the American commissioners to assume that the Mexicans meant what they said. Furthermore, the Mexican commissioners themselves signed an agreement that both the letter and the spirit of the Obregón and supreme-court assurances would be maintained. After the return of the American commissioners to Washington,

(Continued on Page 193)

A Mexican Ranchman in Gala Dress

CRUDE INTEREST

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Florian Explained What He Could Do. For the Small Sum of Twenty-Five Dollars He Was Willing to Sell Mr. Potts the Privilege of Making One of the Principal Speeches of the Evening

IS I ENTITLED to mo' money, Florian Slappey, or is I ain't?"

"You is."

"An' can I go to President Latimer an' sat fo' a raise? Me, Julius Cæsar Clump, chief of production fo' the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.? Can I, Florian?"

"You sholy cain't, Cæsar."

"Then," roared Mr. Clump, his eyes gleaming through large, horn-rimmed goggles, "what can I do?"

The answer of Mr. Slappey was direct and disconcerting.

"Nothin'!" he said promptly.

A slight sneer creased the lips of Midnight's chief director. "Florian Slappey, I is ashamed on you. Talkin' thataway! Ain't you got no brain?"

"Brain is the only thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Well, you ain't actin' thataway. Sittin' back an' sayin' I cain't do nothin' to git somethin'." Mr. Clump leaned forward and flicked an ash from the end of his perfumed cigarette. "The reason why I is payin' fo' yo' dinner tonight, Florian, is on account I craves to consult with you about a scheme I has just schum."

Florian sighed. Contentedly he surveyed the clean platters upon which, until recently, a large and luscious dinner had reclined.

"Shoot!" he ordered. "I listens sympathetic."

"It's thisaway, Florian. Ever since Midnight was started I has been chief director. Fo' a long time—until Eddie Fizz come along—I was the on'y one. Ev'ybody, includin' President Latimer hisse'f, admits that I is the brains of the organization. I gits seventy-five dollars a week. Tha's a heap of money, Florian ——"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it is!"

"—— but there ain't no denyin' that I ought to git a hund'ed. I could deman' it, but that woul'n't be fair."

"How come not?"

"Orifice Latimer might turn me down, an' then I'd have to resign away fum Midnight, which would be tough luck on me 'cause I cain't make near that much anywhere else in the country. Or he might figger it was a holdup, which would make him sore, an' was I an' Orifice to git sore at each other it would be bad fo' the company. An' if I don't say somethin' I don't git no raise."

Florian Slappey was frowning. "Then, accordin' to what you says, Cæsar, you ain't gwine do nothin' an' is gwine git just as much."

"Uh-huh! So far. But I got an idea, Brother Slappey. A swell idea—which is how come I wanted yo' help."

"You gits it, slim boy. Wha's yo' plan?"

"Just this"—Clump reënforced himself with a sip of coffee—"I want Midnight to give me a testimonial dinner. A great big feast of eatments in honor of Director Julius Cæsar Clump. Midnight turnin' out to do honor to the best cullud director in the world. Swell food an' gran' speechments where ev'ybody says that Midnight woul'n't be nothin' if it wasn't fo' me, an' whatever the company is, I made 'em. Well, Orifice Latimer is there an' he heahs all these compliments what I gits. Ev'body says somethin' fine 'bout me an' time the dinner is 'most over the toastmaster calls on Latimer to do a li'l' talkin'."

Clump smiled speculatively. "Now, you an' I bofe knows Orifice pretty good, Florian. Us knows that he is plumb crazy 'bout doin' mo' than anybody else does, an' the chances are that he gits up an' says he reelizes how much Midnight owes to me, an' therefore is gwine raise my sal'ry. He gits a big kick out of thinkin' he done it hisse'f, an' all is happy."

"But, Cæsar, if he don't do nothin' of the kind?"

"Then you makes the next speech, Florian, an' suggests it is what Midnight ought to do."

"Humph! Tha's a swell job fo' me, ain't it?"

"Woul'n't I do as much fo' you, Brother Slappey? Ain't I fit an' bled an' died fo' you many's the time?"

"I dunno 'bout the dyin'." Mr. Slappey reflected a moment, then extended his hand. "I ain't gwine th'ow you down, Cæsar. You has been too good a frien' of mine fo' that."

"Hot ziggity dam! I knowed I could reply on you. Of course nobody ain't to know it was my idea. It'd look kind of queer was folks to suspeck that I was givin' myse'f a testimonial dinner. You got to do it yo'se'f."

"Tha's a cinch. But where at is the money comin' fum?"

Cæsar grinned. "The folks what eats the dinner. You collecks two dollars fum each, an' they ain't nobody in the comp'ny gwine refuse on account I is studjo manager an' chief of production. Then you arranges with a caterer somewhere, an' fust thing I knows about it is when I gits an invite to attend. I become awful surprised an' terrible modest ——"

"Say no mo', brainy man. Florian Slappey has swang into action."

When the two slim, elegantly dressed colored men separated a few minutes later, Florian Slappey moved southward in Eighteenth Street. He walked with slow, firm steps. His head was bent and his forehead corrugated into parallel lines of intense cogitation. Mr. Slappey was in the throes of having an idea. At the moment he was attempting to dissect that idea in an effort to discover any flaw. And when that task proved happily fruitless he lifted his face to the stars and smiled broadly.

"Ev'ybody," reflected Mr. Slappey, "is gwine have a good time. An' mos' partickerlely I."

The following morning Mr. Slappey called upon a certain Jethro Curtain, sole proprietor of the new Palace of Eats, Colored Only. Jethro was large, black, earnest, and discouraged. There was much money invested in the Palace of Eats and thus far in its brief career there had been few cash customers, and those were mostly of slim appetite.

Jethro was a stranger to Birmingham. He found now that he had walked into stone-wall opposition. Right around the corner was the grand restaurant owned by Epic Peters, Pullman porter of parts, who was a universal favorite of Birmingham's Darktown. Epic's place was a society rendezvous. There the élite of Birmingham's best colored social set gathered nightly, and most particularly it was the meeting place of the members of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

Jethro Curtain had been resident in Birmingham long enough to understand that whither Midnight led, others followed. So far, however, his efforts to intrigue the interest of the Midnight troupers had met with no hint of success.

Mr. Curtain knew that he could concoct an excellent meal at prices more reasonable than those prevailing at Epic's place. His Palace of Eats was beautiful and clean, and ghastly empty. It was a harassed, worried, headachy Jethro to whom Mr. Slappey came that bright April morning.

"I has heard tell of you, Mistuh Slappey," breathed Jethro hopefully. "I sholy has."

"Reckon so," answered Florian placidly. "I is property man an' general adviser with Midnight. Also, at the moment, I is chairman of the banquet committee."

Mr. Curtain blinked rapidly. "Says which?"

"I is chairman of the banquet committee an' us is speculatin' on gittin' up a testimony dinner. I has come to see you ——"

Jethro produced two chairs and a large cigar. "Sit down an' smoke, Mistuh Slappey. You speaks of heavum!"

Mr. Slappey explained his proposition. Here was Jethro's opportunity to make a large and permanent dent in Midnight aloofness. The forty-two members of Midnight were to forgather to make much over Director J. Cæsar Clump. If they were provided with a perfect meal, there was a large chance that Jethro might rapidly become known as official caterer to the movie company.

Mr. Curtain did some quick figuring. "Forty-two dinners, eh? I gives you the swellest meal you-all ever et fo' one dollar an' a quarter a plate, an' ——"

"One dollar."

"Aw, Brother Slappey ——"

"One dollar, I says. Does you does, or does you don't?"

"I does," sighed the *restaurateur*, "but I sholy ain't gwine make a cent of profit on the swell meal I gives you."

"An' also," announced Florian, his eyes narrowing, "you ain't gwine tell nobody 'bout how much you gits per each plate."

"Humph!" Jethro commenced to see things. "You don't want them Midnighters to know I is on'y gittin' one dollar a plate, eh, on account maybe they might be payin' mo'?"

"I ain't said that, has I? An' you is bein' paid to furnish eatments, not thoughts."

"I does it. Fo' cash in adwance."

"Good!" Florian rose. "Soon as I gits the forty-two dollars, I comes an' han's it to you an' lets you know what night us has the dinner."

Mr. Slappey slid into the street. His heart was gay and song spurted from his lips:

"I loves chicken—
Loves it fine;
But you oughter see that red hot
Mamma of mine!"

That afternoon Mr. Slappey was exceedingly busy. He went first to Edwin Boscoe Fizz, second director and protégé of Cæsar's. Mr. Fizz produced four dollars; two for his own plate and two for his wife, Glorious. Lawyer Evans Chew paid two dollars readily enough, as did Welford Potts, diminutive masculine star. Opus Randall, portly comedian, demurred—said he could get a fine meal any day at Bud Peaglar's for seventy cents—but when Florian made it clear that failure to subscribe to Cæsar's testimony dinner would mark him for undue and unpleasant attention, Mr. Randall discovered two dollars in his wallet.

The rest was easy. The lesser members of the organization heard of the dinner and flocked about Florian begging permission to subscribe. By the end of the day seventy-eight good hard dollars nestled in Mr. Slappey's pockets. Only three members of the organization had failed to subscribe—J. Cæsar Clump, Mrs. Sicily Clump and President Orifice R. Latimer. Florian bemoaned the absence of their six dollars, but Clump and his wife were obviously the guests, and he felt that it would be tactless to approach the president, against whom the adroit scheme was directed.

The morning following, Florian found himself again in conference with Jethro Curtain. Into the hands of the restaurant proprietor he placed forty-two dollars and took a receipt for that amount.

"The dinner," announced Mr. Slappey, "is gwine be Saddy night at eight o'clock. An' be sure you gits us good food an' lots of it."

"Man, my dinner is gwine be the eatin'est meal you ever sat down in front of!"

Midnight was much interested in the forthcoming banquet. No single person on the lot suspected the purpose behind it. Clump was immensely popular and his genius universally acclaimed. This was an excellent gesture—a group testimonial to the man whose individual efforts had done so much to bring each of them fortune and prestige.

On Wednesday morning, however, something happened. An event of such moment as Clump's testimonial dinner could not forever be kept from the ears of President Latimer. That gentleman heard, questioned and worried. He learned that Florian Slappey was the organizer, whereupon he summoned Florian to his private office.

"'Bout this Clump dinner, Brother Slappey, does Cæsar know anythin' 'bout it?"

Florian's eyes narrowed. He wondered whether Latimer suspected. "How come you to ask that?"

"I got reasons."

"Well, he don't."

"Good!" Florian was relieved to see that Latimer believed him. "Now, I asks you, where at did you git the idea of givin' Cæsar a dinner?"

"He's got it comin' to him," blurted Mr. Slappey loyally. "Ain't nobody, 'ceptin' maybe you, has done so much fo' Midnight an' has had so li'l' done fo' him. Whatall Cæsar does we takes fo' granted. He don't git no 'plause an' he don't git much money ——"

"Great jumpin' jellyfish! Does you call seventy-five dollars a week not much money?"

"Fo' Cæsar, yes. He ought to be gittin' a hund'ed, or mo'."

"He coul'n't make no such money anywheres else."

"But he's wuth it to Midnight, ain't he?"

"Well, I ain't sayin' he ain't ——"

"Nor neither is other folks in Midnight. Ev'ybody thinks he ought to git a big raise in sal'ry, an' since the comp'ny won't give it to him, an' he's too decent to ask fo' it, the folks all gotten together an' decided they was gwine let him know how fine they thought he was, even if the president of the comp'ny was too tight ——"

"Mistuh Slappey! I commands that you cease speakin' such foolishment."

"Well, it's true, ain't it?"

Latimer dismissed Florian with a gesture. Alone in his office, the large president of Midnight gave himself over to a siege of intensive thought. There was much in the situation to worry him. What Florian said was true enough. Cæsar Clump was worth a hundred a week to Midnight, and a good deal more than that.

Somehow Latimer had never thought of raising Clump's salary, and it came to him sharply that this dinner would force him to do so. At least, it would put him in a position where his failure financially to appreciate Clump's ability would breed criticism.

(Continued on Page 109)

Latimer Squirmed With Joy. Until This Evening He Had Not Known How Keenly His Genius Was Appreciated

Norma Talmadge With Mother Maurice in 1911

In One of the Belinda Series

Being Melodramatic With Lee Delaney

Clara Kimball Young. Leon Trotzky on Extreme Right

CLOSE-UPS

THE rôle of a young princess in In Neighboring Kingdoms, directed by William Humphrey, was the first part assigned me after A. E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton agreed to give me a two weeks' tryout in the regular Vitagraph Stock Company. It was a medieval tale about two kings—one, King Priam, father of the Princess Norma, and the other, King Kenwill, whose only son is Prince Philamon. The two kings wish to unite their kingdoms by the marriage of the prince and princess, but the royal offspring have very different ideas on the subject, and when King Priam decides to have a miniature painted of his daughter to send to Philamon, she makes herself look as homely as possible while the artist is at work.

Meanwhile King Kenwill is having a portrait painted of the prince, and he, too, is making himself as unattractive as possible. When the pictures are exchanged, Norma and Philamon throw up their hands in horror and run away from their respective palaces to escape the alliance.

The princess makes friends with a goose girl tending her flock and trades her fine raiment for the peasant's simple clothes. About the same time the prince has exchanged places with a miller. Thus disguised, the two meet and fall in love. The miller tells the goose girl how much he would like to marry her, but alas, he is of royal blood! Eventually they go back to their separate kingdoms and resume their places in the royal households.

Happy at Last

TOO heartbroken to care what becomes of them, they agree to the royal nuptials. On the day of the wedding they reluctantly make each other's acquaintance, only to discover that they are the same persons who met in disguise as a goose girl and a miller. The ceremony is performed, much to the happiness of the young prince and princess and the unreserved ecstasies of the old kings. At the end of the wedding march, in which all the guests join, the court buffoon follows driving a pair of white geese, symbolic of the folly of the two young people in objecting to one another in the beginning. Much was left to the imagination in the way of plot in 1911, although not much in the way of symbolism.

The story was written by Mrs. Breuill, the same charming woman who had given me a friendly welcome the time I secured my first day's work at the studio in The Four-Footed Pest. She had taken a great interest in my future and probably influenced Mr. Humphrey to intrust me with this feminine lead.

John Bunny in a Straight Rôle

ALL the other members of the cast had been recruited from the speaking stage. King Priam, my father in the story, was played by Charles Kent, who sometimes directed and sometimes acted. Only a few months before, he had sent for me to report at nine A.M., and had directed me in The Dixie Mother, with Florence Turner. Now I was playing his daughter. Next week either of us might be relegated to bits on the outskirts of a mob scene.

King Kenwill was no other than dear old John Bunny, now deceased, afterward to become the most famous screen comedian of his day, but at this time playing a perfectly straight rôle. This was my first meeting with the genial, round-faced, round-tummied actor who was later to make grown-ups and children rock the world with laughter.

John Bunny had been a successful comedian on the speaking stage and had been appearing in Vitagraph Life Portrayals, playing anything and everything, only a short time before I joined the company, but because of his stage reputation was drawing the enormous salary of forty dollars a week! Afterward he climbed to two hundred—an extraordinary figure for that period—and in time was granted a percentage on his productions, being the only Vitagraph player who ever achieved this honor. Another indication of his fame as a player in the silent drama is that he was the first picture star to have a theater named after him. The Bunny was erected by George Klein on Columbus Avenue in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1913.

Our director, William Humphrey, had joined Vitagraph in a curious way. He had been quite a matinée idol at the Old Castle Square Stock Company in Boston and then had gone on the road with his own company in

Norma Deceiving the Innocent by Wearing Widow's Weeds. At Right—In 1912

By Norma Talmadge

Napoleon. But he soon returned to Boston, as the starring tour ended in a starving tour. The theater management attributed the empty seats to the fact that the old Bijou Theater had been turned into a five-and-ten-cent motion-picture house and the population of the city of culture was flocking to see this comparatively new form of cheap entertainment.

Humphrey, like all other actors of reputation, scoffed at the movies as an abortion of the theater, worthy only of children and morons. He refused to believe that this branch of entertainment was getting a strong hold on the public. But his wife was consumed with curiosity and finally persuaded him to go to the Bijou.

Rather shamefacedly they took their places in the long line at the box office and discovered that there were no seats in the orchestra. As it was a continuous performance, they decided to sit in the balcony until the show should start again, and then to move downstairs, but, since such swarms of people came rushing from every direction the minute the doors were reopened, they found it expedient to remain where they were. For the first time it occurred to William Humphrey that, after all, there must be something really worth while in a form of entertainment that could attract crowds which literally fought their way in, and before the performance was over he and his wife found themselves as enthusiastic as the rest. Soon after, they came to New York, absolutely broke, having invested their last cent in the production of Napoleon. Their sole possession in the world was a truckload of Empire costumes.

Napoleon in Motion Pictures

ONE day, as they stood at the window of their modest room in a dilapidated boarding house watching the snow swirling around the window panes, an automobile stopped at the door, and out of it jumped Charles Kent. Humphrey, recognizing his fellow actor, wondered at his prosperity, and was still admiring the machine when there came a knock on the door, and it developed that Kent had come especially to see Bill Humphrey. The Vitagraph Company wanted to rent the Napoleonic costumes. A deal was consummated and Humphrey was to receive two hundred and fifty dollars a week for two weeks for the loan of the wardrobe. He asked to go to the Vitagraph and keep an eye on the unpacking and distribution of the costumes, and there it came about that J. Stuart Blackton approached him with an offer to play the rôle of Napoleon in the despised pictures.

Humphrey, struggling between pride and his wife's persuasion, finally consented on condition that his identity would not be revealed. Some time later, however, after further vicissitudes on the road, he was glad to return to the Vitagraph as an actor-director member of the stock company, and although his salary on the speaking stage had fluctuated between one and two hundred dollars a week, there were so many lay-offs and so many weeks of rehearsals without pay that a salary of forty dollars a week fifty-two weeks in the year with good chances of advancement and no more one-night stands did not seem such a bad proposition. The same line of argument by degrees influenced dozens of other recognized players to forsake the speaking stage and become acquainted with the camera.

A Superspectacle

BECAUSE of the elaborate court costumes, In Neighboring Kingdoms was considered quite an ambitious undertaking, and Mr. Humphrey devoted three whole days to the selection of costumes and sets. Although the finished picture ran only nine hundred and ninety-five feet, nearly two weeks were devoted to the making of it. The exteriors were taken near an old mill in New Jersey, the state where I was born although this is the first time I have ever confessed it. Natalie and Constance being born in prosaic Brooklyn, my parents wanted to inject a little romance into the early life of one of their progeny, and determined upon Niagara Falls as my birthplace. Since it made very little difference to the waiting world but seemed to mean a lot to my romantic mother, I have hitherto always stuck to her story.

Never shall I forget stumbling over my first long-trained princess gown trying to be every inch Her Royal Highness, with my head in the air and my heart in my boots.

(Continued on Page 149)

Registering Fear, in 1911

With Harry Northrup, 1912

Norma, Antonio Moreno, Van Dyke Brooke and Extras, 1911

In Her First Vitagraph Picture, A Dixie Mother

In Under the Daisies, Released in 1913. At Right—In 1913

ATMOSPHERE

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

There Was Some Memory Connected With It Which Made Her Vaguely Unhappy

THERE was only one thing in the room that gave Cornelia hope. That was a vase of yellow roses. Her heart beat a little faster as she spread their long stems apart, then leaned over to inhale their perfume. It was not her intrinsic fondness for these flowers, however, which gave her such pleasure, but the fact that Tom had remembered that fondness. Busy and rushed and absorbed in business as he was, he had, nevertheless, remembered that she liked yellow roses. He must have dashed out of the office, in spite of the unusual pressure of work of which he had told her when she had telephoned that she was unexpectedly in town for the day, and found at the florist's exactly the thing she liked most. Surely—surely this was an omen of significance.

She glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes of six. He had said he would be there at five. She went to the window and drew back the chintz curtains. Great flakes of snow were swirling noiselessly against the window panes; beyond them, in a blurred yellow haze, she saw the innumerable twinkling lights which marked giant apartment houses, and lower down, the lights of the Avenue, with its massed, slow-moving traffic. Again she surveyed the paneled library which she had borrowed from her married sister for the afternoon.

"Comfortable but commonplace," was her verdict.

In front of the crackling wood fire—upon which she had insisted, even though it had meant turning off the heat in the entire apartment—were two wing-backed chairs covered with flowered material which matched the curtains. The tea tray, with its silver service, plates of sandwiches and little cakes, stood in front of one of these. On two sides, shelves of books in variegated bindings of red and brown and blue and green extended up to the ceiling. Again she looked at the yellow roses, which she had placed upon the mahogany table at the end of the sofa, so that each flower stood out against the ivory background of the wall.

The telephone rang. She rushed out into the little hall, terrified lest it should be Tom saying he couldn't get there after all.

But it was a woman's businesslike voice at the other end which asked, "Is that Miss Renn?" and after an affirmative answer, went on briskly, "This is Mr. Thompson Oldfield's secretary speaking. Mr. Oldfield is on his way up."

"Oh—oh, thank you." Cornelia hung up the receiver wondering why it was that whenever she spoke to anyone in Tom's office she felt so humble and obtruding. On the rare occasions when she had telephoned him there, both the switchboard operator and his secretary had always conveyed the impression that that particular moment was one of greatest importance to him—that, but for her untimely interruption, he would undoubtedly have closed a business deal of gigantic proportions.

Then she forgot the chill which these efficient young women produced, and went over to look at herself in the hall mirror. At any rate she was glad that she had had time to have her hair washed and cut by that new man someone had told her about. She ran a tiny comb through its curling, light-brown ends, which glistened with gold lights. Yes, he had arranged it rather well around her slender, pointed face. She hoped Tom would like it back from her forehead. Her slightly upturned nose still retained a little of the tan left from the summer. "But I'll sit with my back to the light," she thought. "That's the way fascinating women always do in books."

Her dress of soft amber-brown velvet pleased her; there could be no doubt that it reflected the color of her beautifully placed hazel eyes. Even Tom had once said, in a burst of enthusiasm, that her eyes were nice.

"Oh, if he'd only come!"

For at half-past six, Sophie—the older married sister whose apartment she had borrowed for the afternoon—would return and everything would be spoiled. Then the bell rang and a moment later she heard Tom's step in the hall. The maid opened the door and he came in.

"I'm sorry I'm so late."

His blue eyes lingered on her face as he took her hand. She was so happy that she said, "It doesn't matter a bit. I'm so glad you could come at all."

In a second she had lighted the alcohol lamp under the kettle and seated herself behind the tea table. She remembered that when she had first met him she had merely thought of him as a nice-looking young man with an unusually intelligent face and pleasant, quiet manners. But now, by his mere existence, he transformed the room for her. It was no longer the same place in which she had sat alone.

Yet all he said was, "How'd you happen to choose a day like this to come to town?"

She pushed back her tight sleeve so that she could see her watch, hoping that the clock on the desk was fast. But no, it was already after six. At most she had twenty-five minutes in which to try and make him see.

She rushed into facts: "This morning I got a letter from Mrs. Kendall—that friend of mother's who was at our house last summer. I think you met her the weekend you were there?"

He smiled. He had a very nice smile, Cornelia thought. "Yes. Wasn't she the woman who kept talking about atmosphere? She said she lived in Europe because of the atmosphere, and she couldn't be happy in America because over here there wasn't any? And that the American business man was the dullest and most unromantic creature on earth?"

"Heavens, what a memory you have! I had forgotten that she said all that, but I'm sure she did. Yes, that's the one." From her bag Cornelia took several sheets of sky-blue note paper covered with angular writing in dark-blue ink. She read aloud: "'I've just leased the most picturesque apartment in all Rome; it's the central wing of an old palace and has an enchanting view of the whole city. Cornelia, you must spend the spring with me there. Your room opens onto a stone terrace; it has the most beautiful frescoes on the walls and a Venetian bed that is a dream! My dear, you can't refuse!'"

Tom's voice was dry. "Is that all?"

"Well, practically all." She folded up the letter and put it away. After all, there was no reason to read to him the postscript which ran up the margin, then crisscrossed in an almost indecipherable fashion over the entire last page. Cornelia herself had read it more than once, however. For it said: "Do you remember that handsome Count Biglietto whom we met at Como five years ago? He told me the other day that he had never married because he had been in love with you ever since. He will be in Rome all spring!"

Of course she remembered Biglietto; he had seemed to her, at seventeen, the most charming man she had ever known; not only handsome, as Mrs. Kendall had said, but in his deep-set dark eyes there was a suggestion of romance and mystery. After all this time Cornelia remembered the way his black hair grew back from his forehead and the air of self-possession with which he had moved in and out of the little dining room overlooking the lake. It seemed incredible that he had remembered her; they had scarcely spoken to each other. Someone had introduced him, and even now she blushed as she remembered how self-conscious and shy she had been.

Tom's voice broke in upon her thoughts: "Well, did you come in to get your passport?"

Cornelia longed to cry out, "No, I came in hoping you'd tell me I mustn't go—hoping you'd say you couldn't bear to have me go!" But this was not a thing one said; besides, she did not want a lover who had to be prompted. It must all come from him. And yet she did say aloud, "I—I haven't definitely decided whether or not I'll go."

She glanced up from the stone pot into which she had been carefully measuring the tea.

But Tom, who was looking through his pockets for a match, did not meet her gaze. "Well, if you do decide to go just let me know, and I'll have the office get your reservations and everything. If I should happen to be away just tell my secretary what you want."

"Thank you so much." She bent over the cup into which she was pouring the hot amber liquid, so that he might not see her face. There had been moments during the year and a half since she had known Tom when his references to the all-powerful functions of his office and his perfect secretary had afforded her gentle amusement. But today his attitude infuriated her. "I don't think it will be necessary to trouble you. My brother-in-law's office can attend to all that."

"Where is he, by the way? I've been meaning to call him up about a pool we're in together, but I've been so busy. Is he at home?"

"I hoped he'd be in before this."

As if in immediate punishment for this untruth, she heard Brent's loud hello from the hall. In another second he had come in, suggested cocktails instead of tea, taken possession of the conversation, and to Cornelia's horror he and Tom raced into their own vernacular with complete obliviousness of her presence.

"Closed at 47¾. Up three and a half points."

"Closed at 82¾."

"Yes, one of the directors himself told me to buy at 49 and hold it for 67, and I thought I was lucky when I sold out at 35."

"Oh, don't!" she cried suddenly.

"What's the matter, kitten?" Brent tweaked her ear. He was a handsome blond young man whom Sophie, for some extraordinary reason, adored. Cornelia sometimes found him amusing, but today she loathed him. "Don't you like our conversation?"

"No, I don't! It doesn't mean anything!"

"Don't be foolish, darling. It means everything, from bread and butter up to the rajah's ruby, with lots of pearl necklaces and limousines thrown in. Not to mention paper-soled shoes and park benches if you guess wrong." Brent turned to Tom. "Now about that Belgian loan."

But at this point Cornelia's attentiveness entirely deserted them. For suddenly there flashed into her mind the picture of the Grand Place in Brussels, as she had seen it on a misty autumn day. Surely it was the most beautiful *place* in the world, although the piazza at Siena was matchless too. A strong sense of nostalgia was upon her; she saw herself as a little girl rolling a hoop in the Bois when they had gone to Paris just after her father's death, she remembered the first time she had stood on the Pincio and watched the sun set behind St. Peter's. And there would never be a memory like that of going at dusk into the cathedral at Chartres. But weaving in and out of all these tangible impressions, like gay ribbons on a summer dress, which seem to have no place in its construction yet give to it all its color and style, were the flashes in which she saw people sitting at little tables on sidewalk cafés along the boulevards; the beauty of the Seine at night as one walked along the Quai de l'Horloge; crumbling Roman walls two thousand years old against a blue sky eternally bright and new.

Then she heard Brent's voice: "As to the pool, I think you're wrong, Tom. The way I see it is this: If industrials go up public utilities are bound to go down ——"

"It's quarter of seven," said Cornelia, getting up decisively. "My train leaves in twenty minutes."

Tom rose. "I had no idea it was so late. I'm dining early and going to the opera with the Griswells." His intonations would have told Cornelia, even if she had not already known, that Griswell was the senior and most important member of Tom's firm. He added, "I'll take you to the station."

Within the closed darkness of the taxicab he put his hand over hers with a shyness that was all the more endearing because with most people he seemed so self-possessed

She yearned to say, "Oh, don't let me go! Please ask me to stay!" She remembered, as she had remembered with especial clarity ever since the arrival of Mrs. Kendall's letter, the night in the country last summer just before Tom had left to go back to town. He had begun, "Connie, there's something I want awfully to ask you." And she had stood motionless, waiting for him to go on. But he had only said, "I can't ask you now, but I shall sometime."

Oh, couldn't he see that this was the moment? Everyone downtown said he was such a brilliant young man, but surely even a person of second-rate intelligence could see that all he had to do was to keep on holding her hand and to ask her, for his sake, not to go.

Then, as he did not utter any of the words for which she had hoped, it occurred to her with more certainty than ever before, that perhaps she had totally misunderstood his attitude. After all, as she assembled the bare facts, it was difficult to create from them much certainty. They had seen a good deal of each other—or at least if it had not seemed a good deal to Cornelia, she knew that gradually he had stopped seeing other girls and that whenever he took time from his work it was she whom he asked to dine or dance or see a play. On the other hand, she had invited him several times to visit her mother and her in the country during the summer, but he had only come down once. On two occasions he had accepted, only to telegraph at the last moment that he could not come: once because of the sudden illness of a member of the firm, and on the other occasion she had missed the best dance of the summer because an hour before he was to have left, Tom had been sent hastily off to Chicago.

Yet, the one time he had come, he had said those words which she had treasured ever since—there must be some way of finding out whether or not they were indeed magic. Then she thought of the flowers.

Her heart beat more quickly as she said, "Tom, you were a dear to remember about the yellow roses."

"Yellow roses? Oh, is that what she sent?"

"Who sent? They came with your card!"

"Oh, yes. I'm glad you liked them. After you'd telephoned I told my secretary to send some flowers."

She withdrew her hand; she looked out of the window. Up in the clear sky, now that the snow had stopped, she saw a shining silver crescent. Then the giant structure of the station blotted it out, and with its going all indecision vanished from Cornelia's mind.

"It will be nice to be in a place where one can always see the moon," she said. "Just think, in a month I shall be in Rome!"

II

CORNELIA pressed the jade and crystal bell button which hung beside her ancient Venetian bed, even as she stretched out her left arm in a gesture of reluctant sleepiness. She hated to waken up, but she did want her breakfast.

"There will be something nice," she thought drowsily. "Not food."

She sat up straight, wide awake, as she remembered what it was that she expected. Never had it taken the maid such a long time to answer the summons. Cornelia rang again

Then presently she heard the breathless "*Vengo io, signorina*" which always heralded Ada's approach. In another moment the green-and-gold paneled door had been pushed open and the middle-aged serving woman entered, carrying a large tray.

"Good day. I hope you have slept well." She placed her burden on the low table beside the bed, then went to the French windows and pulled back the curtains of green damask.

"Oh, what a heavenly morning!" Cornelia gazed out at the patch of bright blue sky beyond the giant chestnut trees. The sun shone down upon the orange awnings of the terrace outside her room; snapdragons of blue and white and yellow nodded in the warm spring breeze. She slipped her bare arms into a jacket of apricot chiffon; the long curled feathers of its trimming tickled the back of her neck.

"Oh, Ada, I'm glad I'm alive!"

But Ada was carefully folding up the fragile silk and lace garments which Cornelia had dropped onto the floor the night before—or rather at three this morning, when she had returned from the embassy ball and was putting them away in the large painted wardrobe.

"No, no, Ada!" Then Cornelia went on in Italian, which after two months' renewed practice was fluent if not always grammatical: "They are not to be worn again.

(Continued on Page 52

"Good Night!" She Said, But She Knew It Was Good-by

WITH A REVERSE ENGLISH

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Bobby and Wolf (Left to Right), the Trained Car Dogs, With the Master

WHEN Brer Rabbit fell at last into the hands of his mortal enemy, Brer Fox, his lovably mischievous career seemed at an end. I was eight years old when I read the thrilling Uncle Remus tale. To this day I can remember the sinking of heart that was mine when the rabbit hero was delivered to the mercy of the foe which had sought his life so long.

From Brer Rabbit's ruse, to save himself from death, I picked up a lesson which has served me many a time in later life; but most of all in dog training.

You will remember that Brer Fox was for slaying his captive in the most painful fashion possible, to slake the cravings of lifelong enmity. Brer Rabbit broke in on his captor's vicious cogitations by imploring Brer Fox weepingly to dispose of him by any atrocious method he might decide on, so long as he did not throw Brer Rabbit into a brier patch. Immersion in a brier patch, Brer Rabbit gave him to understand, was the one thing the victim dreaded and loathed above all other fates. Its torments were far more hideous than were those of drowning or of burning to death.

Craftily Brer Fox grinned. His silly prisoner had solved the problem of the most horrible form of death by entreating blabbily to be spared from it. In an access of triumphant malice, Brer Fox flung Brer Rabbit into the very center of the most tangled and impenetrable brier patch he could find. Calling back mockingly that he had been born and bred in a brier patch, and that it was home to him, Brer Rabbit loped away in safety.

For decades that trick has stuck in the back of my mind. I have found use for several variations of it. One was when I wrote to a thick-headed and merrily vindictive office boss, in my newspaper days, saying I had heard I was slated for a newly vacant editorial job, and begging him right eloquently not to kill my whole journalistic career by sidetracking me in such a dead-and-alive berth. As a matter of fact, I had not been thought of by any of the bosses for the job. But a week afterward I was assigned to it. For ten years I had been scheming and working for that very position.

Limping From Habit

SINCE then I have used it often and to pleasanter purpose in the training of my collies. For instance, one January day in 1919 my big young collie, Bobby—Sunnybank Robert—was crossing the highroad on his way home from a woodland ramble. A fast-driven motor car, traveling on the wrong side of the road, hit him and knocked him into the ditch.

Down to the house he limped, and over to me. His left foreleg hung limp and useless—broken in two places, once above and once below the ankle. The fractures were bad. But they wrung no whimper from the gallant young dog. He had come to me to report an injury he could not understand; that was all.

A skilled veterinary worked over him for an hour, setting the two breaks and then casing the leg in a plaster cast and wrapping the cast in a bandage. The pain of the bone-setting must have been terrific. But Bobby made no sign of it. He lay steadfastly looking up at me during the operation. Every now and then he would wag his tail in reassurance, or he would push forth his unhurt forepaw and try to shake hands with me. He was a plucky chap, was Bobby.

For another six weeks he wore that cast. Then it was broken off by the vet and replaced by a tight bandage. In another month the bandage was removed. The broken foreleg was as well as ever, but Bobby didn't know it.

Pair Ellen, Guided by Ear, Jumping Up for a Titbit She Has Heard Me Take From My Pocket

Meanwhile I had been away. One Friday morning in April I came home to Sunnybank. On the following night a rather important dog show was to be held at Rutherford. I had entered Bobby and three other Sunnybank collies for the show. But when Bobby came galloping up to greet me on our arrival I saw he was running on three legs. His left forepaw dangled useless in the air.

Now here was a quandary. A lame dog cannot enter a show, and Bobby was most spectacularly lame. For nearly three months his left forefoot had not touched the ground. To the best of his knowledge he was still powerless to walk on it.

I examined the leg with such scant skill as I had. To me it seemed wholly sound. Then I called up the vet. He told me the two fractures had knit satisfactorily and that the dog was as well as ever. I knew Bobby was not lame. The vet knew it. But Bobby didn't know it, and unless I could convince Bobby, then good-by to any chance of showing him at Rutherford on Saturday night.

Bobby Comes Through on All Four Feet

I WENT into executive session with myself, carrying along the treasured memory of Brer Rabbit's ruse. Then I called Bobby to me. It was his left foreleg that had been broken, as you will remember. I wrapped a tight and enormous bandage around his right foreleg.

Bobby, for months, had associated bandages on a leg with incapacity to walk on that leg. He remembered that he could not put his left forefoot to the ground, and the new bandage told him he could not put his right foot there. Helplessly he lay down. I called him over to me. He struggled to get up. Then he started across to where I stood. His gait, for a few steps, was ludicrously like a kangaroo's. He was trying vainly to keep both forefeet in the air.

It was an impossibility to do this. So he put down the once-injured left foot, seeming to feel that the bandaged leg must be the more important to hold up. To his manifest surprise, he found he could bear his weight, painlessly and with entire ease, on the erst-fractured leg. So he walked on it without flinching, and held up only the bandaged limb.

I kept the bandage on his right leg all day. By the next morning I took it off. Gingerly Bobby tried his weight on the supposedly hurt right foot, then on his left.

That night when I took him into the show ring at Rutherford he walked as foursquare as any dog in the exhibition, and so acquitted himself as to win two blue ribbons, besides annexing the purple-and-white ribbon as reserve winner to his glorious and unbeaten sire, Bruce. But for my trick with the bandage, he might have gone lame to the end of his days—merely because he believed he was lame.

By the way, there was one result of his accident that remained with him until his death—namely, a crazy hate for motor cars. Always he would fly at them, foaming at the mouth and roaring with fury, as though madly bent on avenging his early

mishap—this with all cars except our own. In the Sunnybank motor cars he loved to ride, all day and every day. He and Wolf were our car dogs after the death of Bruce had left a place on the back seat vacant for Bobby.

Speaking of Wolf, he was fiery in color and in temper. No human, save only the mistress and myself and Sunnybank's superintendent, might pat him with safety; at least, no adult. With furious slash and throat lunge he would resent the well-meant efforts of any outsider to touch him. There was but one form of exception to this savagery. Any little child might maul or tease or manhandle him with safety.

Wolf was as offish with most of the other dogs as with humans. For years he refused fiercely to make friends with Bruce. Then came a Brer Rabbit incident which made the two dogs staunch comrades. I tell of this to illustrate my point, although I had no active hand in it.

Succoring His Enemy

TWO of the big house cats, Peter Grim and Juliet, were hunting field mice in the orchard. From birth both of them had been Wolf's chums and constant playmates. They did not like the other dogs. Bruce saw them hunting in the long grass. Playfully he gave chase. The cats behaved as if by some prearranged signal. As Bruce bore down upon them they did not run away. Instead, they leaped one to each side as he was almost upon them. Then, as his headlong charge carried him between them, they turned simultaneously and sprang at his head. I yelled and ran down to the orchard to save Bruce from gouged eyes and a wrecked face. But I was too far away to be of use.

Just then, apparently out of nowhere, Wolf flashed onto the scene. I thought he was going to join his feline friends in their onslaught upon the dog he disliked. I was mistaken. Traveling at express-train speed, he assailed Peter Grim and Juliet at the instant they launched themselves on the unprepared Bruce. Without checking his dash, he swept them both along in front of him, giving them no time to halt or to dodge. Keeping them at top speed, he drove the two spitting and snarling cats ahead of him up the lawn, and thence under the veranda of the house. For some obscure racial reason he had rescued a dog he did not like and thus had offended mortally two cats that were his dear pals.

To the end of their days, neither Peter Grim nor Juliet would associate with Wolf again. But to the end of their days, thenceforward, Wolf and Bruce were inseparable friends. They fought each other's battles, rode side by side in the motor cars, shared the fur rug in front of the library fire on winter nights.

By succoring an enemy Wolf had become that enemy's chum. Dogs are amazingly human in their mental reactions, aren't they?

Sunnybank Gray Dawn, our giant collie, also fell victim to a phase of the Brer Rabbit treatment. From babyhood Dawn has been a house dog. This means, among other things, that he would as soon steal food from a table or chair, under ordinary conditions, as an archbishop would pocket his host's silver hairbrushes. Yet once atavistic nature overcame lifelong training.

Dawn's adored golden-brown mate had a family of pudgy collie puppies. I don't believe Dawn had the faintest realization that they were his own children. Paternity, in domestic dogs, is an unknown sense. But there can be no doubt he knew they belonged to his loved mate, and that as such they were under his special care.

As soon as the puppies were old enough to leave the brood nest and go to live in the main puppy yard, Dawn used to spend the better part of every day sitting on the far side of the yard's wire fence, staring at them and at their fluffy little mother. Here is where the atavism came in—the ancestral instinct to forage for mate and children:

Dawn went on the theory that the puppies were starving to death. So he would hunt around until he found a past-worthy bone or a gnawed dog biscuit. This dainty he would shove clumsily into the puppy yard through the wide wire meshes.

As the puppies were as fat as butter balls, and as their feed dishes of bread and milk and beaten eggs were renewed five times a day, they were in no instant peril of starvation. Indeed, they looked upon the nude and unlovely old bones and the fragments of stale dog biscuit with no interest at all when Dawn pushed these provisions so eagerly through the wire to them.

Dawn seemed to decide that his offerings were rejected because they were not palatable. So he ranged farther afield in his foraging, and thereby he broke the law. Into the kitchen he stalked, with no attempt at concealment, and picked up from a table a new-baked loaf of bread.

This he tried vainly to push through the yard wire. Failing, he ripped it to pieces—yet they say dogs cannot reason—and shoved the morsels through to the hypothetically starving brood. They ignored it. Next he went back to the kitchen and swaggeringly stole a steak, which he pressed as uselessly against the wires.

Fair Ellen and Explorer (Left to Right) With the Master

Breaking a Bad Habit Quickly

NOW when a house dog begins to steal food the habit must be stopped with great suddenness and severity, if he is not to become a worthless food thief for the rest of his life. The steak was rescued and I took it to my study, where I subjected it to a thorough rubbing with red pepper and then dipped it into oil of mustard, after which I put it on a table in the areaway.

I had not scolded Dawn for stealing the steak. Indeed, it was one of the maids, and not I, who had retrieved it as Dawn was trying to push it into the yard. So the dog had not been punished for his theft.

An hour later he discovered the luscious meat on the area table and seized upon it for his young. Before he had traveled halfway to the puppy yard he dropped the fiery steak and plunged his burning eyes and nostrils and mouth into the nearest horse trough.

For an hour thereafter he went around with watery eyes and with mouth agape.

His lesson was learned. Stolen

(Continued on Page 48)

Swimming Time at Sunnybank. Sunnybank Pair Ellen, the Little Blind Collie, Is Close Beside Me, Head Upraised, Waiting for Directions. In Insert—Champion Sunnybank Sigurdson

THIS WAY, THAT WAY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VIII

ROBIN tried to tell Aunt Alice what had happened, but Aunt Alice interrupted her. "My dear, don't go through all that," she told the girl. "It was only a question of time, and the details don't matter."

"But he had her in his arms!" Robin wailed, and dissolved in tears. And the older woman smiled at her bowed head a little pitifully, and let her cry.

"I knew it was too wonderful to last," Robin deplored, when her sobs were somewhat slackened.

"Lie down on the chaise longue," Aunt Alice directed practically. "I'll put a cold compress on your eyes. Is your head still bad?"

"It's gone," Robin confessed grievingly, and Aunt Alice said sharply:

"I meant your headache, my dear. I can see for myself that you've lost your head!"

"I haven't!" Robin protested. "But I've lost Charles."

"Well, a cold compress will help your eyes, at any rate," the older woman remarked. "In case you see him tomorrow." She brought a face cloth soaked in cold water, but Robin pushed it away.

"I don't ever want to see him again," she avowed; and Aunt Alice laughed and retorted:

"My dear, don't be more of a fool than you must."

"But he's gone!" Robin insisted. "He's in love with Nancy."

"She'd be the death of him," Aunt Alice reminded her, "and he'd be the death of Nancy! I'd as soon see her marry an undertaker."

"Charles isn't like an undertaker!" Robin cried.

"All he needs is side whiskers," Aunt Alice insisted; and she saw the flame of anger in Robin's cheeks and nodded approvingly. "That's better," she agreed. "Now you're getting mad!"

"I'd like to slap him, and Nancy, too," Robin confessed. And then she seemed about to weep again. "I might have known it was too good to be true. I'll just stay and live with you, Aunt Alice. I'll never get married. Men don't like me." She gulped. "I guess I just haven't any sex appeal!"

"Humph!" Aunt Alice commented. "It's as easy to put on sex appeal as face powder."

Robin stared at her. "It is?" she asked, and shook her head despairingly. "You're just trying to comfort me."

"There's one quality in a woman," said Aunt Alice authoritatively, "that men can't resist. And any woman can at least pretend to have that quality."

"What quality?" Robin echoed; and the older woman said:

"The capacity for surrender."

"But men like to pursue a woman!" Robin protested. "That's what everyone says."

"Not unless they hope to catch her," Aunt Alice retorted grimly. "There's a distinction there!" Robin was silent, considering this.

"A man is a patronizing animal," Aunt Alice explained. "He loves his dignity, so he hates a woman to make a fool of him. She can be much more sure of him if she'll make a fool of herself and let him rescue her. He's a chivalric creature; there's nothing he likes better than the rôle of the sturdy oak, the defender of virtue—or of the lack of it.

"We women, my dear, are more rational in such matters. If a woman makes a fool of herself it doesn't endear her to us; we take pains to put her where she belongs. This isn't just a matter of uniting against a successful competitor; it's a recognition of the fact that she has, after all, been a fool, and that fools have no place in a rational world. But men like nothing better than to succor the unfortunate; the idiots reproach us because we turn thumbs down on them!"

Robin wrinkled her brows in horror. "You don't mean you think Nancy ——"

"You've the great feminine weakness," Aunt Alice said in an impatient tone. "You insist on translating the general into the particular; on thinking that the statement of a broad truth is an accusation of an individual."

"But I don't see," Robin confessed.

"Nancy's as level-headed as the rest of us," Aunt Alice assured her. "You needn't worry about Nancy. I don't. But Charles did!" She laughed shortly. "In his eyes," she explained, "Nancy was an abandoned woman; not actually, of course, but the type. And we were all against her. She needed a protector."

"That's what she told him," Robin exclaimed, remembering. "That she needed someone."

"That was crude," Aunt Alice commented judicially. "Poor technic. But Nancy's young. She'll learn to let them tell her, instead of her telling them. They like to discover these things for themselves."

"He told her too!" Robin cried.

"He was ripe, wasn't he?" Aunt Alice remarked. "Almost too easy to be sporting. Well, you've more brains than Nancy. He will be even easier for you."

"For me?" Robin echoed. "Oh, I could hate him."

"Of course," Aunt Alice agreed. "They go together. But the point is you want to marry him." She looked at Robin, and Robin hesitated.

"He's—chosen her," she said in a stifled voice.

"Oh, don't be modest," Aunt Alice said impatiently. "That's a masculine affectation. You want to marry him. That's why you came to me. I think you're wise. He's of good family, with sufficient means; and he'll be a successful man. I shouldn't be able to stand him myself, but you and he will get along."

"He's really so fine," Robin murmured.

"I expect this time you'd better get married promptly," Aunt Alice considered, half to herself. "That will carry you through anything of this kind. He'll get the habit, come back ——"

"Please," Robin begged. "You're so cold-blooded!"

"Good heavens, why not? I'm not in love with him."

Robin hesitated, then she smiled. She was sitting on the chaise longue, and she leaned forward with a certain decision in her posture. "All right, Aunt Alice," she assented. "What must I do?"

Aunt Alice made a careless gesture. "You know his weak point," she reminded the girl. "Use Nancy's tactics. They worked once; they'll work all the more easily again."

"How do you mean?" Robin asked in some bewilderment.

"Do what Nancy did," Aunt Alice reiterated. "That's all."

"I won't!" Robin ejaculated, her cheeks flaming. "I won't—won't get myself arrested in a henhouse, even for Charles."

The older woman threw up her hands. "The curse of women!" she cried. "The literal mind. If you want it in literal terms, my dear, then listen to me. . . ."

And for an hour thereafter Robin listened; at first resisting, then half consenting, then eagerly lending herself to the project. They canvassed together ways and means.

"He Says They Left There at Midnight," She Reported

IX

AT BREAKFAST Nancy was radiantly happy. Mr. Pattee was, like so many men, blind to the undercurrents which flowed through this house that was his home. When the currents broke to the surface, and by the turmoil they created, disturbed his peaceful ways, he shouted the disturbers down. But as long as the surface of life flowed smoothly on he assumed all was well with the world. Thus this morning, though Nancy and Robin and even Aunt Alice, were fairly shining with excitement, Mr. Pattee remarked nothing unusual. The breakfast conversation followed its accustomed course. He read the weather prediction aloud to them, explained the court's decision in a famous case just concluded, uttered some moral remarks on the baseball scandal; and they listened and replied demurely. Then he departed to town; and when the door was closed behind him, Nancy flung herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh, I'm so happy, Robin!" she cried. "He's so wonderful!"

Robin felt a quick relief; she had half feared Charles might have told Nancy what had been between them. She kissed her sister warmly; and Aunt Alice asked, in a surprised and curious tone:

"What's this, Nancy? Who's so wonderful?"

"Charles!" Nancy cried. "He loves me. I'm going to marry him!"

"Fiddlesticks!" Aunt Alice retorted incredulously. "You've known him hardly a fortnight. I watched that young man all summer. He doesn't move as rapidly as that."

"You don't understand him," Nancy insisted. "Not as I do."

Aunt Alice appealed to Robin. "I don't believe it," she declared. "Do you?"

Robin smiled. "I came downstairs at the wrong time last night," she confessed. "From what I saw, I should say that if he hasn't proposed to her, he ought to."

Nancy flushed furiously. "It just happened," she cried. "Just all of a sudden. Neither of us knew till a minute beforehand ——"

"I do declare," Aunt Alice commented. "A lot of good it's done to keep you at home, Nancy."

"I think I've missed a good deal by not staying at home before," Nancy demurely agreed.

"Well, he's a sober young man," Aunt Alice remarked resignedly. "I expect he'll take the starch out of you, my dear. A good thing too. It won't do you any harm to settle down."

"Oh, I'll never settle down!" Nancy cried. "You don't understand Charles. We've already planned so many wonderful things."

"Thank heaven it isn't Dennie Luce," Aunt Alice reflected, and Nancy said in pitying scorn:

"Oh, Dennie! He's just a child."

Afterward, when Robin and Aunt Alice were alone, Robin remarked thoughtfully, "He didn't tell her about us. That's queer, isn't it?"

"It doesn't matter," Aunt Alice assured her. "Better he doesn't, perhaps. She'd understand, and warn him. This way, he'll have a sense of personal guilt on your account; and that will finish him."

"Shall I telephone Rich?" Robin asked; and Aunt Alice shook her head.

"Wait a few days," she suggested. "Time's on your side, my dear."

So Robin waited. During these days Charles was often at the house. He came now and then in the evening; he was likely to run out in mid-afternoon and take Nancy to the country club.

"He says I've a fine swing already," Nancy assured them. "He says all I need to learn, really, is putting ——"

Robin, without making this fact conspicuous, took some pains not to encounter him. When she knew he was coming she went out for the evening. But once, in mid-afternoon, they met in the hall where he was waiting for Nancy to come downstairs, and he spoke to her, sought to make some stammering amends. But she smiled on him so graciously that he was at once bewildered and disarmed.

"I think it was just the surroundings," she assured him. "You were the only man I knew over there, and I was the only girl. And, of course, people always have love affairs on shipboard. Especially when there's a moon!" She could not resist adding dreamily, "I remember Rich Luce was on the boat when we went to Bermuda two years ago. There was a moon then." And she touched his arm in a comforting way. "Don't feel badly, Charles," she insisted. "I couldn't bear to think you were unhappy about me. You should be so happy now."

"I know I've acted badly," he said in formal apology.

"Not a bit in the world," she insisted. "You made my summer very happy, Charles. It was lots of fun. But now that I'm at home, I have so many friends ——"

"I hope you count me as one of them," he protested stiffly.

"Of course I do, Charles."

He hesitated. "It's the sort of thing a man can't forgive himself, Robin," he confessed in a miserable tone.

She laughed gently. "But that's just your masculine vanity. You shouldn't worry, so long as I forgive you, Charles." And she added softly, "Here," and rose on her tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek.

The very impersonality of that caress silenced if it did not convince him, and he turned unhappily away.

■

IT WAS two or three days later that she telephoned Richman Luce at his office. His stenographer wished to know her business, but Robin said, "Oh, it's a personal friend, not business at all. If he isn't too busy, please."

When he answered, she said, "It's Robin Pattee, Rich."

And his voice came along the wire in slow surprise. "Bob?" he repeated. "Oh, hello, Bob. I heard you were back." He spoke in that fashion which had always made her uncomfortable, as though he laughed at her.

"You knew, then?" she challenged.

"Yes," he confessed. "Yes, I knew. Why?"

"Most of my friends have come to see me," Robin assured him accusingly.

Rich laughed at that, hiding his surprise. "Had an idea you were inclined to exclude me from that category," he suggested, and added, "Thought perhaps you included me in your anger at kid brother now."

"Oh, Dennie did the best he could," Robin retorted, and she continued, "I was never angry with you, Rich. Perhaps I just didn't understand. But we've always known each other."

He asked doubtfully, "Have you developed a sense of humor, Bob?" And she laughed and countered:

"Why?"

(Continued on Page 170)

"I've Kept a Table for You Upstairs," Mr. Anderson Explained in a Confidential and Ingratiating Tone

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay $3.00 the Year (52 issues). Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year (52 issues). Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned, by subscription, post paid, $6.00 the Year (52 issues). Remittances by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 26, 1927

More Testimonials

EVERY month brings a fresh crop of unsolicited testimonials in praise of the effectiveness of the Baumes laws. These statutes and amendments were adopted by the legislature of the state of New York less than a year ago; but even in the short time they have been in effect they have brought about a marked decrease in the number of crimes of violence and have exercised a material influence in causing criminals of the predatory type to seek happier hunting grounds in other commonwealths.

Police Commissioner McLaughlin, of New York City, reports that during the year 1926 the cases of assault and robbery decreased 20.9 per cent; burglaries about 18 per cent; grand larceny cases 15 per cent, and homicides more than 6 per cent, as compared with 1925. Even more striking are the figures for January, 1927. During that month there was a reduction in the number of assault and robbery cases amounting to 53 per cent, as compared with the first month of 1926.

After praising the deterrent effect of the Baumes laws, Commissioner McLaughlin goes on to tell of the practical results achieved by the adoption of stricter measures governing admission to bail: "Between April 16, 1926—when the new bail law took effect—and December 31, 1926, six individuals committed crime while out on bail. For the same period—approximately eight months—prior to the time the law took effect, sixty-four individuals charged with crime were arrested while out on bail."

Since time out of mind, easy bail and the evils of bail shopping have been a reproach upon the administration of criminal law in the Empire State. Apparently no difficulty was experienced in coping with these conditions when they were resolutely attacked. Other states which still tolerate similar abuses can end them if they have the will and energy to do so. The particular statute which may be studied for guidance is known as Chapter 419 of the Laws of New York, 1926.

No less significant than Commissioner McLaughlin's report is the declaration of Mr. E. M. Allen, vice president of a bonding company which does business all over the country. According to this official, losses of surety companies from theft and burglary since the Baumes laws became operative have decreased 25 per cent. So firmly does this corporation believe in the salutary effects of these statutes that it has sent out a circular letter the purpose of which is to urge its ten thousand agents to take active steps to stimulate local interest in a general tightening up of the criminal code by the introduction of corrective legislation in the backward states.

Self-interest should contribute to the success of this project, for communities a thousand miles from New York are bound to feel the effects of the presence of daring criminal groups which have been driven out of the metropolis and have journeyed west and south. California and two or three commonwealths in the Mississippi Valley have already given the matter serious study and it is not unlikely that drastic measures may be adopted before their respective legislatures adjourn. It is only a question of time when a growing need for self-protection will translate idle talk and procrastination into decisive action.

Arms and the Man

THE heated controversy concerning military courses in schools and colleges requires sanity of approach and calmness of judgment. Defenders and critics alike would be in a better position if they really knew more about the causes of war. We do not pretend to understand them all, and have yet to hear of anyone who does. But we are inclined to doubt whether military training carried on within reason is among the major causes of war. To assume that it is seems an oversimple and superficial manner of reasoning.

Certainly the many wars in which this country has been engaged came from sources in no way connected with our military power. Professional soldiers like to say that we might have had fewer wars if we had been better prepared. This certainly does not apply to the World War, which had been long under way when we entered, and it is difficult to see how greater preparation could have prevented either the Revolution or the Civil War. Thus, our own more important conflicts seem to have had very little relation to either the lack of our preparedness or its existence.

Ignorance and prejudice, misstatements of facts as to the rights of nations which become embedded in policy, one-sided, warped and exaggerated national ambitions, overpopulation and excessive economic pressure—all these have something to do with war. The mere erection of mechanisms for international peace does not insure the desired end, any more than military training insures war. There are a thousand maladjustments among nations—geographical, racial, political, economic, social and personal. To prevent war requires extraordinary effort, detailed, piecemeal, persistent.

But military courses are making great headway in the schools and colleges. Critics say that the tendency of such courses, taught, as they are, by army officers, is to lay stress upon the inevitability of war. It is said that distrust of other nations is nurtured, and the ideas implanted point to force as the only way of settling differences.

This might not be so bad, runs the argument, if there were a counterpoise in the teaching of peace psychology. "Accompanying this tremendous increase in military training," says one of its opponents, "we find little instruction as to the cause of wars, the part played by the foreign policy of a nation in bringing on conflict, our own foreign policies, our own wars, and the united efforts of many kinds now being made to eliminate war."

On the other hand, there is no getting away from the advantages of military training as practiced in this country, whether in the professional establishment or in the colleges. The Army and the Navy are in reality great universities converting soldiers into citizens even more than they convert citizens into soldiers. They and the summer training camps are schools in democracy, orderliness, moral discipline and many necessary virtues.

Anyone who has visited a great naval training station must be impressed with the values that inhere in military training. Not only are great numbers of recruits given a civilian trade for the first time but they are licked into a physical, mental and moral condition which both parents and public schools have failed to achieve.

When we come to the colleges a different set of circumstances is met. It is to be suspected, in the first place, that much of the viewing with alarm so loudly indulged in by more or less pacifist organizations is needless and baseless. Not but what the young West Point graduate may have a somewhat one-sided view of history and a professional zeal which needs a counterpoise. But what is commonly forgotten is that the college undergraduate has a skeptical, show-me side to his nature.

After all, the college student takes only what he can use and has a bent for. He is no fool, and he allows, even at tender years, for professional excesses. He is accustomed to the professional zeal of the instructor in chemistry or the professor of French. He yawns when the lecturer on philosophy or history or Greek defiantly announces that this particular subject is the only real key to knowledge.

Animals develop protective coloring. In the same way the college student develops a protection against a devastating intellectual zeal. Despite the smart personal set-up and snappy manner of the army officer sent to instruct him, he knows how to make allowances.

College students are crowded and bombarded for four long years with intellectual food. Ideas are thrust upon them like office work upon an older man. Varied points of view are so numerous as to become almost monotonous. Outside lecturers on every conceivable subject, and in legions, invade the campus.

In other words, military training will have to assume a much larger place in the colleges than it now occupies before it lacks counterpoise in an enormous variety of other interests. It is to be suspected that both those who desire and urge military training and those who oppose it so vehemently are taking themselves far too seriously.

But the spearhead of objection is aimed at the compulsory feature. This exists in some institutions and not in others. The War Department, though lacking the right to compel students to take military training in most colleges, naturally prefers to have as many take it as possible. It believes in what it calls the principle of common defense—a more agreeable expression than universal training. For one reason and another numbers of colleges do require drill.

There are always individual students who object to anything compulsory, whether it be freshman English and math, or chapel, or recitations, or even gymnasium. There are and always have been lazy undergraduates who consider it an insult to their freedom to compel them to swing dumb-bells for half an hour four times a week. The right to make a noise and disorder, to object, is far more precious to them than future health and strength.

It is probably just as lawful to compel an undergraduate to take a course in military training for one or two years as it is to compel him to take a course in English literature. College education at from one-fifteenth to one-quarter of its cost is not an inherent right of young men, but a great privilege. The authorities of these institutions have the right to make any rules they please, subject to their charters. But we doubt all the same whether compulsory universal military training for all college students would be wise.

Young Tree Planters

THE Camp Fire Girls, an outdoor organization now numbering some 170,000 members, is doing a splendid and constructive work of substantial value in specializing in the planting of trees. Last spring they initiated the movement by setting out ten thousand trees on the outskirts of Grand Rapids. Good work was also done in Cleveland and other cities of the Middle West. This year the work will be continued on a nationwide scale and every community in which a Camp Fire group exists will be invaded by the tree planters.

Actual field work is supplemented by instruction in tree lore and the elements of forestry, and the nature of the courses given is such as to inculcate a love of trees and an interest in the preservation of native timber. A few days ago this organization celebrated its fifteenth birthday with appropriate exercises. Its aims are so worthy and its methods are so practical that it deserves the encouragement of good citizens everywhere.

Popgun Opinion and Our Foreign Policy—By Richard Washburn Child

THAT is what this article is about—popgun foreign-policy opinion.

It is rife. It is on the daily menu. It is served, much to the embarrassment of Uncle Sam, whose real foreign policy is to keep peace, to offer good offices while minding his own business, and who could not dream of grabbing territory even if he wishes, because grabbing territory these days is nothing but trouble and because we Americans are for sticking to our own soil and our own disentanglement, our own business and muttons.

Our present and wholly well-intentioned protests against our foreign relations make us appear to the wily and wicked as the Simple Simons of the world and of all time!

It results in such situations as a group of college professors protesting our debt settlements at the moment when a foreign government, attempting stability, is trying to have our debt settlement ratified. It results in putting into the hands of a minority who have no responsibility, and who don't care a tinker's dam what they say in public, the power to embarrass those who have responsibility, and who do care how wildly they talk in public. It results in those who do not have the advantage of knowing the facts—some of which are confidential—being able, in advance of knowledge, to commit themselves to the phalanx who are trying to put Uncle Sam in a hole.

And the nub of it all is that our system, which provides so adequately for the reflection of public opinion in all our foreign policies, has temporarily opened a great vent for chest thumpers and for those Americans who live in New York and yet are really expatriates and are volunteer ambassadors of France, Germany or Great Britain, and for Soviet liberals, to organize a foreign legion. They thrive better by finding the United States wrong than by finding the United States right. And then we have with us a most amazing number of intense and earnest "leaders of thought." The great majority belong to the group known as the "preachers and teachers." Without disrespect to preachers, there are some of us who wonder just what particular exclusive qualification or preparation they have to pass with finality on some knotty state of facts creating an international problem. And yet we go on quite solemnly listening to the words and reading the petitions to Congress or the President, and appeals to the people, of a group who have fared forth into a field not at all their own, where their judgment, so far as some of us believe, is no better than that of the Federated Cigar Smokers or the Commuters' Bridge Clubs of America. But there it is! The professors whose business it is to find and tell facts leap spryly into the business of saving our political souls, and preachers whose business it is to save souls spring off into the business of telling us facts without finding them.

We are used to this in domestic politics and have discounted its effect upon our internal affairs, but what a stew we have been in since our foreign affairs were lifted into an activity which demanded the intelligence of our people.

No one doubts for a minute that not only in the United States, where our Constitution provides the opportunity and calls to the masses to take a hand in our foreign policy, but in the whole world, international relationships require the safeguard of the expressed will of the people themselves after wide-open discussion and consideration.

When two other men and I gave a dinner in New York in 1918 to found the Council of Foreign Relations, the

(Continued on Page 165

"WHY NOT TRY A FEW BOTTLES, MARIA?"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

THEN—He: "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will You, Huh?"

NOW—She: "Kiss Me, You Dumb-Bell!"

Even as You and I

I'VE never won a beauty show,
Perhaps I'll never win one.
I comfort myself greatly, though,
By thinking the above is so
Because I've not been in one!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Not Much Sense in This

SAID Hatch the fish etcher
To Fitch the fish hatcher,
"I've thought up, I'll betcher,
A wish which'll catch yer!"

He made his old switch swish,
And said, "How I wish Fitch
Would hatch in a ditch fish
Untroubled by fish itch!"

Said Fitch, "If you dish fish
Into ditches, they'll twitch, which
Is just what ditch fish wish,
Pish! Ditch fish which itch twitch!"

—Morris Bishop.

NO FOOLIN'—She: "No! No! Mr. Romeo, You Take Your Mask Off First"

Notes on Foreign Travel

From the Diary of an American

CHERBOURG, JUNE TENTH. Here we are in *la belle France* at last! It is just too wonderful. We stood in line two hours to pass through the customs. It was a little rainy, but nobody minded, and we were thrilled by the quaint old docks and automobiles. When Uncle George's turn came the customs guard found three cigars and two boxes of matches in his pocket! We got uncle out of jail without much trouble, just by paying a fine of a paltry thousand francs—and, of course, a little extra for the interpreter. Their customs are so quaint, so Old World. When mother's official tried to close her valise again, he packed it down with his foot. Mother says she will cherish the mark on her organdie dress—her first impression of French soil.

PARIS, JUNE TWELFTH. So much has happened that I haven't had a moment to give to my diary. The trip from Cherbourg here was a joy. Twelve hours

(Continued on Page 161)

Aviator: "My Girl!"

Mrs. Piggy (Examining Apartment): "Oh, What a Lovely Apartment! It's So Nice and Dirty"

SOUP
and the prettiest girl in the office

SAID a girl about her job at the office: "It isn't the work I mind—it's the competition!" Very well. Notice that "prettiest girl" at lunch sometime. You don't find her eating just anything she sees. She is little Miss Careful, and about as sleepy as a fox in taking care of her complexion and her figure. Trust her to follow every hint about eating the right things to keep her trim and attractive. Every famous beauty in history has watched her food as carefully as her mirror!

"Paint your cheeks from the inside" was the advice to the girls at a great college recently. Eating the proper food was shown to be one of the biggest helps to the charm that wins—the glow and beauty of sparkling health.

"Eat soup and keep well" means for many a girl, "Eat soup and keep pretty." For soup is not only delicious—it's a food you should eat regularly every day to help keep yourself alert and vigorous and healthy—the foundation of all good looks.

REMEMBER this when you sit down to your meals. Enough food is essential, of course. But it is equally important for you to have *the right kinds of food*. The food experts, in their lectures and their books, emphasize the value of attracting the appetite with foods that appeal to your sense of taste, please it and satisfy it.

Soup provides real, nourishing food. Soup refreshes and revives you. The hot liquid is a wholesome "pick up" in the middle of the working day or at the end of it. Soup helps to keep your appetite normal and aids your digestion. And how it tempts and satisfies you, either at luncheon or dinner or supper. The important thing for you to keep in mind is that you should eat soup regularly every day, and not just occasionally. For if you are to get the full benefit of soup, you must allow it to stimulate your health and invigorate you *daily*. Just think how much that will mean to you in a year's time. For good health, and the added prettiness it brings, are like "money in the bank"—the way to make them grow is by adding to them a little at a time, from day to day.

YOU KNOW some of the "health rules" are tiresome and hard to follow. But eating soup regularly is so very easy and convenient—and *so enjoyable*. Luncheonettes, cafeterias and restaurants everywhere serve these famous and delicious Campbell's Soups, which are the last word for splendid quality and appetizing flavor. They are sold in every food store What a help they are to the girl who prepares many of her own meals! And it is so easy and convenient to serve these soups (which only require simmering for a few minutes) on the family table regularly. 12 cents a can.

The meal that nature planned!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XXI

JAMES slipped the pack from his back and tossed it upon the long table. Sarah pressed close to him as if for protection, and he shook his head and smiled at her.

"Stand over there, Sarah," he said, pointing. "Keep out from underfoot." Then to Latzo: "I told you to clear out of the country."

"There's a difference between bein' told and doin'," said the man, and showed his teeth in a grin. "He kind of hoped you'd come nosin' in here. He's got it all fixed so's you won't be missed serious. Looks like he's ambitious to be the only Perrigo the' is."

James continued to look at Latzo, but spoke to Sarah. "When this fracas starts," he said, "you open that door and hiper for town, storm or no storm. Follow the old railroad."

She did not answer, but stared, terrified, at the lowering, unshaven, bestial face of the man who crouched before the door. He appeared monstrous, immensely powerful. His great hands hung almost to his knees, his shoulders and thighs were colossal and his mat of unkempt hair magnified the circumference of his round head. She watched, fascinated, as he crouched lower, saw his frame quiver and knit beneath his rough clothing, saw the dull fire glow in his close-set eyes. It seemed to her that James, erect, was not so tall as Latzo, crouched; a lad facing a full-grown man. James stood slender, almost slight in her apprehensive eyes, which sought his face and were astonished to see it wear a grave speculative smile. A crackling flash of lightning followed instantly by an ear-splitting smash of thunder made her cower; the cook shanty quivered. She was aware that Latzo moved, slid forward one huge foot along the boards, then the other, a slow advance, with something inexorably malign in the movement. She wanted to scream.

And She Was at His Side, Kneeling at His Feet. "You Didn't Go," He Said, and His Eyes Glowed

There was a scurry over the boards; two figures stood where Latzo's had been alone, and the vicious spat of blows reached her ears. James had not awaited Latzo's elephantine rush, but himself, swiftly, disconcertingly, had taken the initiative. Three times he struck from the shoulder with all the power of his slender, wiry body—and was out of reach before the man, straightened out of his crouch, could regain balance to lash out at him in retaliation. Sarah uttered a little cry and clasped her hands upon her breast. Kingbird and eagle! Kingbird and eagle!

"When he leaves the door—git!" James said to her.

She saw Latzo straighten suddenly and lash out with his calked shoe at James' kneecap, but James was inside, struck again while the man was off balance, and he went to the floor. James stepped back and waited, but it was no mistaken chivalry which animated him; it was caution, the working of a quick intelligence. For he knew that if he was to survive, it must be by quickness of mind and quickness of body. Latzo was a fighter of the lumber camps and barrooms, more at home when rolling on the floor than when on his feet; a gouger of eyes, a thruster of knees, a user of teeth. Once permit Latzo's hand to close upon his ankle and there was the end of it. Nor did he draw false satisfaction from the illusion that such blows as he had struck could win for him quickly—or at all. Such battering the man could endure for hours and remain dangerous; would suffer it willingly if at last he might lay clutching hands upon his adversary and drag him into a back-breaking hug. So James fought to cut, to blind. If he could but close Latzo's eyes, things might go well.

Latzo got to his knees, to his feet, and lurched forward with body bent and arms spread wide; not again did he rush, but shuffled forward slowly, slowly, little eyes glowing, blood trickling from the pulp which had been his lips. To force James back and ever backward—that was his necessity—back and back until the young man's shoulders touched the wall—until he should be cornered, left without space in which to dart in and out, to strike and avoid. Then, when there could be no more retreat, Latzo would press in regardless of what punishment he received; he could take it—take all James had to offer—if he could but come to grips, breast to breast.

James gave back purposely to draw Latzo from the door. But Sarah did not move, even when the way was clear; she could not have moved. She was fascinated, but something more than fascinated. An emotion arose within her which she did not comprehend; there was terror in it, but there was also joy. It was a primitive emotion such as New York could never have given her, a mingling of pride, of excitement, of loyalty, deriving from those days when men lived in caves and fought for their women with teeth and with club. She could not go. And at the end of it she knew the real reason why she could not go was because she could not desert her man in his hour of danger!

Toward the opposite wall James was being pressed foot by foot; then, feinting to the right, he leaped to the left, brushed the table with his back and reversed the field of battle. Again he essayed the feat, but the table was too close. Sarah cried out as it impeded him, saw him rest his right hand upon its top and vault sidewise and rearward until he stood in the narrow space behind with the table between him and Latzo, and, before the man could reach the table's edge, James set his hands against it and heaved. Latzo stumbled back as the length of boards crashed at his feet, and again James was at him—kingbird upon eagle—sending him teetering to his heels with clean, swift, well-timed blows. Latzo wrapped his face in his arms, bellowing, and rushed headlong.

Now he launched great swinging blows, again driving James back and ever backward. Lightning flashed, thunder reverberated, but none in that cook shanty was conscious of the severity of the storm. Not all Latzo's blows were missing; James did not escape scot-free; and one of them, only one, if it struck home squarely upon a vulnerable spot, would lift James from his feet, unconscious, helpless. One of Latzo's eyes was closed; his face had assumed new proportions, but the enormous animal vitality of the man had not been sapped. His strength remained, his vindictive determination was unweakened.

Speed against strength! If one be a hundred times swifter, one may be a hundred times less powerful. Again and again Sarah thought of that as she watched, spellbound. James was swift—swift and sure—and fearless. That she could sense, and something more—that he rejoiced in it. Whatever the outcome, he was living now. At times his face was amused, at others alight with such a fire as one must associate with creative inspiration. He was creating; instead of writing his epic, he was living it!

It could not continue; either speed must flag under the weight of exhaustion, or brute strength must ebb under constant battering. James seemed to feel something of this, for, with a sudden calculated swirl, he launched himself upon Latzo, in and out, striking, whipping in blows, dancing away, never set, but always poised. And his objective was that other eye. Latzo gave ground; for the first time he gave ground; for the first time he seemed to feel respect for his antagonist. He darted glances about the room, with the open eye which remained to him, and then began backing, shifting, working his way to an objective. Toward the back of the room he allowed himself to be driven until the stove was close behind him; then, uttering a savage howl, he stopped his retreat and threw himself into a lumbering, lunging, dangerous offensive. James gave back before the flurry, and that was as Latzo desired it, for it gave him an instant of time, the instant he required to crouch, snatch at the helve of the ax with which he had chopped his firewood

Sarah screamed. James leaped, kicked at the gnarled fingers which clutched the hickory, but failed to tear them loose. But as the man surged upward there was time for one blow—one swift, timed, savage jab—and Latzo staggered back, ax lifted before him, but unable to see his enemy. For James had found his opening. His left fist, driven by all the weight and leverage of his splendid body, had crashed against that seeing eye—and Latzo was blinded!

The man stood, spitting evil language, lashing about him at the enemy he could not see. The ax swished through the air, swished again and again. James poised on

(Continued on Page 40)

S W I F T

What savory dishes can be made by combining ham with other foods! More and more women are learning how easy it is to get extra appetizing flavor this way, especially when Swift's Premium is used. Always sweet, mild and tender to the very tip end, Premium pours out its rich juices to mellow vegetables and fruits with unusual goodness.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice. There's economy in buying the whole Premium cut three ways—boil the shank end, bake the butt end and broil or fry the center slices

A tempting combination:
Premium Ham shank
with vegetables and apples

1 tablespoon mixed whole spices
1 Swift's Premium Ham shank
6 medium potatoes
6 carrots
6 baking apples
brown sugar

Boil ham and spices, allowing 30 minutes per pound. Cook potatoes and carrots in a little ham liquor in separate kettle. Fill apple centers with sugar and bake. Remove ham rind, rub fat with sugar. Brown ham and apples together in hot oven (400°F.). Serve ham surrounded with vegetables and apples.

(Continued from Page 38)

his toes, just out of reach, waiting, eyes level, steady, but eager and joyous. Latzo kept the weapon in play. James smiled and scraped his feet on the floor. He reached for and seized quietly a pan from off the stove and tossed it to the floor at Latzo's left, so that the man spun toward the sound and swung his ax hopefully. And James was ready; as that swing of the ax turned the man half around, half away, James rooted his feet to the floor, set himself so that every ounce of his weight and power could be delivered with the blow, and struck. Once he struck, his knuckles falling just below Latzo's ear. The man's arms dropped and he sagged. Twice he struck, and Latzo's knees buckled. Three times he struck—and it was the end. Power departed from Latzo, and consciousness departed, and he lay grotesquely with face ground against the floor.

Something welled up within Sarah Cross which was not relief; it was more splendid, more glorious than relief. It was pride—tremendous, sudden-blazing pride. He had won—and how he had won!

She rejoiced in him; cried out in the savage yet tender glory of her rejoicing: "James! James!"

He turned, smiled, shook his head and took two steps to the bench, upon which he dropped. And she was at his side, kneeling at his feet. "James!"

"You didn't go," he said, and his eyes glowed.

"Go! And leave you?"

He took her face between his bruised and battered hands, nor did she shrink, and he bent closer to scrutinize her, to read her soul, and then, whatever of grimness had hardened his face, whatever of battle lust or savagery, vanished to be replaced by a glow of gentleness, of happiness

"Then," he asked, "it's all right?"

"Oh, so very, very all right!" she whispered.

He touched her cheek, brushed back her hair and then lifted her to her feet. "We've a lifetime for this," he said, and bent over Latzo. The man did not move. James stood erect and peered about the room; in the corner he saw standing a trunk—a small flat trunk.

"So that ——" he said softly.

"James, James, what does it mean? What is it all about? Why did he attack you?"

He smiled as he answered, but it was a crooked, mirthless smile. "Just a family affair," he said.

Sarah Screamed. James Leaped, Kicked at the Gnarled Fingers Which Clutched the Hickory, But Failed to Tear Them Loose

The storm was passing; thunder receded into the distance; presently the sun would break through to turn the forest into a refreshed paradise of glistening green. James threw open the door and looked outside.

"You'll have to carry the fish," he said gravely. "I've got other business. The wet won't hurt us -and we'd better make time."

He swung the trunk to his shoulder and stepped out into the muddy way.

"What's that? What do you want of the man's trunk?" Sarah asked him.

"There's nothing in the world I want less than this trunk," he said gravely, "but it's got to come." He paused a moment. "You meant it when you said it was all right?"

"Yes, dear," she said.

"You may change your mind," he said gloomily.

"Change my mind! Why? When?"

"Well," he said, "when this trunk gets to town—among other things. But maybe I can pull it off."

"Pull what off, James?"

He shook his head. "The house is tumbling down," he said cryptically.

"Let it tumble—let everything tumble—who cares?" Then her mind swiftly veered. "Why wouldn't Eunice see me when I called? Didn't she want this to happen -you and me?"

He spoke very gravely now. "Eunice is all right," he said. "Remember that. Remember I told you that. No matter what happens, Perrigo blood or not, Eunice is all right."

"What a strange thing to say!"

"Strange things must be said after strange things have been done," he said, and swung into his stride down the muddy road. Even though he carried a burden on his shoulders Sarah found it not easy to keep pace with him.

At last they reached the covered bridge and the car. James lowered the trunk into the tonneau, helped Sarah to her seat, and himself took the wheel. Presently he spoke. "Let us not talk," he said. "We must leave things where they are—until tomorrow. Then we can—then you can take them up again if—if you still want to."

"What do you mean, James? You're so strange." She flushed and then grew pale. "Do you mean—have I—was I wrong, James, and you—you don't want me after all?"

"Don't be a little fool," James said, which, although it was undeniably brusque and rude to a degree, seemed for some reason to be perfectly satisfactory to Sarah.

An hour later the car stopped before her door. James got down, helped her to alight and dragged out the trunk

"This goes in your house," he said.

"What?"

"In your house." He turned his level brown eyes upon her. "And you're to keep still about it," he said.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," Sarah said with make-believe meekness—which covered a meekness which was very real, indeed.

"This Goes in Your House, and You're to Keep Still About it," He Said

XXII

KNUCKLES arose with the intention of precipitating matters. He went first to the post office, where he found in his box a letter bearing the return address of the firm of lawyers in Boston whom he had intrusted with the work of investigating the People's Lumber Company. This he thrust unopened in his pocket, deeming it best to give it his attention in private; after which he climbed into his car with the flapping mud guards and drove to the mill. Two hours before he passed Warren Cross' house, James and Sarah had started upon their fishing excursion; they were now across the covered bridge and approaching the stream which was their objective.

He pushed open the office door and nodded to the girl at the adjoining desk. "Where's Walter?" he asked.

"Out of town. I guess he drove, because I was up to the train. The word we got was that he prob'ly wouldn't be back before tomorrow night, maybe."

"Know were he went?"

"He didn't say."

This was rather an impasse. One could not function upon an absent individual But there was James—he might be utilized as a substitute.

"Where's James?" he asked

"Nobody ever knows where James is."

If Knuckles was disappointed it did not disclose itself on his wind-tanned face. He went back to his car and drove toward the village, hesitating as he passed the Cross house, but thinking better of the impulse to stop, and continuing on his way. Then he remembered the letter, and drawing up to the roadside ran his thumb nail under the flap of the envelope. The report was lengthy, and from the manner in which Knuckles' eyes narrowed, evidently not to his liking. Its disclosures, innocent enough if removed from their context, were quite enough to surprise; in fact, they were upsetting.

Walter Perrigo's name did not appear upon those typewritten sheets. Walter had nothing whatever to do with the People's Lumber Company, even to the ownership of a share of stock! But James Perrigo's name did appear. James, in short, owned the People's Lumber Company. This enterprise, devised for the purpose of defrauding the Barchester mill, belonged to James, lock, stock and barrel!

Knuckles did not like it; it challenged his intelligence and derided his reasoning powers. Yet it was in keeping with the evidence which, day by day, had been piling up under his hand. James, James—always James. And with this disclosure the last tangible thread connecting Walter with anything of a nefarious nature was severed.

(Continued on Page 124)

The Finest Principle in Motoring Attains New HEIGHTS of LUXURY

CUSTOM BODIES BY DIETRICH

New ideas, new luxury, new distinction in the beautiful custom body designs created and built by Dietrich, exclusively for Hupmobile.

Two years ago Hupmobile Eight led the way in the third momentous change in motor car buying-habits.

By producing an eight as economical to own and operate as most sixes, Hupmobile inaugurated a swing toward eights as definite and conclusive as the historic changes from two to four cylinders, and from the four to the six.

But Hupmobile engineers were not satisfied with having removed the last barriers to eight ownership—those of high first cost and high after-cost.

With the finest principle in motoring as a basis, they proceeded to incorporate new details of refinement, power and beauty—striving always to give greater value as greater volume was attained.

Today Hupmobile Eight—with the advantages of the world's largest straight-eight production—offers substantially more in appearance, performance, and in equipment value, at no increase in price.

Combined with this wealth of new refinements is the perfected smoothness of the Hupmobile Eight engine, translating its power into miles of luxurious travel at all speeds up to and beyond 70 miles an hour.

The latest models of the Hupmobile Eight await your inspection at a Hupmobile salesroom. See and ride in this car to realize how lavishly Hupmobile has contributed to the highest conceptions of luxury motoring.

Fourteen Distinguished Body Types
Priced from $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

SEDAN

$2345

F. O. B. DETROIT

New Refinements of Beauty and Performance

Graceful appearance enhanced by modish smaller wheels.

Contrasting reveals around windows of closed cars.

Finest mohair upholstery on all closed models.

All instruments grouped on a single plate under glass and indirectly lighted.

Light controls on steering column.

New ignition lock effectively locks car each time engine is stopped.

New design manifold, higher valve lift and new shape combustion chambers give increased power.

Heat-control valve accelerates warming up engine, and reduces use of choke.

Nickel plated head lamps with double filament bulbs.

Semi-flat all-weather tread cord tires.

Remote-control door locks on all closed models.

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Quality

Half and Half—

A Wonderful Smoking Tobacco

men like the flavor
women enjoy the fragrance

15¢

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

THE HIGH MISSTEPPERS

By Roland Krebs

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JARG

A DELEGATE at a plumbing-supply dealers' convention in Des Moines once mistook me for Ulysses S. Krummenmacher, of the Iberg & Hysinger Plumbing and Heating Company, of Joplin, Missouri, and pinned me full of badges and buttons and gave me the number of a room in my hotel where I could get a little something, before he saw his mistake.

A bridegroom, who wasn't so sober, on another occasion thought I was the same party which had flirted with his wife on a train, and he swung on me and hit the brakeman square on the button. He couldn't see his mistake, though, because the brakeman closed all of his eyes. It's only lately, however, that certain parties have begun thinking I resemble King Solomon. I don't say that I haven't got a little of the king's wisdom. A party can't be a vaudeville actor all his life without he learns something else besides that eight times nine equals—oh, well, that, say, two and two is four.

But I don't give three cheers—or one or two and a half, for that matter—when I see a lot of guys standing in line to ask me to straighten things out every time they tangle with the sweetie or the wife. Which is what I told Joe McKim, the eccentric comedy dancer, when he came to me with his pockets full of family trouble.

"Yeah, but, Buddy," Joe said in a plaintive voice that a undertaker would give a thousand dollars to have for professional use, "you wouldn't like to see your old pal change his name from Joe McKim to Number 18,781, would you now?"

"Meaning what?"

"I mean you wouldn't want to see me doing a life stretch for having murdered Sydney St. Cin, would you, Buddy?"

"No; but it ain't that I wouldn't like to see Sydney thoroughly assassinated though," I explained.

"Then do something, Buddy. For the love of Oscar P. Hipsch, do something. It ain't necessary I should go into details. If you've got a seeing eye, you know what's what."

"I'll think it over, Joe," I promised him, "and if anything comes to my mind I'll spread it out in front of you."

"Thanks, old man," Joe sighed, giving me one of those there wrist-wrecking handshakes people always deal you when they call you "old man."

Like he said, it wasn't necessary Joe should take the peeling off his heart and show me the lining. The way that poor chump was henpecked was the talk of the Colossus Circuit.

This St. Cin was a cake that Joe's wife, Gussie McKim, had made him take into his act because she thought Sydney was so refined and nice that he could put a lot of polish on Joe, who is a diamond in the rough—so rough in fact that he has more sharp corners than Second Avenue has. Also, Gussie figured that Syd was the boy that fate had picked out to marry the McKims' pretty little nineteen-year-old daughter Audrey.

If fate gets off its game very often that way, I want the guys who picked Turkey to win the last nine wars she's been in to do my picking for me. My strictly honest opinion is that Audrey should have had too much sense to fall for a hundred and two degrees of malaria like Sydney St. Cin. All the things wrong with different members of the human race you'll find concentrated in Sydney.

Considering her sweet nature, earls and barons with eagles and crowns on their writing paper weren't good enough to want to marry Audrey, much less a tomato like St. Cin should have such a notion. Even me, I don't consider myself good enough for such a pretty, and I don't think I'm such a turnip, as all the bookers on Broadway will tell you.

He Reeled and Strained and Staggered and Then Lost His Balance and Did a Nose Dive Right Into a Big Bucket Filled With That Wall-Paper Paste

It always seemed to me like as if Audrey had spent the first ten years of her life on a rosebush and the last nine growing on a peach tree. And as for Sydney St. Cin—he must have fallen off of a poison-ivy vine.

Audrey was good-looking enough to make Mona Lisa want to get her hair bobbed or her face lifted or do something to improve her appearance. She was tall and slender, and always moved as if she were following the rhythm of music nobody around her could hear. Under her golden wilderness of hair, Audrey had two faces. One mug had the laughing eyes and happy smile of a kid that's tasting the sweet cool froth and foam of youth and don't know anything about cares. The other had the big troubled eyes and saddened lips of a girl that's sure the world ain't half good enough for her daddy.

"He's such a dear, Mr. Boyd," Audrey one day said to me. "I can't understand why perfectly commonplace men get to be looked upon as great, while so few people seem to suspect that daddy has any good qualities at all."

"One reason is because he don't get hisself a decent press agent," I advised her. "But anyways, baby, why should he give a care what the world thinks just so long as he knows that him being a prince is no carefully guarded secret from you?"

The kid was more than one-half right. Joe was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but it had Automat and not R. B. Sterling printed on the handle. That's the kind of luck that has followed him most of the time since.

"He's worked so hard all his life—for mamma and me mostly, Mr. Boyd—that he deserves better than what he has," Audrey went on. "Never for himself, Mr. Boyd, but always for mamma and me. You know, he scraped and saved to send me to Miss Duane's School to be educated. And heaven only knows how often he's sent mamma to Hot Springs to take the baths and see if she couldn't reduce. Reducing is one of mamma's hobbies."

I can say here with authority that at the rate Gussie is reducing you will no longer be able by 1933 to hide a team of mules behind her.

"I wish," said Audrey softly, "that instead of doing two shows a day, daddy could just loaf around in a big garden around a big Colonial house and wear white waistcoats and gold glasses with a black silk ribbon, and have a big sad-eyed Great Dane dog sniffing affectionately at his heels while he puffed a good cigar and smelled at the hollyhocks."

"What does your old man want with gold glasses?" I asked. "He needs glasses—any kind of glasses—as bad as I need a diving suit."

"Oh, they'd just be becoming, I think, and give him an air. He wouldn't have to look through them, you know. He could use them to carry in his hand and to tap himself on the chin when he thinks. Anyway, I wish I could make him very happy."

"I'll tell you how you can make Joe happy Audrey. Give that guy St. Cin to the ash man. Your pop would rather he didn't have Sydney around him or around you than sniff all the hollyhocks on earth."

Audrey stepped back a couple of paces and her mouth opened in amazement.

"Why, Mr. Boyd!" she Mister-Boyded me. "Why, Mr. Boyd! How can you speak so of such a thorough gentleman as Mr. St. Cin?"

"If he's a thorough gentleman, Audrey, I'm a Chinese piccolo player."

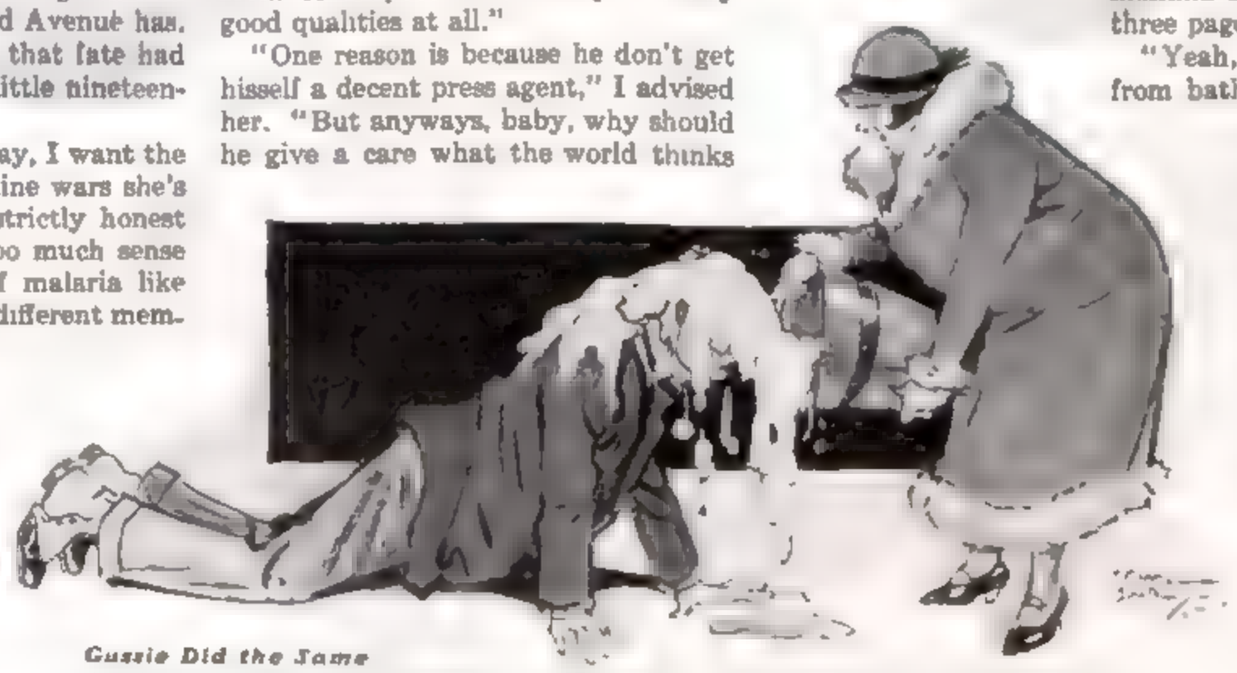
"Mamma says he is," she told me with a little lift of her chin.

She had the air of an obedient little youngster that has been taught to believe everything mamma says, even if mamma says that the joker, a visiting card and three pages from a song book beat a club flush.

"Yeah, but your mamma can't tell gentlemen from bathing beauties," I cracked. "Otherwise, she'd know your daddy was a gentleman and she'd quit tinkering with him."

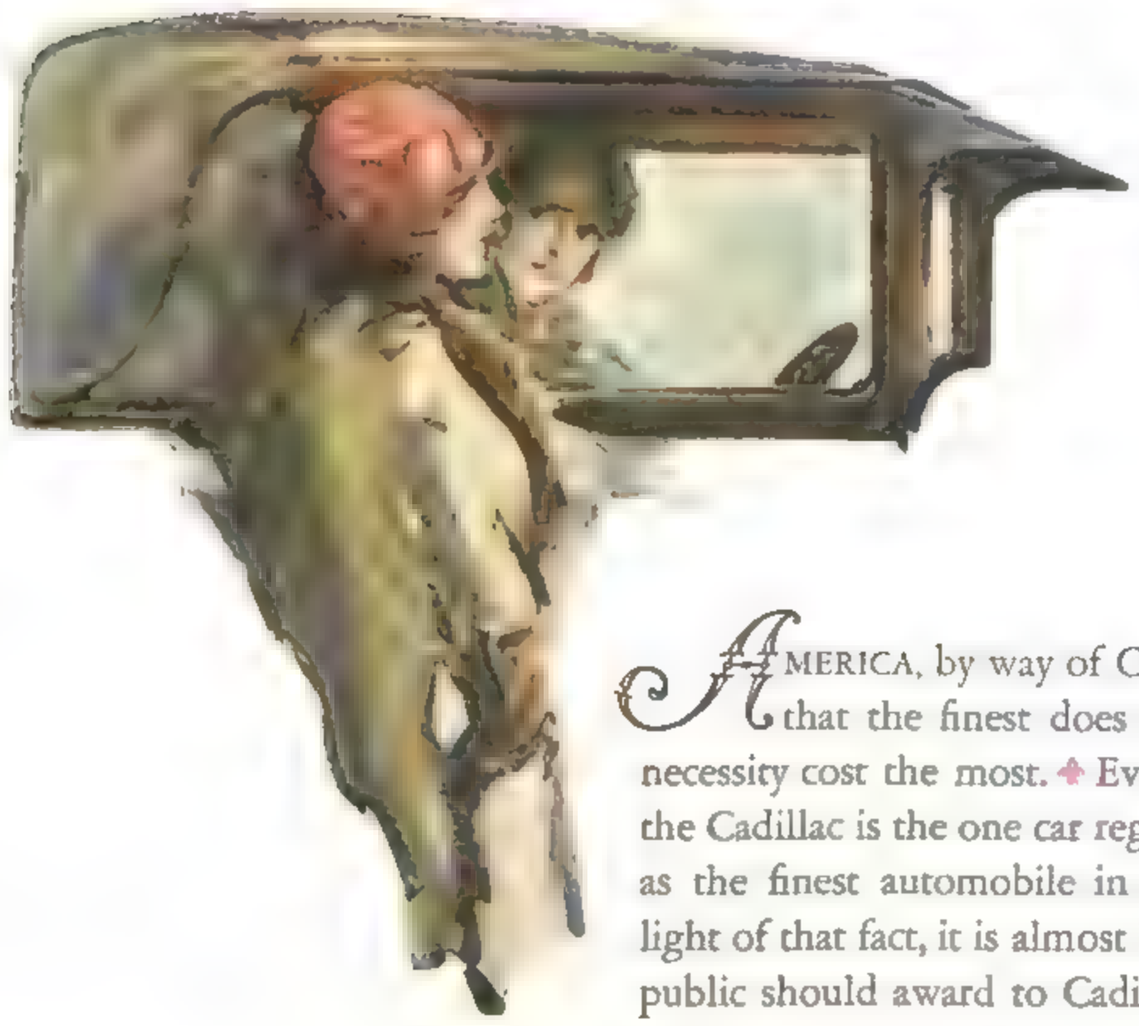
That stopped her. Aw, the poor little kid! How could she know any different? Gussie had been shooing young men away from Audrey from the day she was born until this St. Cin oyster came along with his sly tongue and slick ways. Syd being the first male Audrey had had a chance to inspect close up, I guess he looked better to her than Lord Chesterfield's son.

It was a rotten shame, too, that Audrey began falling for Sydney just when Joe had got hisself a nice new act and had everything that once was a pale gray looking rosy again.

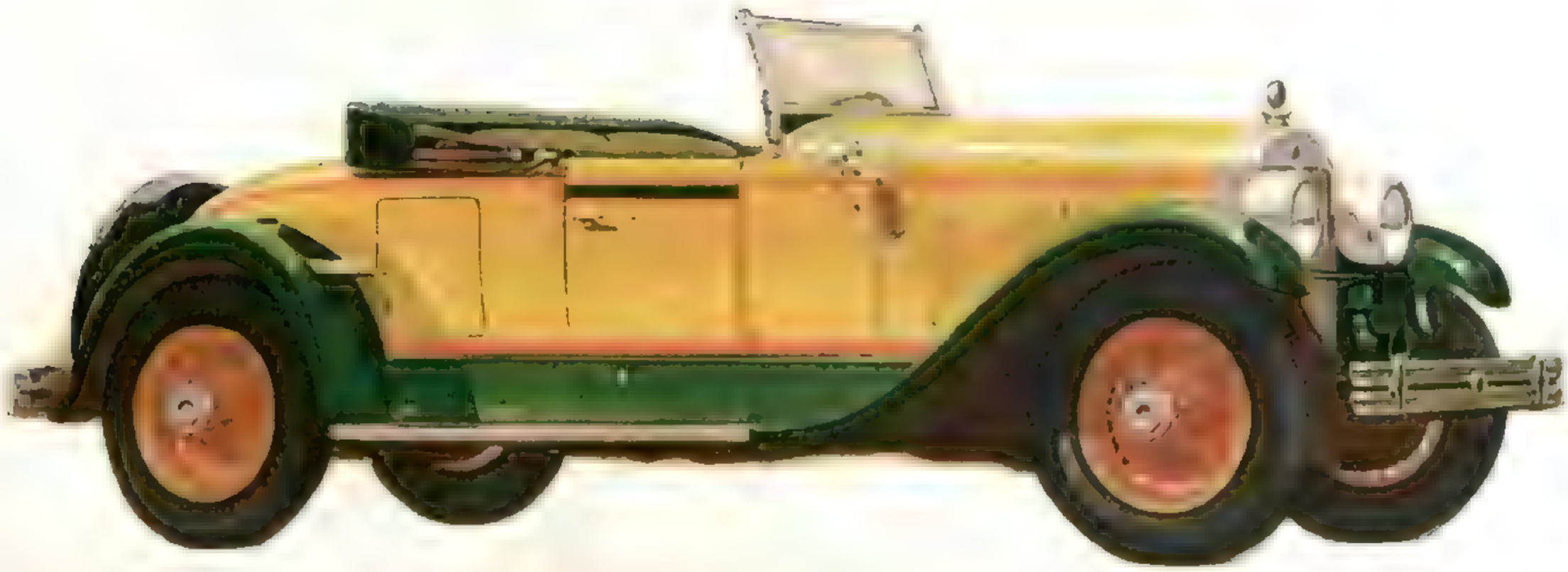


Gussie Did the Same for Sydney, Who Was Left With a Mountain of Paste Around His Head Too

(Continued on Page 45)



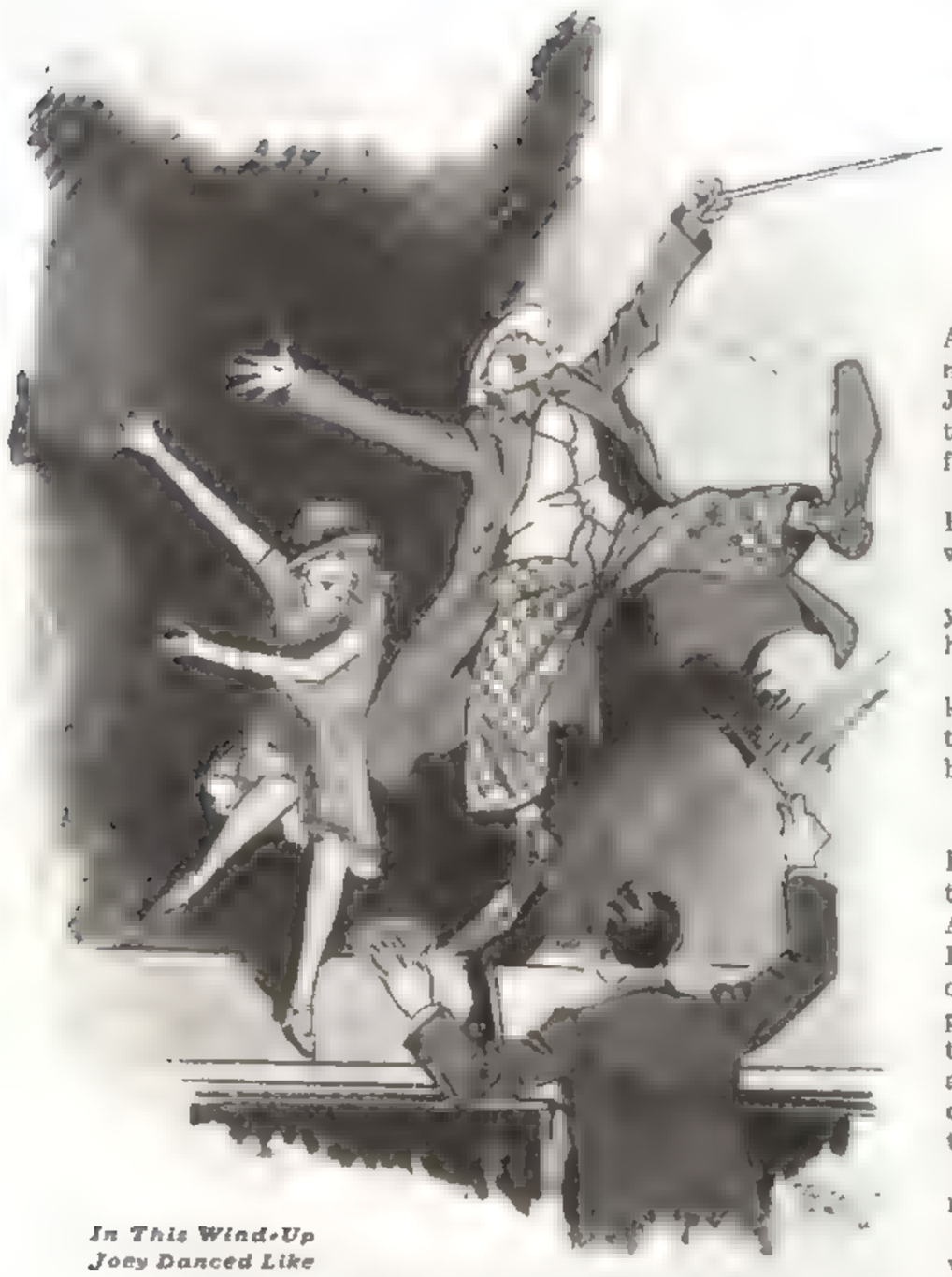
AMERICA, by way of Cadillac, has proven that the finest does not always and of necessity cost the most. ✦ Everyone knows that the Cadillac is the one car regarded by everyone as the finest automobile in America. ✦ In the light of that fact, it is almost inevitable that the public should award to Cadillac a volume that amounts to more than half the nation's demand for fine cars. ✦ The result, of course, is plain to anyone who contrasts the first cost of the Cadillac with that of any other car which may properly be compared. ✦ The economies effected by the huge Cadillac production actually reverse the usual economic order and make this finest of all fine cars at the same time substantially lower in price. ✦ *Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit.*



NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



In This Wind-Up Joey Danced Like a Lot of Clock Springs Gone Crazy During an Earthquake

(Continued from Page 43)

Joey's had nothing but left-handed luck most all of his life, like I told you. For years he just eked out a existence in the three-a-day, with a lot of hard work and perspiration per eke.

Then, after having been only a second-class clogger all this time, he hit on a idea that used to leave the upstairs trade with limp mitts. After all, it's the voters that sit up under the eaves of a vaude house and eat chocolate-almond bars that make or break you.

Let me tell you how Joe made good, neighbor. The stunt that lifted Joe McKim right out of the pop houses into the Poppy Shoe Revue, playing to five-fifty a chair, was a act in one.

He played boob opposite a cutie who was meant mostly to be background. And believe me, Gussie, who was too fat for even the worst liar or kidder in the world to call a cutie and therefore couldn't play the part her own self, saw to it personally that the girl wasn't anything whatever but background.

Joey wore trousers of loud brick-and-tan checks, which were away too short for him and his coat was long and flowing. His straw hat was too small, his socks were too lavender and his shoes were fifteen inches too long. The business was done before a drop curtain painted to look like the rear of a theater. A door—supposed to be the stage door—was cut into the curtain.

The girl, in a costume abbreviated to the point of being shorthand very near, steps outside the theater for a breath of air just as the boob happens along. The old flirtation racket gets them acquainted, and then he, learning she's the hit dancer of the show, challenges her to a hoofing contest.

Every step she does, he does rings around it. His wind-up was a natural. It just tilted the customers out of their deck chairs. In this wind-up Joey danced like a lot of clock springs gone crazy during an earthquake. He would get hisself worked up into a frenzy, and ring in acrobatics that you'd think he would break his neck in thirty-three places, to put it conservatively. Every few seconds he would turn to backward handsprings. It was all done to that zippy song that Joe had copyrighted, I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? played in four-four cut time.

Joe bounced and jumped until the drop curtain shivered all over, and his feet made a noise on the planks after each handspring like a cannon going off. At the end of that dance he wasn't more than three-sixteenths of an inch short of being a complete wreck.

The routine ended with some guy backstage reaching through the curtain, pulling Joe inside with a "Come in here, where you belong," and telling the hit dancer of the show, "You're fired!"

When Herman Feinschmecker seen that act he signed Joe up with the Poppy Show Revue, and after Joe had zowied the public along Broadway thoroughly, he went out on the road with the show and was its best draw for two years.

As soon as the Poppy Show Revue finally finished, the Colossus people told Joe that after he had had a little rest they'd like to have him play thirty or forty weeks at least on their circuit.

"I think I'll try out a new routine, Buddy," Joey told me one day while he was taking that rest.

"What's the matter with the business you've got? It's still good," I assured him.

"Well, for one thing, I'm getting old, kid, and that rough-and-tumble dance that I close with ain't such a double-breasted cinch to do any more."

"What's the new stuff, Joe?"

"It calls for full stage, instead of one, Buddy, and for special scenery. The curtain goes up on a drawing-room, where Audrey—the kid's wild to try the stage, Buddy, and, incidentally, help her daddy—is puttering around, dressed in a pretty little afternoon frock. She's putting dance records on the phonograph and is trying out new steps. A rolled-up carpet and covers on the furniture shows that she's expecting the decorators."

"And you're going to be a comic decorator, hey?" I asked.

"Right. A paper hanger I am. I'm wearing a vest, but no coat, and a derby hat with my union dues receipt in the hatband. I begin coming in and going out with my tools and things. First I nearly bump Audrey on her ear while I'm bringing in two rickety stepladders about ten feet tall each and a seasoned wide plank about twenty-five feet long to go between the two ladders and make a scaffold. Then, Buddy, while I'm carrying in big buckets of paste and rolls of wall paper, I notice Audrey ain't able to dope out a certain dance step. I walk over to her, and while the orchestra drowns out the phonograph, show her how it's done."

"And pretty soon," I interrupted him, "the paper hanger is giving the lady of the house dancing lessons, what?"

"Exactly. We finish with a bit that gives the skit its name, High Steppers. It's a slow, easy, dreamy waltz that Audrey and I do on the board stretched from ladder to ladder, ten feet up off the floor. It ain't so hard to do, because the kid's light and easy to handle. When it comes to a pirouette, I simply lift the kid off her feet and swing her through the air. From the seats it'll look tremendous and dangerous besides, because the plank, being well seasoned, will give and sag considerably."

"Sounds to me like a pay-off, Joe," I said truthfully.

And it was. High Steppers was a mop-up from the bell. Everything was flapjacks and eau de Cologne for Joe McKim. Then Sydney St. Cin had began settling all over the landscape like a slow, steady rain.

"What your act needs to give it class, Mr. McKim," he said one day just after Joe come off after seven healthy bows, "is a little dressiness. A guy doing a waltz with a pretty girl while he's wearing only a vest, and then besides keeping his derby aboard of his head, doesn't somehow seem to me right."

"Gorgonzola!" Joe snapped.

"I think Mr. St. Cin's right about that," Gussie chimed in, smiling sweetly at the cake.

"He'll be right for a large helping of trouble," Joe growled, "if he don't kill off trying to tell me how to run my act."

Joe was right. It was very bad opera for Sydney to be trying to tell anybody anything. Why, it was only the kindness of his partner, Fred Meek, that let Syd's name in on the billing as Meek & St. Cin. Fred Meek was the works—a clever comedian and a soft-shoe dancer; Sydney was only his feeder—you know the kind; double-breasted coat, boater straw hat and all that—who teamed into the dancing with him.

Sydney had an inferior and ulterior motive in wanting to crowbar his way into Joe McKim's act. His partner and boss, Freddy Meek, had been asked to do a single in the new Nine o'Clock Nifties, a revue soon going into rehearsal. That meant that Sydney St. Cin wouldn't have any more job than the last guy who was chief admiral of the czar's high-seas fleet.

Word came straight from the oats to me that Meek was glad to shake this big Bologna, who had tried unsuccessfully to tell him, too, how should his act be run. This bimbo who hung the St. Cin name over his real moniker, Houlihan, with a perfectly straight face, was the real dodo. He could have had a head of solid cement instead of the one he was wearing and, by comparison, it would make him look like a Supreme Court justice. He wasn't trying to look that dumb. He was that dumb. If he had a have been my partner, I'd have led him around by a halter. Some swell material for a lunatic went to waste when Sydney got to be a actor.

The vegetable was a wonder of a dancer, but that wasn't his fault. It was because Freddy Meek had drilled dancing into Sydney. Besides, Syd was good-looking enough to be standing with his feet in the icing in the center of a big white cake at a Polish wedding

It was his good looks and his dancing that made Audrey first take a shine to him. After a time she began to actually fall in love with, him. That was because he was always telling her he had great plans to bring her daddy fame, wealth and happiness in carload lots.

There's only one thing I can think of that would be more ridiculous than for Sydney to try to make a success out of Joe McKim or anybody else. That's for Judge Gary's office boy to tell him, "Judge, you've been with the firm a long time now and I'm going to see that you're taken care of."

"What your dad needs, Audrey," Sydney told the kid, "is a manager. He has the latent talent, all right. I know I can bring it out for him."

(Continued on Page 101)

Well, Sydney Tried Mighty Hard to Ride That Bucking Bronco of a Plank, But He Bounced Around Like Corn in a Popper

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Objectives and Opportunities

THRIFT is more than mere saving. It is more, even, than wise spending. It is both an end and a means to an end—an objective and a means of attaining that objective. We all want our lives so ordered that we can get the best the world has to offer. But we can't acquire unless we strive; and we can't strive intelligently and effectively without a purpose. The foundation of every worthwhile purpose is thrift."

John W. Staley, president of the People's State Bank of Detroit, was expressing a philosophy that has been shadowed forth in his life. The gray-haired, level-eyed, smooth-faced, square-jawed president of one of Detroit's biggest banking institutions is living a career that you could summarize in two words—objective and opportunity.

At sixteen he was a clerk in a bank in a small town in Michigan. And at sixteen he had established an objective—a job in a bank in the state's metropolis—Detroit. And he had picked the specific bank.

Advance Application

"THE one I picked," he told me, "was our Detroit correspondent. Why did I pick that one? Well, you see, I used to see the statements that that big Detroit bank sent us; and those statements looked so fine, so businesslike and impressive that I said to myself, 'I'm going to work in that bank.'"

His high schooling finished, Staley went to Albion College, from which he emerged at twenty-one with a degree of bachelor of arts. But the year before his graduation he wrote to the president of that big bank in Detroit

"I want to work in your bank," he wrote in effect. "I can report for duty next July."

And a Detroit bank president, impressed by the potentialities of a young man who would apply for a job a year away, wrote back, in effect:

"Come ahead. There'll be a job for you"

Staley did, and there was. And there you have in outline the two factors—the objective and the opportunity.

"What I have to be thankful for," Mr. Staley says today, "is that during my early, formative years I applied plain common sense in reaching decisions that were to influence my whole life.

"I evolved a definite purpose. I decided on the way I was going. I knew I was going to be a banker, and nothing ever has turned me aside."

Without a Definite Purpose

"IT SEEMS to me that the tragedy of young manhood today is that definite purpose so often is lacking. Our young men, and young women, too, come out of high school or out of college without knowing, or caring particularly, what they are going to do with their lives. Most of them take the jobs nearest at hand. Where is the most money to be earned in the shortest time? Who bids highest for their services? They drift—drift from one line of work to another, from employer to employer, from city to city. And throughout their years, until advancing age casts them up somewhere, helpless and dependent, they keep on drifting.

"At the age of eighteen a young man ought to have decided what his life work is to be. At least, he can decide what kind of work he likes best, into what kind of work he can put his heart and the best that is in him. He can seek the advice of others. He can survey the field clear-eyed. He can know that his decision is momentous.

"It is vital for him that he decide early. A year out of a man's life at eighteen or twenty is equivalent to five years after forty. By just about five years, every year of delay in youth delays the success of middle life. No man can afford to start against so heavy a handicap.

"If we are to succeed in life, if we are to accomplish anything worth while, we must sit down and think out a plan; and if, eventually, we do succeed, it will be because we have planned intelligently, and stuck to our plan.

"And no plan in life, as I see it—business life or professional life—can be based upon anything else than the habit of saving, of spending wisely, of thrift.

"Most always, thrift is essential to success. I don't mean, understand, that the measure of success is the size of a man's bank account; but always the bank account is an aid, and a powerful one, to success.

"Mere accumulation, however, isn't enough. Most of the value of thrift—three-fourths of the value—lies not in saving, but in wise spending. By using their heads when they buy, the thrifty get more for their money; and knowing the value of money, they enjoy more fully what they get.

"The thrifty man never finds the world to be tasteless and uninteresting.

"To be thrifty, need a man be niggardly and selfish? No. To be sure, he is looking ahead. To be sure, he is looking out for himself and for those he holds dear. To be sure, he is undergoing sacrifices now to the end that sometime in the future he may enjoy his ease. To be sure, he is willing to work harder up to thirty, or forty, or fifty, to the end that the later years of his life may be secure and comfortable.

"But—and here is a seeming paradox—if thrift be inspired by selfishness, then the same thrift will inspire unselfishness. It is the thrifty who are the givers and the helpers. Who is the fellow, in the office or shop, who tides over the others when they need help? The thrifty one, the one who manages his money, instead of permitting his money to manage him.

"Success begets success, and money makes money. Why shouldn't a man permit his money to work for him? Why shouldn't he take advantage of the fact that the moment a dollar is put into a savings bank, or into a government bond, or into a mortgage, that moment the dollar begins to earn? That moment it goes to work for its owner; and it keeps right on working."

Opportunities in Thrift

"OUR lives are ruled to a great extent by our habits, good and bad. Among all the habits we can acquire, there is none that will contribute more to future welfare and future happiness than the habit of thrift. It is a habit easily formed—more easily, indeed, than many men realize—and unlike most habits, thrift is one the practice of which entails no regrets, no remorse. The thrifty man, without becoming parsimonious, without gloating like a miser over his hoard, without begrudging himself or his family, finds his thrift a source of satisfaction. For week after week, month after month, year after year, he may know that he is better off, a better man, a better citizen.

"Then there is the matter of character All the time, throughout our lives, each of us is either building his character or tearing it down. By making personal sacrifices, by meeting obstacles and overcoming them, by planning his finances ahead and then sticking to his plan, the thrifty man grows in strength. He grows in independence, and he grows in self-confidence. He knows that he is a man among his fellows, a man who can hold his head up with the best of them.

"The thrifty man is honest with himself; for thrift permits of no self-deception. The thrifty man doesn't wheedle himself into believing that an obvious extravagance is justifiable because he will make it up next month. And because he is honest with himself, the thrifty man is honest with others. His honesty is reflected in his bearing and in his reputation. Men come to know him as a man of integrity, a man who can be trusted. His employers come to know him as a man who safely can be advanced."

No Trick of Legerdemain

"THE thrifty man is alert. He is alert to what is going on, not only in his own personal affairs but in the world around him. He is more capable, more valuable. And because he is alert, when opportunity comes it doesn't find him dozing. Generally, indeed, he meets opportunity halfway.

"In business there are mighty few supermen. On the contrary, the leaders in commerce, in finance and in industry are just the average. They're men who have learned that success isn't a mysterious matter of legerdemain, or luck, or bunk, or bluffing your way through. The bluffer may seem to succeed for a while. But he can't last; and he never does.

"Thirty years from now our present-day leaders will be retiring. Their places will be taken by men who now are in their twenties. But those places of leadership will go, as they have gone in the past, to men who are worthy, to men who, in early life, have established their objectives, and then managed their affairs and ordered their lives and formed their habits so as to qualify themselves for leadership."

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

In your *next* motor car - - - get the *protection* of the famous Sealed Chassis - - -

Buy a Buick

Each Buick operating unit is *sealed* inside a *dust-proof – water-tight* housing to protect these vital parts from wear

WITH A REVERSE ENGLISH

(Continued from Page 31)

food, he discovered, is agonizingly dangerous to fool with. But he was not content merely to learn. The urge was upon him to impart. Accordingly, from the time the puppies were allowed to run at large around the dooryard and lawn, their big gray sire constituted himself their mentor in matters of honesty. Spurred on by his own dire experience, he would rush frantically at any of them that ventured to nose the dog-food bags in the outer areaway, chasing the culprit from the possible danger, and inculcating sharp lessons in nonthievery.

It was the same when one or another of the pups would sniff at a box of candy left on a porch hammock or would venture near the veranda table that was set for afternoon tea. One experience with the possibilities of agony contained in stolen provender made the big dog a worriedly earnest teacher of honesty to the young.

My Champion Sunnybank Sigurdson underwent a like form of left-handed training. The great young collie has but one genuine fear. The sound of an electric gong, or, indeed, of any harsh-toned bell, fills him with instant terror.

In his youth Sigurdson was addicted to nightly conversations with the moon. He would sit on the platform of his yard and bark at it discursively, almost argumentatively, for an hour at a time. It was not a clangorous bark, but fraught with fretfully philosophical dialectics. The collie took evident pleasure in voicing thus his ideas on whatsoever theme he may have been discussing with himself.

But it was not conducive to sleep. Also it incited dogs in the surrounding kennel yards to noisy reply. The habit had to be broken. I could not get up ten times a night and shout to him from my bedroom window to be quiet. So I hit on a silencer scheme. I had an electric gong rigged up in his yard, on the side of his kennel house. The button was in my bedroom within easy reach. When Sigurdson began his oration to the moon I would press the gong button. Immediately from the kennel house behind him would issue a dissonant metallic roar—the one sound he hated and feared. The barking would cease with astonishing suddenness and the collie would dive beneath his kennel, lying there shivering, all thoughts of an hour-long barking fit forgotten in his horror of the gong.

A Signal for the Chorus

But the bell ringing did not have the same stilling effect on the lesser collies whose kennel yards abutted on Sigurdson's. Indeed, it sent them into multiple paroxysms of barking. It resulted in a brazen-throated clamor, tenfold worse than had been Sigurdson's argumentative solo.

I noticed that after the first few times this wholesale barking ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun. Trying the gong once by daylight, I saw the cause. Sigurdson evidently had learned to associate the bell with the barking. At first note of it, as I watched, he slunk under his house. Then, as the dogs in surrounding yards took up the racket, he issued forth, rushing in hot anger at one after another of them, not barking, but snarling in venomous rebuke. Had he barked, it would only have swelled their own chorus to emulation. But his ferocious snarl and his air of wrathful menace silenced them one by one. He was playing my game for me in enforcing quiet.

Incidentally the sound of the gong filled him with such genuine terror that after a few nights I left off using it to hush the kennel outbursts. Fright is perhaps the most acute anguish known to man or beast. I do not like to inflict it on creatures that are helplessly dependent on me. Probably that is a slushy frame of mind for a grown man to confess to. I don't try to defend it. Only—well, I stopped ringing the kennel gong, that's all.

Sigurdson's sister, Sunnybank Fair Ellen, is one of the most pathetic little figures I have met in my many years' wanderings through dogdom. She is the daughter of Champion Sunnybank Sigurd, more widely known as Treve. In every way she is a championship-type show collie—at least, in every way but one. She is blind. Always she has been blind. When she was a baby, there were haws—membranes—over her sightless eyes. As soon as she was old enough to stand the mild ordeal I had a skilled vet remove these. It was of no use. The eyes themselves were without vision.

Training Fair Ellen

My first impulse was to put Ellen out of her trouble by a bullet through the brain. I do not believe in chloroforming dogs. Often they come to their senses underground—too late. It is more merciful to shoot than to smother. Yes, I decided to put the poor little thing out of her trouble. Then, studying her, I found she had no trouble to be put out of.

Never had she seen. Thus, she did not miss her sight. She had no knowledge that she was different from the other puppies she romped with. She was splendidly healthy and happy and playful. She got as much out of life as any dog I have seen. So I let her live, and for more than five years she has continued to live, gay, resourceful, humorously eccentric, in her own pathetic way. If ever life shall grow unhappy for her I shall have her shot. Until then she lives a happy little exclusive life of her own.

She is the only grown Sunnybank dog that does not have to obey on the jump. So far as we humans are concerned she need not obey at all. She can do whatever makes her happiest. One cannot discipline a blind dog, nor so much as speak sharply to her.

I have had two or three good offers for Fair Ellen, for her puppies are of high quality in every way. But a buyer might perhaps lose patience with her sometimes, and she might not be as happy elsewhere as she is with us. So she stays on at Sunnybank. This attitude of mine, as in the case of the gong, may indicate mental slushiness for all I know or care.

It was unexpectedly easy to train Fair Ellen, from earliest puppyhood. Though she was not coerced into obeying, yet she was naturally obedient to the few of us with whom she came into daily contact. Then I began the task of teaching her to find her way about. At first that was not easy. Clownishly she ran into every kind of obstacle, colliding with trees and rocks and other dogs. But presently the training grew far easier, this through some odd instinct of Ellen's rather than through any cleverness of mine. I think it was the lack of eyes that gave so much greater acuteness to her other senses. Also, this same lack developed in her an almost mystic sense of the nearness of objects.

Seeing Without Sight

For instance, I have seen her run at top speed toward a wall or door, and as if pulled to a halt by an invisible leash, come to a standstill with her nose not six inches away from the obstacle. Again and again this has happened. It is the same when she is running alongside the house or the stables or the kennel yards. Almost invariably she can gauge her direction so as to keep from colliding with them.

COPYRIGHTED BY MILFORD BAKER

Evening at Kines, Maine

It was a little harder to teach her to go on long forest walks with me. But gradually she learned to trot precisely in my footsteps, moving by scent, and thus traversing safely the most winding forest trails or hillside paths. She walks with me in that way sometimes for several miles, always with her nostrils bent earthward and always throwing her forefeet farther forward at every step than do the other dogs.

That odd gait has become habitual to her. It is not awkward. Sometimes it is hardly noticeable. But it keeps her feet in front of her nose at each motion. Thus if her toe chances to touch against a stone or a bush or fence rail, she stops in her tracks before her head and body can come into contact with the obstruction.

In going over unfamiliar ground I have even seen her halt like this when her sensitive foot touched a mullein stalk or a smaller weed. She takes no chances. Also, her head is turned slightly to one side, as if for better listening. Her sightless eyes are wide open, thick-clouded with gray film, yet with a quizzically half-humorous expression.

In moving over familiar territory she abandons caution and gallops at top speed. When I say "familiar territory" I mean the driveways or the sweep of lawn or hillside where she has learned by experience the locality of every tree and bowlder. At such times she runs fearlessly and fast, especially when she is chasing pigeons.

Pigeon chasing is one of her joys. Guided by the winnowing of the birds' wings, her marvelous hearing enables her to follow in straight line, for perhaps a hundred yards, their flight to and from the stable cots. If they shift their course she shifts with them. Of course when they fly noiselessly or very high she is not able to get their direction. But she can hear their wings when humans cannot.

A Beacon for the Blind

Here is another and more uncanny manifestation of her superacute hearing:

Often we humans cannot tell from which direction a distant thunderclap comes when an electric storm is drawing near. But Ellen always knows. On sound of the reverberation, near or half inaudible in the distance, she wheels to face the noise, tossing her head and barking challengingly to it. Always she faces directly toward the spot whence, soon after, the storm appears. I have seen her do this innumerable times. Thunderstorms seem to give her a gay thrill, though they frighten many collies.

Taking advantage of that direction-gauging trait, I taught her long ago to come up to me from a distance by clapping my hands sharply together or by striking a stick loudly against a tin pan. The uncouth or vibrant racket brings her to its source at full canter

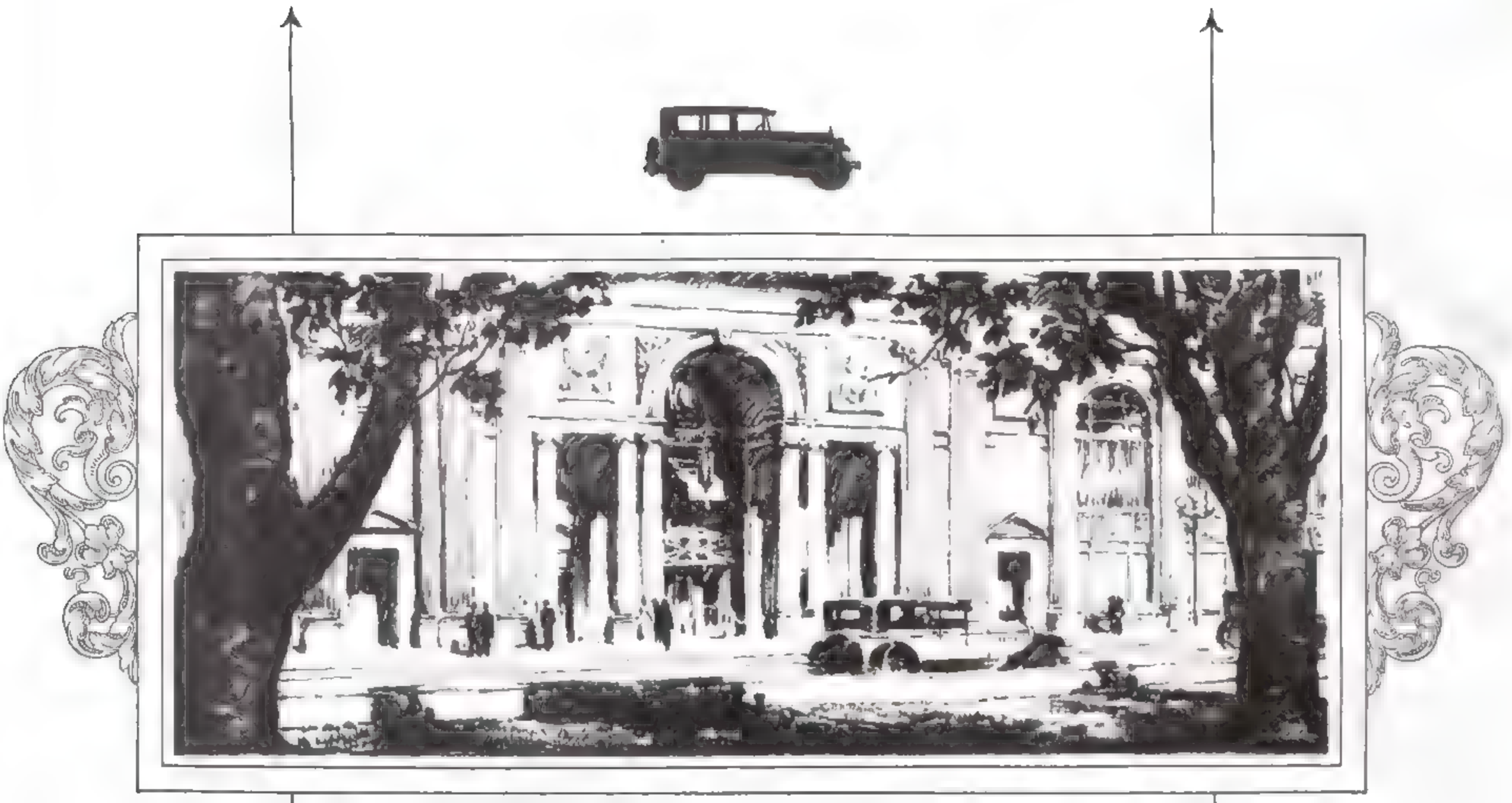
Especially is the handclap of use when Fair Ellen goes swimming. The average collie is not a water dog and prefers wading in the shallows to launching forth on a regular swim. Ellen is different in this, as in most ways. Eagerly she finds her way to the lake at the foot of the lawn and swims out far.

But in the water, of course, her uncanny senses of smell and of touch are useless to her. Aimlessly she swims, pausing every few rods for the sound of the handclap that will tell her the direction of the shore she has quitted.

Then, when she is ready to come back to land, my next handclap guides her unerringly to the precise spot on the bank where I happen to be standing.

She has figured out strangely tortuous lanes whereon to travel when she nears anything or any number of things against which she might collide. If I stand beside her kennel yard and call to her to come and be put up, she does not approach me in a

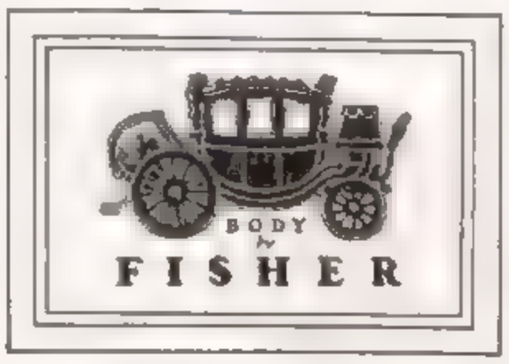
(Continued on Page 50)



The simple but deeply significant relation of Fisher Bodies to your choice of an automobile is this: *Every car which leads its field in beauty, in value and in sales is equipped with Body by Fisher.* The monogram plate which you see upon each Fisher Body is more than the symbol of a better body . . it is the sign also of better car value

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address.

LAURA LA PLANTE

LAURA LA PLANTE has a new kind of rôle in *"The Love Thrill,"* which brings out all her piquancy and charm. She is a just-out-of-college girl who tries to sell life insurance to help out her Dad whose fortune has been swept away. To put over a big sale, she poses as a widow until she meets the man whose widow she represents herself to be.

TOM MOORE is the man, and these two do some very delightful acting in the humorous complications which naturally arise from her deception. The picture was directed by Millard Webb, who wrote the story in collaboration with Joseph Mitchell. This farce will furnish an evening of real entertainment.

S. L. Rothafel—the famous "Roxy" of the radio and a leader among picture theatre directors—thought so well of *"The Love Thrill"* that he selected it for his magnificent new Roxy Theatre in New York, the latest and biggest of picture palaces.

Have you seen any of *"The Collegians"* series? If not, I wish you would. These snappy stories of college life were written by my young hopeful, Carl Laemmle, Jr., and naturally I am deeply interested. Probably I am too prejudiced in his favor to write a fair criticism of his work. I'd rather you would do it.

"Michael Strogoff" is creating a sensation wherever it is being shown, and that means almost everywhere. "Magnificent" is the only adjective that will adequately describe this Universal Film de France triumph. There have been mighty few moving-picture spectacles in its class. It is a pity Jules Verne can't see it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

straight line, but along an imaginary path which has perhaps six or seven twists and turns.

This used to puzzle me, until one day I saw her run against a wheelbarrow which one of the men had left in the open patch of fairway between the house and her kennel. That was three years ago. Never since then does she come to that spot without making a careful detour around the imaginary barrow.

Her twisting course, along all familiar bits of ground, is due to her effort to skirt some box or rake or other obstruction which at some time she has struck against. She has a preternatural memory for such things and for the precise spot in which once they were.

I have spoken of her incredibly keen hearing. Here is another example of it:

In the right-hand pocket of my khaki coat I carry a few animal crackers as titbits for the dogs, this not merely as a treat for them but to train them for the sharp alertness called for in the show ring. I have taught them to know that a motion of my hand toward that pocket means the gift of an animal cracker.

Accordingly when I am showing one of them in the judging ring, I have only to put my right hand into my coat pocket to bring him to swift and avid attention, his ears up and his whole body and expression brightly expectant. More than once have I won a blue ribbon for one of my collies on the strength of the impression made upon the judge by this tensely alert pose and expression, induced by the straying of my hand toward the treasure pocket and the hint of a gift implied by the gesture.

This is but one of a score of Brer Rabbit ways whereby I have tried to take practical advantage of either abnormal or racial traits of my dogs. From puppyhood every Sunnybank collie knows the meaning of that hand-to-pocket gesture, and through his eagerness for a titbit he is training himself unconsciously to shine in the ring at some long-future dog show.

Ellen naturally never has been to a dog show and is not eligible to such honors. The wise rules of the American Kennel Club debar from the ring a blind dog, even as a lame dog is barred. Yet when bits of animal crackers are handed out, always Ellen has her share—considerably more than her share.

Chivalrous Playmates

The slipping of a hand into a coat pocket is not attended by any appreciable noise. Yet before she was a year old Fair Ellen had learned to listen for it and to interpret it. Immediately her ears would go up and her blind eyes would peer toward the almost imperceptibly rustled pocket. Ever she does this when I reach for an animal cracker. She pushes her way through the circle of collies that surround me and places her forepaws on my hip, balancing herself there, rampant, nosing for the morsel of food.

Let me qualify that. Sometimes—perhaps half the time—the groping forepaws miss me entirely, and she drops to the ground again, only to gauge the distance and the direction afresh and to rise in air once more.

It is the same in her romps with the other dogs. She jumps at them with exploratorily waving paws, missing her mark almost as often as she finds it, but trying over and over again to locate by scent and sound the exact position of her playfellow.

For some reason best known to themselves, the Sunnybank collies treat Ellen with a gentleness wholly different from their boisterous rough play with one another. Mildly, almost tenderly, they romp with her when she challenges them to such sport. They do not upset her or roll her over in the course of the game, as they do with one another. I don't try to explain this peculiar gentleness. But it exists.

Also, when several misses in her playful jumps at them happen to fray her temper and she flies blindly toward her playmate in a momentary flurry of rage, the other dog does not fight back, but stands patiently until the brief anger gust shall have run its course.

Yes, this sounds fishy, I know. Yet it chances to be not only true but readily proved. Innumerable times it has occurred. Perhaps the other dogs are puzzled by her difference from them and therefore handle her gently. I prefer to think they do it for the same reason that the average collie will not attack a very small dog of other breed, or a sprawling puppy. Collies, as a rule, have a rather well-defined spirit of chivalry in such matters, as almost any collie breeder can testify.

I think it is that impulse of forbearance toward the weak which makes the Sunnybank collies so tolerant of Ellen's little flashes of annoyance and of her clumsy efforts at romping.

Left Waiting at the Gate

As she grows older Ellen is developing a morbid sensitiveness that may in time grow into chronic unhappiness. She will be out for a walk with me, and will be barking and romping joyously with the other dogs when inadvertently she will run into a tree trunk or rock side or bristly bush. Instead of taking the mishap merrily, as of yore, she shrinks back, head and tail adroop. Heedless of the other collies' invitations to play, she slinks crestfallen back to her yard and hides in her kennel house, moping miserably there for hours. It is the same when one of the dogs unintentionally jostles against her in the course of a run. At once the run is over, so far as Ellen is concerned. Back home she goes, the picture of shamed misery.

This same sensitiveness is beginning to show itself, too, in her manner toward guests at Sunnybank. Once she would trot welcomingly forward when a guest or party of guests came near her yard, and would stand there, wagging her plumed tail, waiting to be patted and made much of. Sometimes, still, she does this. But as a rule nowadays the scent or the step of a stranger sends her grimly back into the safety of her kennel house, whence no coaxings can draw her forth until the outlander has departed.

With us of the Sunnybank household she is as always she has been—gayly affectionate and playful, and ever inventing pitiful little games into which she tries to lure us. She has wondrously coaxing and wheedling and alluring ways at such times.

When the lodge gates are closed at the entrance to Sunnybank, Ellen has the night-and-day run of the whole place. But when the gates are open she must be kept in her yard. For at first sound of a car turning into the driveway, a furlong above the house, she gallops forth, straight up the drive, to challenge the unseen intruder.

Being blind, she cannot get out of the way of the approaching car, though every inch of the driveway itself is familiar ground to her. More than once brakes have been slapped on recklessly and gears stripped and cars ditched as visitors or tradesmen sought to avoid the golden-yellow collie that charged so valorously and so sightlessly at them.

It is a queer trait and pleasant to notice—this instinctive gentleness of dogs and of humans alike toward the afflicted little blind collie. It is interesting, too, to see how her blindness has taught Ellen a wholesome lesson in patience as well as in a score of other qualities.

Once I went for a long tramp through the woods with a dozen of the Sunnybank collies, including Fair Ellen. I chose, from habit, trails she could follow, instead of going directly across country, through copses and thickets. But that was all I did for her. My mind was on a story whose details I was trying to work out. So I paid no conscious heed to my twelve riotously disreputable companions.

I came home by a circuitous route that led me into the Sunnybank woods through a gateway among the trees. This gate is kept locked. Still mulling dazedly over the story I was trying to whip into shape, I unlocked the gate and whistled to the dogs. Through the opening they surged after me. Then, seeing no stragglers, I shut and relocked the gate and continued my way homeward.

Three hours later my superintendent came to me and asked if I had seen Fair Ellen anywhere. It was feeding time and she could not be found. As she never strays an inch off Sunnybank's boundaries, unless with the mistress or myself, I could not imagine what had become of her. The men hunted for her everywhere around the grounds, calling her name and searching every haunt of hers.

In another hour an idea came to me. I went back through the twilit woods to the gate I had locked behind me. There, on its far side, stood Ellen. Patiently she was standing there, her nose between the wire meshes, as I came in sight. When I was still a hundred yards away she caught my tread and went into ecstasies of joyful excitement.

Somehow she had fallen behind during our walk. Following us by scent, she had come to the locked gate. She could go no farther. So for the better part of four hours she had stood there in monumental patience, relying on her human god to reopen the gate he had shut.

Being blind and in semi-unfamiliar surroundings, she did not make the silly mistake of trying to find her way home by a roundabout route, and thus of getting herself irretrievably lost.

Instead, she did the only sane thing—she waited. Few dogs would have had the calm common sense and patient endurance to do that.

I have spoken of her puppies. She is a perfect mother, caring for her unseen babies with tenderly wise solicitude. She is as savage as a tiger toward any dog that happens to stray near the brood nest where they are lying.

A Solicitous Mother

When at last each successive brood is old enough to leave her and is graduated to one of the puppy yards, she becomes afflicted with Gray Dawn's former monomania that they are starving to death. Accordingly, for hours a day she scours the lawns and flower borders, sniffing for buried bones. These she exhumes and carries by circuitous routes to the puppy yard and strives vainly to shove them in through the wire meshing. Failing, she lays them close to the fence and goes off to hunt for more.

On a single afternoon I have found no fewer than eighteen bones, in varying stages of undesirableness, arranged raggedly against the outer wires of the puppy-yard fence, where Fair Ellen had deposited them to stave off starvation from her overfed babies.

Though Ellen has never yet been spoken sharply to or forced to obey, yet as a rule she is as obedient as any dog I have, and she was as willing to learn the very few things I have taught her.

It has been mighty interesting to teach her, through scent and through sound and by dint of the lightest finger touch. Her lifelong misfortune has enabled her to absorb several kinds of instruction—as my handclapping signal and the faint sound of my hand slipping into my pocket, and the like—along lines that would have meant less than nothing to a normal dog.

Had I had the wit and the time to train her—and had I not disliked the idea of adding to her hard luck by making her do anything she didn't want to—I almost believe I could have turned Fair Ellen into a canine Helen Keller.

But it is better to be happy than talented, especially if one be a blind little collie. So I have let her live as she wanted to live, and she has enjoyed every day of her five dark years. What better is there in life, for dog or for human?

GENERAL MOTORS' LATEST ACHIEVEMENT

The New and Finer PONTIAC SIX – at New Low Prices

TWO NEW BODY TYPES

Now—a four-passenger Sport Cabriolet and a four-passenger Sport Roadster on the famous Pontiac Six chassis! Two entirely new body types expressing the very essence of youth and smartness—and whose surpassing value makes even more important the announcement of the new and finer Pontiac Six line! . . . With its body designed and built by Fisher, the Sport Cabriolet is the lowest-priced six-cylinder car of its type on the market. It is finished in an unusually attractive combination of Duco colors—Cherokee Gray, striped in orange on the body proper, with Brevoort Green top and fenders. It is upholstered in green leather and handsomely appointed. The rumble seat accommodates two extra passengers. And yet the price is only $835! . . . And as for dash, rakishness and sheer value in a four-passenger open car—never have these been so supremely combined as in the new Pontiac Six Sport Roadster at $775 . . . Lucerne Blue Duco, striped in Faerie Red . . . Long, low graceful lines . . . Shark grain leather upholstery in harmonizing color. A swanky rear deck with a spacious rumble seat, a removable top of smart gray material—and, of course, all the power, speed and stamina of the famous Pontiac Six Motor! . . . If you want Pontiac Six value—and prefer a youthful, intimate type of body—see the new Sport Cabriolet and Sport Roadster today!

$775

SEDAN

Coupe	$775
Sport Roadster	775
Sport Cabriolet (4-pass.)	835
Landau Sedan	895
De Luxe Landau Sedan	975

Oakland Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

When you drink your soda from an Individual DIXIE you know it's safe—and a good deal more appetizing, too!

YOURS are the only lips to touch the DIXIE from which you drink. Not even the soda clerk touches it. He pulls the lever of the rapid-serving DIXIE Dispenser—a clean DIXIE drops into his silver holder. And the stock of individual DIXIES is protected from dust by the tall glass tube of the Dispenser.

So it is only natural that the better Soda Fountains throughout the country installed DIXIES to give their patrons the utmost in clean and speedy Service.

Show your appreciation of this better, cleaner DIXIE Service by patronizing the owners of those fountains who have adopted it.

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. You use individual DIXIES not only at the better Soda Fountains, but also in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants. At most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use. And of course you know DIXIES as containers of individual 5c portions of only the highest grade of Ice Cream.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
EASTON, PA.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual* DIXIES

In the Office—In the Home—Out of Doors

ATMOSPHERE

(Continued from Page 29)

They must be washed. Washed. With water—and soap. I put them on the floor so that you wouldn't fold them up again. Do you understand?"

Ada shrugged her shoulders in disapproval. "Signorina, I will press them with a nice hot iron. Then they will look as good as new. To wash them—no, it is impossible. They would be ruined."

"Very well," said the girl. "Then I shall be forced to do it myself. Bring me some soap." She tried not to laugh as she saw the look of horror on the other's face.

Ada muttered something to the effect that these extravagant Americans wore out their clothes by their eternal use of soap and water, but she put the lingerie into a little bundle. She did not, however, leave the room.

Cornelia poured coffee and hot milk simultaneously into the huge yellow majolica cup. The butter melted on a crisp roll, and she spread it with honey. And still she had no more than glanced at the letter and package which had been placed conspicuously on top of her napkin, whereas the other mail was lying in a little pile half hidden by her plate. Yet she had ordered breakfast only seven hours after she had gone to sleep, when, as a matter of fact, she felt certain that she could have slept till noon if she had not wanted to read this message.

But for the same reason that Ada hovered around doing all sorts of unnecessary things to the curtains and making a great show of straightening out the clothes in the cupboard, Cornelia determined not to open the letter until after her departure.

"They have an uncanny intuition about these things," she said to herself. "Now, if I, too, were only Latin I'd be subtle enough to find some way of getting rid of her." She had an inspiration. "Ada, go and get me a pitcher of water. Water for drinking. And put ice in it."

"Ice, signorina? You have not a fever?"

"No, but in America we always put ice in it."

Ada shook her head from side to side. "They wash with water; they drink water," she said dubiously, as if speaking of a strange race from Mars. At last she was gone.

Cornelia did not at once open the large envelope with its foreign handwriting. She glanced over her other mail; there was a letter from her mother and one from Sophie, but she put these aside to be read later; then there were several invitations and unimportant notes. At the bottom of the pile was an envelope bearing an American stamp, addressed in Tom's small regular handwriting. She tore it open.

The letter was written on office paper, and a circle was drawn around his own name, which appeared at the bottom of the list of partners at the upper left-hand corner. An arrow pointed upward:

Dear Connie: The above will explain my silence and will, I trust, also explain why I was so busy last year. I've been crazy to get this partnership—I'm the youngest partner they've ever had in the firm, incidentally, but it meant a lot of hard work and concentration. When I last saw you I didn't know whether I could swing it or not, and I felt I ought to swing it before I asked you something I never asked anyone before.

I wanted to have something worth while to offer you, Connie. It's impossible for me to find the words to tell you how I feel, but all the time I've been working for it, it was with the hope that when I got it you'd be glad.

I know this is a stupid letter, but if I don't send it today it'll miss the boat, and I've got an appointment to meet Brent in half an hour, so I guess I'll send it anyway and take a chance on your reading between the lines.

Yours, TOM.

Cornelia crumpled the sheet into a hard little ball; she knew that her annoyance was disproportionate, but, nevertheless, she was acutely irritated. A nice love letter that was! Did he think he could court her in between business deals and conferences? She'd show him!

She opened the large crested envelope. As she read its contents her anger subsided; she felt soothed and comforted:

You were very beautiful tonight. It is now morning, but I have not yet slept. I wanted to send you this book which I told you you would have when you awoke. I hope you will like some of its poems. The first one I stumbled upon after I had seen you at Como. I have loved it ever since.

Your faithful M. DE B.

Quickly she opened the slender parchment-bound volume. The first poem was only four lines, but as she read it the color coursed into her young cheeks. In Italian its words and rhythm were haunting; she translated:

"You are to me, beloved,
As exquisite and far-removed
As a budding white hyacinth
Is to the black earth beneath it."

Her coffee cooled, but still Cornelia sat looking down at these words. They created in her a warmer glow than Biglietto's notes and bouquets and countless attentions usually created. It was not only that she liked having him compare her to a white hyacinth but the fact that for six years he had thought of her in this way. This record of devotion seemed the very essence of romance. She would never forget the night after her arrival when he had come to dine.

He had gone straight up to her despite the presence of half a dozen other guests, and, bowing over her hand, had said, "Thank God!"

"For what?" she had asked.

"For a miracle. You are even lovelier than my lovely memory of you."

His admiration warmed her; under it she expanded. It became worth while to take tremendous pains with her appearance. Biglietto noticed everything she wore, every color which suited her, every change which she made in the way she did her hair. But he noticed so much more than that. She happened to say, for instance, that she was interested in Chinese jade, and two days later she was invited to tea by the wife of a retired diplomat who owned one of the most complete collections of jade in the world. He discovered that she liked Italian poetry, and almost every week he sent her some rare book of it, beautifully bound, with a bookplate which he himself had designed for her use.

As the days grew deliciously warm and the almond trees blossomed on the Campagna, he arranged a motor excursion to Caprarola so that she might see the historic Palazzo Farnese; on another occasion they lunched at Tivoli and made a game of trying to rebuild the crumbling walls of Hadrian's Villa without disturbing the purple violets which grew so thickly there. Yet with all his varied interests, which ranged from thirteenth-century troubadour songs down to the chemical theory of history, Biglietto was a charming partner at a dance, and, in short, the most thorough man of the world she had ever known. But her ruminations were interrupted by the sudden appearance at the door of Mrs. Kendall.

"Oh, hello!" Cornelia waved her hand in greeting. "How smart you are! Listen, what do you think of this for an early morning epigram? All American men can be divided into two classes—those who know a lot and those who have nice manners."

The older woman smiled as she glanced down at the letter and book propped up against the tray of untouched food. "Now I wonder what made you think of that. I suppose the rest of it is that in Europe even men whose trousers are creased are sometimes cultured?"

"Exactly."

"You'd better drink your coffee, my child."

Cornelia knew by her tone that there was something in the air. "Has anything happened?"

"Well, you are not supposed to know about it until I've got an answer from your mother, but the truth is, my dear, that as your hostess, your chaperon and the closest friend of your family, I have this morning received a formal request for your hand in marriage."

The color left Cornelia's face. She felt icy cold.

"You m-mean B-Biglietto?"

"Of course." Mrs. Kendall put her arms around the girl's shoulders. "There, there! I know just how you feel."

Cornelia tried to raise her cup to her lips, but her hands were trembling so that she put it down again. Mrs. Kendall fed her as if she'd been a baby.

"Why, my dear, I didn't know you felt like this!"

"N-neither did I!" Cornelia said and began to cry.

Suddenly she felt so young and so alone and so far away from her family as if she were suspended on a high point of land in the midst of great precipices and valleys. Large hot tears fell upon her bare arm and marked the linen sheet, and she thought she could never stop their flow. Then she needed a handkerchief and turned to ask Mrs. Kendall for one and she saw that she, too, was crying. And so, inexplicably, Cornelia began to giggle.

"You little idiot!" said Molly.

"You're another! Lend me a hanky."

So they dried their eyes simultaneously and Mrs. Kendall dabbed powder on her impaired complexion as she talked.

"It really is the most romantic thing in the world! It really is! Think of that man adoring you for all these years. My dear, do you realize that he is a great catch—I mean a great *parti?* I'm not a snob, goodness knows, and I've lived abroad too long to be impressed by titles as such, but Biglietto is a fine old name, and it will be nice to be a countess."

A smile flitted over the girl's face as she heard, in prospect, her hostess saying, "Yes, the match was made at my house So romantic! Yes, the countess is one of my dearest friends!" Then she heard herself being called countess by everyone. The title mightn't seem so significant over here, but to lots of otherwise sensible people at home it sounded important. The other went on: "And his country place is magnificent! I saw it once when I motored up to Milan. There's a great fortified castle on the top of a high hill, and a double row of cypress trees leading up to it. I've never seen a place so full of—of atmosphere!"

At this word Cornelia's elation became less keen. There was some memory connected with it which made her vaguely unhappy. Oh, yes, she remembered now. That day in New York when she had told Tom that she might come abroad he had derisively quoted Mrs. Kendall as using atmosphere to describe all the charms Europe and European men held for women. Well, she'd show him how powerful those charms could be!

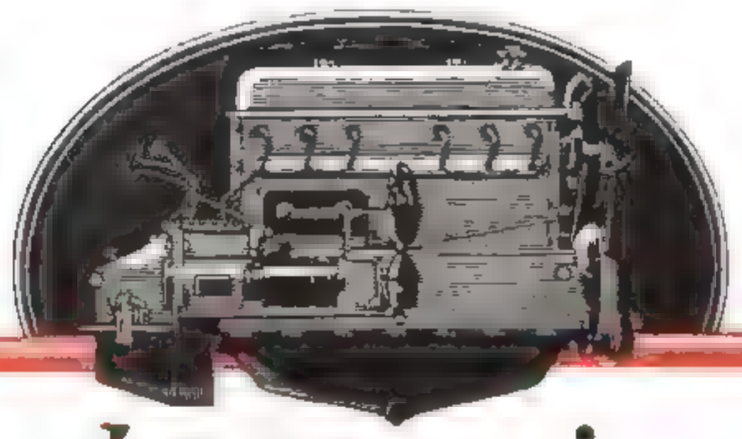
"Do countesses use coronets on their writing paper?" she said aloud.

The older woman pointed with a long red nail to the adornment of Biglietto's envelope. "You can use that when you invite me to visit you at your ancestral castle."

But Cornelia was not thinking of a note which would impress Mrs. Kendall. She was planning a letter which would arrive like a bombshell at a certain mahogany desk in an office downtown in New York. Or perhaps it would be more startling to send a cable to Sophie when the one went to her mother. Then Brent would be sure to tell Tom at once when they met to discuss their old pool or Lithuanian bonds or something.

"And I wonder how the youngest member of the firm will like that?" she thought. Her eyes shone with malice.

(Continued on Page 55



Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 3

25% to 100% more piston strokes

Today you must reckon with a new problem.

In recent years there has been a decided trend toward higher speed engines. The

pistons in the average engine of today make 25% more strokes per mile than in the corresponding models of a few years ago.

More piston strokes per mile—more chance for friction. The greater the friction—the greater the wear. This has a distinct effect on your lubrication problem.

Unless there is a new margin of safety in your lubricating oil to provide against it, higher working speeds mean trouble in the automobile engine just as surely as higher working speeds mean trouble in the human machine.

These higher engine speeds are made possible by numerous improvements in design and manufacture. But it is your part to provide the better lubricating oil.

Engine speeds are only a part of the problem. Improved roads encourage faster driving. Balloon tires, improved springs, and a lowered chassis all say, "Faster, FASTER, FASTER!"

The average car-owner's yearly mileage has mounted up rapidly. Increased mileage means more piston strokes per year. And every piston stroke is a friction stroke. No piston strokes—no wear. More piston strokes—more wear.

More wear—more need than ever for an engineering margin of safety in lubrication. That is the outstanding lubrication problem today. You do not hear it discussed on the streets. You *do* hear it discussed in engineering circles.

The advice of the Mobiloil Board of Engineers in meeting this problem has been sought by leading manufacturers. Continuous engineering study has also resulted in improving the margin of safety in Gargoyle Mobiloil to meet these new lubricating needs.

This Mobiloil margin of safety protected the plane which Commander Byrd flew to the North Pole. His Mobiloil clung to every frictional surface during the perilous 15 hours of continuous flight at open throttle.

Today, as never before, you need an engineering margin of safety in lubricating your motor. In following the Mobiloil Chart you will get it.

MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E")
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Perhaps *you* need a change of pace

"LEFT-RIGHT . . . left-right", drones the monotonous voice of habit. Habit that dictates your food. Habit that affects your sleep. Habit that rules your whole manner of living.

It is a remarkable fact that we Americans, alive as we are to changes related to our professions, trades, or businesses, so commonly forget *ourselves*. We form a set of habits in our twenties. Our youthful hearts, nerves, stomachs, and livers are able to stand the daily small abuses. Then, ten or fifteen years later, we are dumfounded when something begins to act up. Or everything acts up at once. Take better care of ourselves? Nonsense! Haven't we *always* eaten so-and-so, and done such-and-such?

This "stand-pat" attitude in business would wreck our prosperity. This "stand-pat" attitude in our daily lives—in the food we eat and the stimulants we take and the exercise we neglect—has resulted in heart disease becoming the greatest single cause of death! It has resulted in an alarming increase in the other "degenerative" diseases—the diseases which we give to ourselves by small daily abuses.

Your business needs new selling methods? Your factory needs new equipment? They get what they need. Perhaps *you* need a change of pace.

Perhaps your system is tired of absorbing its quota of caffein, meal after meal! Caffein is an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves, acts on the heart, keeps the brain struggling on while the body is crying, "Stop. Relax. Rest."

How about a change of pace, in this as in other matters? How about a test that will show you, speedily, whether the change is for the better?

Try Postum for thirty days—a full-bodied, satisfying drink made of roasted wheat and bran. It contains no trace of any stimulant. It adds to the enjoyment of the meal—brings the cheer of a hot drink with a delightful flavor—and none of the penalties of caffein.

The now famous 30-day test of Postum will show you the results. Hundreds of thousands of men have made it, and found Postum ideally suited to their requirements. Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, will help you start the test. Accept her offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil".

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich. P.—S. E. P.—3-27

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ Check which you prefer

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, Canadian Postum Company Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Continued from Page 52

During all the time that she was dressing, after Mrs. Kendall had left, she planned one message after another. She must let them see how extraordinarily romantic it was. She would describe the fortified castle and explain that under certain circumstances being a countess was more distinguished than being a princess or duchess. She would send that profile picture of Biglietto and the one in riding clothes, and she'd send photographs of his castle. If Sophie only had wit enough to ask Tom to dinner and show them to him, he might begin to realize just how highly prized she was by men who thought it more worth while to study women than to study stocks and bonds.

But strangely enough these plots for revenge induced little pleasure. Her feeling of uneasiness increased. In the library she read the rest of her mail, but none of it interested her until she came to Sophie's letter.

"We lost quite a lot of money in the market, and although Brent didn't want me to, I rented our house in the country and am going to stay in town with him and just go away week-ends. I think it will be quite fun for a change. They say that New York's the best summer resort in the world."

Cornelia had a sudden picture of Sophie, who loved to swim and play golf and dig in the garden, spending the hot days in that stuffy little apartment in town. And yet she sounded truly contented. How curious it was that she could love a commonplace person like Brent so much that all external things seemed unimportant.

Then she forgot Sophie as she read the postscript which occupied a whole sheet of paper: "Brent says to tell you that he saw young Oldfield at the theater the other night with a beautiful brunette." A definite physical pain entered Cornelia's heart. After a moment she made herself go on. "But upon careful investigation he learned that it was the second time Tom had been at the theater all spring; that he has been made a full partner, which is phenomenal; that he has been working so hard that he looks thin and tired; that rumor hath it that the beautiful brunette is his sister. At any rate, Brent said he asked him six times when you were coming home."

"Oh, my God!" said Cornelia. The exclamation was prayerful, not profane.

She read the last sentence: "Brent says to give you his love and to tell you that a really smart girl would pick out a young man like Tom, whose wife would never have to rent her country house and spend the summer in town."

"If he ever has a wife and a country house!" Cornelia said vehemently. But of course he'd have a wife, she realized at once. Even if that girl at the theater really was his sister, weren't there six million unmarried women—or whatever those statistics were—in New York City alone? And wasn't every one of them spending every minute of her time hunting for a nice, young, successful husband?

She picked up the telephone and gave the number of Biglietto's apartment. After a few minutes his valet answered:

"Excuse me very much, but I have orders not to disturb him."

"But it's noon!"

"Excuse me very much. He is asleep."

She hung up, definitely annoyed. She needed the reassurance of his admiration, of his appreciative words. She felt cold and unhappy.

"I'll lunch outdoors." She rang the bell.

The sun shone down upon the square court garden with its gravel paths, neat patterns of bright flowers and seven splashing fountains. She crushed a spray of lemon verbena between her fingers as she sat at the little table in the shade of the mandarin trees. It was lonesome lunching alone, even in the garden. The morning newspaper bored her; the middle-aged butler who scolded her for not eating all of her *risotto* bored her. Often she enjoyed his talk of his family and his ambition for his children and his own private opinion of the political situation, but not today.

She was drinking black coffee when Pietro announced that Count Biglietto desired to speak to her on the telephone. She rushed into the library. It was obvious from his first words that his servant had not told him that she had tried to speak to him an hour earlier.

For he said, "I did not dare call you before, for fear of waking you. It has made the morning seem very long."

A desire to tell him that it was he who had been asleep and not she came over Cornelia, but she answered instead, "I loved the book."

"Oh, I am glad. And we must discuss it very soon. You are engaged this afternoon." It was a statement, but made with such an expression of regret that she could not contradict him. "Alas, there is nothing left for me to do but to play bridge at the club."

"I'm going to two teas." She hoped he would suggest joining her.

"Then I shan't see you until dinner. Mrs. Kendall so kindly invited me to come *en famille*.

"Oh, that's very nice."

"*À bientôt; à très bientôt!*"

Cornelia went back to her own room to see if her yellow lace evening dress had been sent home from the dry cleaner. She was still in a state of tremulous excitement. All afternoon she alternated between feverish expectancy and icy apprehensiveness.

Even while she performed the intricate steps of a new tango with one of the South American diplomats whom she met at his chief's tea dance, she was thinking, "It will all be decided today! My whole future! It will all be decided today!"

Afterward the young man said, "Oh, you have that so wonderful gift of silence!"

She smiled at him without a word, and annexed him for the entire afternoon. He accompanied her when she left the legation and went on to an Italian household.

To her surprise, she found Biglietto there. "I could not wait until tonight, after all!" he said. He and the South American glared at each other. Their words were elaborately polite, in fact, the Italian insisted upon addressing the diplomat in Spanish and the Spaniard carefully answered him in perfect Italian. But when Cornelia had spoken to her hostess and to various older women around the room and was at last dancing with Biglietto, she was astonished to discern that he was in a white heat of rage.

"How did you know that man? Where is Mrs. Kendall? Did you come all the way here with him alone? Has he dared to make love to you?"

"Of course he hasn't made love to me, Carlo. I never saw him before today."

"Never saw him before today! And you trust yourself alone with him! You came all this way alone in a motor car with a man you never saw before!"

"Oh, don't be silly. We were both coming on here and so we came together. I've been alone with thousands of men in motor cars whom I never saw before, and lots whom I never saw afterward."

"I can dance no more."

"Well, I can."

His dramatic intonations irritated her. At this moment the orchestra started the music of a tango, and the South American came over to claim her.

Carlo's dark eyes snapped. "You shall not dance with him!"

By way of answer, Cornelia put her left hand on the shoulder of the young diplomat

Along the Youghiogheny River near Indian Creek, Pennsylvania

Week of March 28th

Either East or West plays this Radio Bridge hand. Which is it? What is the final bid? How much can Declarer make? Test your skill on this deal now; then compare your tactics with the Radio game as scheduled

Sidney S. Lenz, N. Y., dealer
South—
Spades 9, 7, 4
Hearts ..... J, 8, 6
Diamonds 6, 4
Clubs ..... Q, J, 10, 5, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, West—
Spades 8, 5, 2
Hearts 7, 5, 3
Diamonds ..... A, K, Q, 3
Clubs 8, 6, 2

John H. Smith, New York, North—
Spades ..... K, J, 3
Hearts ..... A, 10, 9, 4
Diamonds 8, 7, 5
Clubs 9, 7, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., East—
Spades ..... A, Q, 10, 6
Hearts ..... K, Q, 2
Diamonds ..... J, 10, 9, 2
Clubs ..... A, K

Tues., March 29, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF WSAI KSD WCAP WCCO WWJ WJC WEEI WLW WGN WGR WJAR WOC, WCSH WFAA WTAM WGY

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WJR	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo
KOA	General Electric Co	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Rhodes Dept. Store	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont
CFLC	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont
CHNS	Northern Electric Co	Halifax

Splendid fun at bridge the dozen. Insist on genuine Single or two pack cases

You cannot get Bicycle quality at less than Bicycle prices

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

FREE! Reports of Games and Advance Hands

Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada—or Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

THE industrial world moves... grows... expands! Expansion often is a matter of new buildings which must stand for years against that greatest of construction thieves: *Depreciation!* To builders of industrial construction, just as to home builders, this trade-mark has given a significance of lumber quality that has accumulated through many years into a reputation unsurpassed in the industry. ❦ ❦ A trade-mark is no more than the maker puts behind his goods in thorough workmanship, the best of raw materials and honest value for the user. ❦ ❦ Industrial buyers have come to find maximum construction values *always* in the lumber and timbers which bear this trade-mark!

Know the Lumber You Buy

LUMBER and timbers of Douglas Fir and Southern Pine, bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark, have found their way into the best of the country's construction. All Long-Bell trade-marked products are manufactured to the same exacting standards . . . These products include: Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers, Douglas Fir Window Frames . . . Western Hemlock Lumber . . . Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers . . . Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers, Oak Flooring . . . California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors, Box Shooks . . . Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, and Piling.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. Long Bldg. Lumbermen Since 1875 Kansas City, Mo.

and moved off into the dance. She glanced back once and saw Carlo standing there motionless, looking really ill. When she came around again he had disappeared. After a few more dances with various other young men, she decided that it was time to go home. The diplomat insisted upon taking her in his car, but when she went into the dressing room to get her wrap she found Mrs. Kendall there.

"Why, Molly! I didn't know you were coming."

"Neither did I. I was playing off an important rubber of bridge at Julia's when Biglietto telephoned and told me I must come here at once. I thought you'd broken your arm or something. When I came and found you dancing I was furious with him. Then I discovered that he's in a blind fit of jealousy. He really isn't himself. He said he'd kill that Costa boy if he took you home. And he looked as if he meant it."

All at once Cornelia was sobered. She knew that this was no longer a child's game. She had jumped the gulf from youth to maturity in so far as men were concerned.

"Let's go quickly," she said.

She told the boy that her chaperon would take her home, and when she saw the look of disappointment in his liquid eyes she felt ashamed.

In the taxicab she turned to Molly: "Latins are different from men at home."

"Yes, as you said this morning, over here men can have culture and also ——"

"Oh, I'm not talking about anything so superficial as culture!"

She shivered as if with cold, although the evening air was warm. This feeling of chill could not be thrown off even in a bath so hot that it reddened her skin and caused Ada to scold her vigorously as she helped her dress for dinner.

The yellow lace gown had arrived just in time, but after she had put it on she took it off again. Suddenly it seemed too young; she told her maid to bring her the black satin. This dress had once belonged to Sophie, and it seemed particularly grown up to Cornelia because the back was cut very low. Finally it was ten minutes after the dinner hour, and she forced herself to go through the library and dining room, which formed one side of the court overlooking the garden, and into the drawing-room.

Carlo and Mrs. Kendall stood in front of the fire talking in their accustomed casual way. He came forward and bent over Cornelia's hand.

"You are very blond in that black," he said. "It suits you very well."

She was so relieved to hear again his normal voice and his normal compliments that she found herself beaming at him.

Dinner had already been announced. As they turned to go in, Carlo said to their hostess, "In the States, does a *jeune fille* wear *décolletage* as low as that?"

Mrs. Kendall, who knew that the dress had been made for Sophie, smiled at Cornelia. "Yes, at home the *jeune fille* wears anything she likes."

"So!"

During dinner he spoke only of impersonal subjects. He and Molly had a heated argument about politics and the newest plays of a sensational dramatist. This left Cornelia free to follow her own thoughts. They were, however, so confused that to try to sort them out was more difficult than straightening a bureau drawer. Her chief emotion was that of surprise; when she had last seen Biglietto, only an hour earlier, he had been half mad with anger. He had talked to her in the most authoritative way, and had even dared to send Molly to her. Now he sat calmly and talked about the experimental theater. What did it all mean?

The moment Molly had left them alone, however, she discovered what it meant. They had had coffee and cigarettes in the library and after a short time their hostess had excused herself. When the door closed behind her Carlo came over to Cornelia and got down on his knees.

"I love you," he said. "Always I have loved you."

It made her uncomfortable to have him in this position; she wondered what would happen if one of the servants came in unexpectedly.

He went on: "I did not mean to speak to you until after Mrs. Kendall had heard from your mother. But this afternoon I was beside myself. So now I offer you my explanations—my excuse is: I love you. I want always to look after you."

"But—but ——" she hesitated, embarrassed. Then with sudden courage she pointed to the chair next her own. "Please sit there, so that we can talk."

Before he got up he took her hand in his and kissed each finger separately.

"You liked the poem about the white hyacinth?"

"Yes, I liked it very much. It is very pretty."

He was seated now. "It is true."

"Oh, no, Carlo, it's not true—a woman isn't like a white flower and a man like the black earth."

"Yes, it is true. You don't know. You American women know nothing about men. With all the freedom you have, all the daring you have, you know less than nothing about life. Except, occasionally, when you learn it in Europe." Her discomfort increased as he went on: "That was why I had to act as I did this afternoon. I forgot for the moment that you were American – I thought of you as European."

"But no matter what I was, I did nothing improper."

"We will not discuss that!" His eyes were black again; his face drawn. "In my country a girl does not throw herself at a man's head and go out alone with him in motor cars and retain either his respect or that of other men."

She jumped up so filled with anger that she felt six feet tall. "Don't be a fool, Carlo! You have no right to talk to me like that."

"But I have the right." He, too, got to his feet. "Have I not already asked for your hand in marriage? Do you think I want to be the laughingstock of the men at my club? Do you think I would offer my name to a girl who was not *comme il faut?*"

"Carlo—Carlo!" she cried, bewildered by this sudden change of tone. "But you told me only a moment ago that you loved me. You told me you'd loved me for years."

"Love you? Of course I love you! But love, it is one thing; marriage is another. I have loved many times; never have I married. When I was quite young I loved a woman who was already married. Later I became engaged to a girl who died before my very eyes on the hunting field. After that I thought I would remain always a bachelor. Certainly it is a very attractive existence. One has no responsibilities and no ties." He paused. "Then I saw you. I fell in love with you. I loved your golden hair and your golden eyes. And I loved your rather awkward shyness. You were so young. You colored when you saw me look at you. It was adorable. I asked about you. They told me your mother was a widow and had only a small income. At that time I couldn't have married anyone who had not a big dot. But since that time I have inherited my older brother's properties, which were worth more than anyone had thought. When Mrs. Kendall told me you were coming over I was afraid to meet you, for fear of spoiling the illusion. But you were even lovelier than I had remembered. Yes, *cara mia*, what I feel must be love—what have I to gain?"

He spread his hands far apart. "I offer you position, name and a historic family home. You do not even bring me a dot."

Cornelia said very gently, "I wish you'd go now."

"Of course." He got up at once. "You are tired. I have talked too much." He stooped down and kissed her limp hand. "But tomorrow morning you will find a note from me on your breakfast tray and you will forget all these disturbing things

(Continued on Page 58)

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot —easy to use on any type wheel. Other types for High Pressure, Truck and Bus Tires.

Test your tires *every Friday*

EVERY tire manufacturer, every car maker, every wise garage man, urges the importance of proper inflation—and even inflation—for each pair of tires—front and back. Your tire dealer can tell you exactly what pressure to use.

The good habit of testing all your tires, including the spare, at least once a week with a Schrader Gauge will insure easier steering, better car balance, greater riding comfort and longer tire service.

Friday is suggested for the regular weekly test because most tires do their hardest work over the week-end.

The Schrader Tire Gauge has been standard for years. It is dependable, inexpensive, easy to carry and use. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

"Small-bubble lather" soaks whiskers soft

Seeps 'way down where hairs sprout from skin . . . softens them at base . . . razor zips through

"SMALL bubbles" explains the difference between Colgate lather and other lathers. Colgate's tiny bubbles teem with water. Their small size lets them filter down to the beard-base, as shown by lather pictures below.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

Extra Dividend! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc-for-Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved.

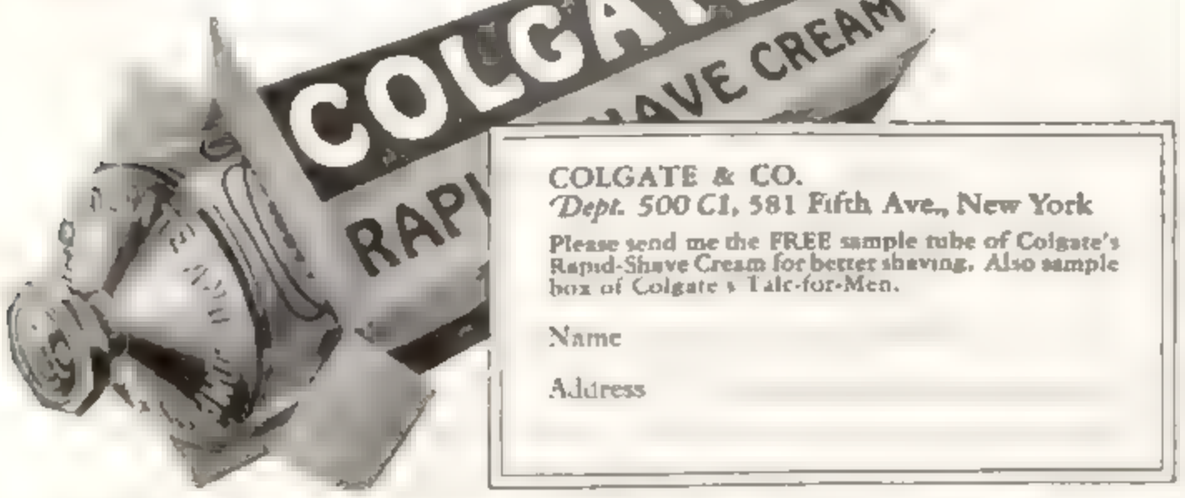
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air instead of water against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500 C1, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc-for-Men.

Name

Address

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 56)

of today." At the doorway he turned: "Good night."

"Good night!" she said, but she knew it was good-by.

When he had gone she rose to her feet as if electrified by the sudden knowledge of herself which had come to her. For as Biglietto had talked she had realized for the first time that all the things which had so charmed her about him, all those things which had charmed her about his country—those alluring combinations of sound and color and the pleasing mellowness of an old sophisticated civilization—were for her only a background. As a suitor he had been incomparable; he was the Prince Charming of a schoolgirl's dreams; he even owned a fortified castle, with a double row of cypress trees black against a bright blue sky. But she saw now that for her those things formed only settings for life, not life itself.

A pain which she thought must be homesickness lay like a weight upon her breast; she told herself that she wanted her own country; she wanted to see the towering ugliness of its new buildings which reached up and up until they seemed to challenge every law of man. She remembered the countless yellow squares of light she had seen through the snow that day in New York. Then they had seemed to her to stand for all that was commonplace, just as Sophie's and Brent's lives did. But tonight she saw that each window represented some human being working out his own destiny, following his own ambition regardless of what his ancestors had done. It was the romance of youth and vitality which could not be measured in story-book terms; which must, indeed, like Tom's letter, always be a little incoherent. But she knew now that it was the kind she wanted.

She ran into her room and found a dark wrap and purse. Quietly she slipped down the back stairs and out into the driveway. At the gate the sleepy porter looked at her in amazement, but at her command he ran to the corner and returned with a horse-drawn open carriage. The coachman drove through the narrow streets, then into the Piazza di Venezia. But tonight Cornelia did not so much as glance at its mediæval palace. She was wondering how long it would take a message to reach a certain office three thousand miles away.

At the post-and-telegraph office she got out. Regardless of the stares of the men who were inside the smoke-filled room, she drew a blank form from the little box above the desk and dipped the fine pen point into an almost empty bottle. When she tried to print the address legibly the ink sputtered all over the page. She extracted another form; there were two spots on this, but she went on:

"Thompson Oldfield. Wall Street, New York." She bit the end of the holder, wondering for the first time just how she was going to say it. Suddenly she grinned and printed two lines very rapidly: "Bottom dropped out of atmosphere. Sailing for home Saturday." Then she stopped, counted the words, and added up the money in her purse. In a burst of extravagance she ended: "Tell secretary send flowers."

As she pushed the message through the window to the clerk, the sound of a man's voice from the doorway caused her to stand perfectly still, as if she had been paralyzed.

"Scusi—pardon—*mais—où—est—la rue—la rue*——" He was evidently trying to read some address; she heard the crackling of paper, but she did not dare look around. "*Voulez-vous me dire où est la*—oh, hell, doesn't anyone here speak English?"

Then Cornelia turned. "Can I help you?" she said to Tom.

Under the glaring light from three swinging chandeliers and in the presence of half a dozen strange men he kissed her. When at last she drew away, Cornelia saw that all the spectators were regarding them with sympathetic approval.

"How did you get here?" she said, although it seemed divinely natural that he should be there.

"I just got in on the train from Naples and I was trying to find Mrs. Kendall's house. The taxi driver couldn't understand me and drove me all around everywhere, so when I saw this place open I thought I'd come in and ask."

"But how'd you get to Naples? I just had a letter from you today from New York!"

"I met Brent just after I'd mailed it, and that changed everything. He told me Mrs. Kendall'd written your mother saying some count over here was crazy about you and she thought you'd marry him. So I got the boat that night. I didn't have time to pack much, so I stopped in Naples and got some shirts and things." He was holding both her hands tightly in his. "Let's get out of here! Oh, I've got an awful lot to tell you, Connie!"

As they started through the door into the street the clerk called after them, "*Signorina! Signorina!* You have forgotten to pay for the cablegram!"

She ran back to the desk. "Oh, I don't need to send it now!"

Tom leaned over her shoulder and read its every word. "Listen," he said, just before he kissed her again; "how do you say in Italian: 'What is the best place to buy yellow roses?'"

LAS SEÑORITAS

(Continued from Page 9)

Chiquita danced. She who had never in life, perhaps, danced with any partner except her shadow, did it so charmingly that the mothers of that light-footed country sent her their babies, almost out of the cradle, to be taught. It was these who kept her heart and her fancies and her feet so young, doubtless. Besides, they provided a nice little income; and though she had no need whatever of the income, it gave her a secure, almost important feeling to know that, materially speaking, she need depend upon nobody for anything at all. Chiquita was not by any means a mere old maid; she was the Pyrenean version of a bachelor woman, an advanced feminist, who preferred to regard matrimony as a romantic adventure rather than as an economic necessity.

For the rest the Señoritas occupied themselves, as do maiden ladies elsewhere, with such duties as others have no time for. Eulalie, the *curé's* right hand, specialized in the Lives of the Saints, and good works in general.

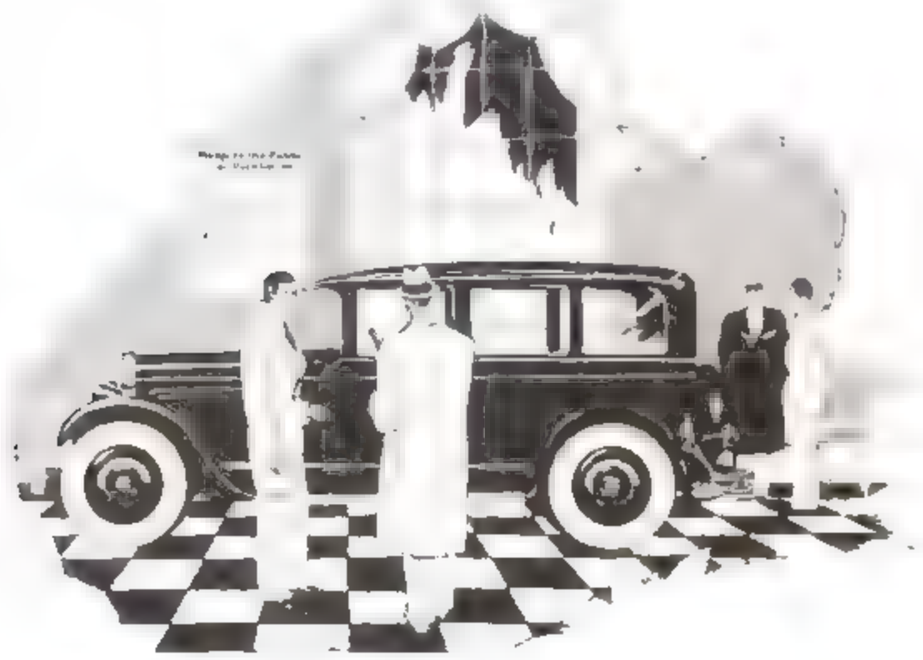
Once, indeed, when an epidemic broke out in the near-by settlement of *cagots*, self-immolation rose to the point of heroism, and it was Eulalie who helped to care for those unfortunates until she contracted the malady herself. Which left her delicate skin oddly thickened and roughened, and lessened considerably, as the Don was frank to point out, her possibilities of a suitable marriage. It also intensified her predilection, perhaps, for the religious life.

Teresa, the middle one, was regrettably *pot-au-feu* in tendency, her papa was wont to explain; an excellent hand with chickens and with flowers, her nimble needle forever busy with new costumes for the Madonna and saints and other holy figures of the altar; entering into democratic competition with Pantchika and various other notable cooks and housewives of the village; and incidentally making the old age of her papa so very comfortable that he saw no reason whatever to hasten a search for a suitable husband.

As to Chiquita, his little favorite, surely she was in no haste to leave the indulgent safety of the parental knee? She assured him that she was not; and so such suitors

(Continued on Page 60)

Write for the FREE book on "How to Judge a Used Car"
Use the coupon below!



First rate STUDEBAKER values for the *Second* buyer

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

WHEN the average Studebaker owner trades in his car, it is not because he has exhausted its mileage possibilities. It is because he likes the latest Studebaker models so well he is willing to sacrifice something for the satisfaction of owning one.

His sacrifice opens the way to an exceptionally good buy for somebody else. The car has scores of thousands of miles of unused transportation.

The fact that 944 Studebaker owners have driven their cars from 100,000 to 300,000 miles is convincing evidence of the excess mileage built into Studebaker cars by One-Profit manufacture.

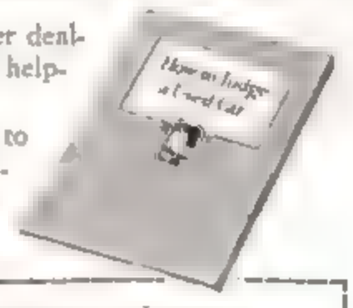
Buy a cheaply-built new car and you'll always know it was cheaply-built. So will your neighbors. But a Certified Studebaker will give you satisfaction and pride of ownership that no cheaply-built car could ever give.

The famous Studebaker Pledge shown here not only expresses the dealer's confidence in the enduring performance of Studebaker cars, but backs up the quality of his own work in reconditioning Certified Studebakers.

A Free Book That Will Save You Money

Experts who buy used cars for Studebaker dealers have furnished material for this frank and helpful book.

It tells you what to look for and what to avoid in purchasing a used car. No such valuable guide was ever before offered to the public at any price.

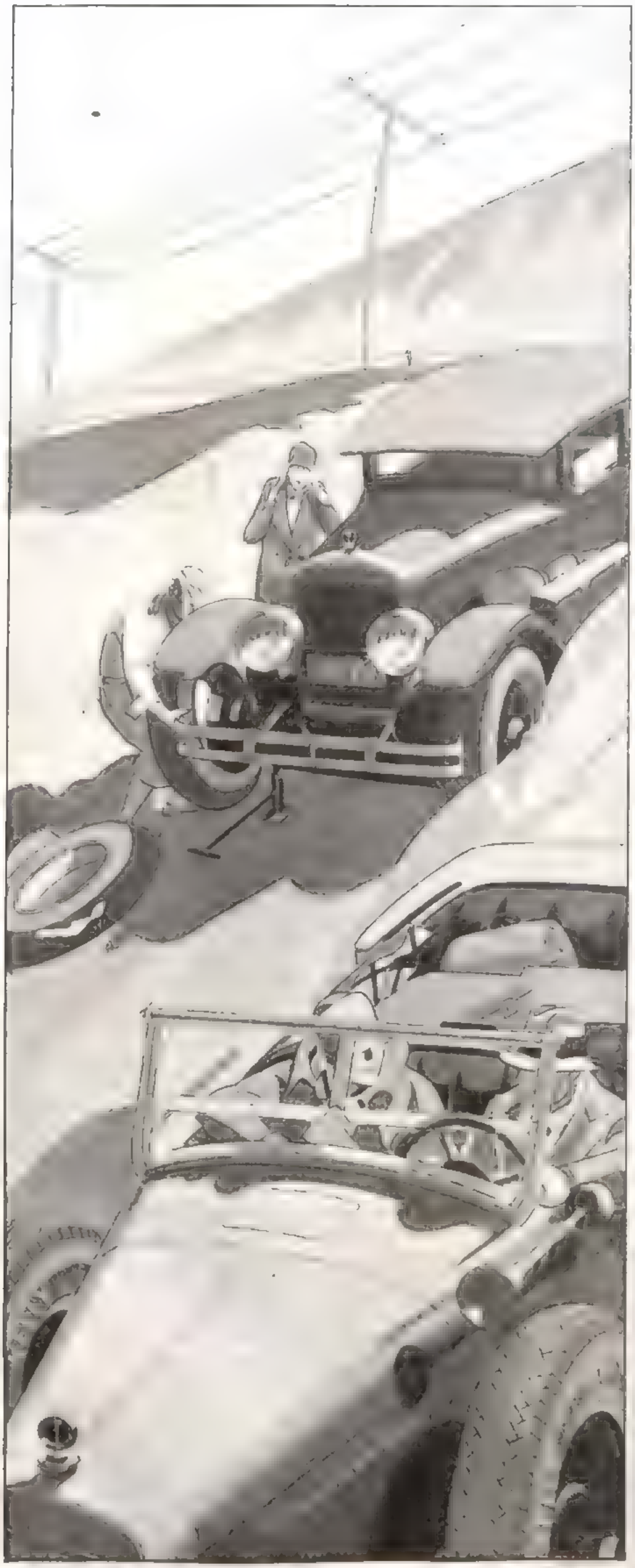


Send for this FREE BOOK!

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Department 73, South Bend, Indiana
Please send my copy of valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."
Name.....
Street
Town *State*

Used Studebakers, like new Studebakers, can be bought on the Budget Payment Plan

STUDEBAKER



"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields."

(Continued from Page 58

as did in due course appear—the notary, the doctor, gentlemen from other valleys and persons whom they encountered on their travels—were discouraged by this tender parent on the grounds of not being sufficiently suitable *partis* for his offspring. By this means Don Licerio retained not only the pleasure of his daughters' company but the use of their three dots, until he had no longer need of such things. And when he died the sisters had each other; what more could women ask? Each of the ladies Olhagarray would have assured inquirers that her two sisters were the dearest, most charming, most delightful companions in all the world; they vied with one another in sisterly admiration and devotion and self-sacrifice.

No, *las Señoritas* were by no means sorry for themselves; except on moonlit nights of spring, perhaps, when lovers were abroad with guitar and *basauftile;* and then they did not know that they were sorry. They took a *tisane* of bitter herbs, for the health.

After the birth of Emily's second baby—her little Leocadie—she was glad enough to avail herself of the opportunity to send her first-born to Mademoiselle Chiquita several days in the week, to work off some of his redundant animal spirits in the intricacies of the *saut Basque* or the *farandole.*

"Though three years does seem a bit young to commence one's social career!" she protested to Madame Urruty; who replied that one was never too young to cultivate polite deportment.

Emily laughed till she cried over the spectacle of a dozen or so of crop-haired infant Basques, in the sepulchral gloom of the Olhagarray salon, deporting themselves politely through the minuet, bowing to one another until their full, short black aprons stood out straight behind, exposing much starched underwear; or whirling about in arm's-length couples, fat legs twinkling, small toes carefully arched and pointed, in what she presently recognized as an exposition of the waltz, as waltzes may have been danced when the world was young.

But she ceased to laugh when Mademoiselle Chiquita, forgetting by degrees her bashfulness before so distinguished an audience, presently took her castanets and fan and a fringed shawl to show her pupils, very seriously, how the *cachucha* is danced in Seville. Where in her sheltered, bleak existence had the little old gentlewoman learned such abandon of pose, such languid lure of expression in hands and feet and beckoning eyes? Emily could not associate this lissom, swaying figure with the decent, prim, black-clad lady she had sometimes noted at mass among her black-clad sisters; all three of them wearing antiquated hats, in distinction from their humbler neighbors, who wore only a veil or a scarf upon the head, peasant fashion. She asked Mademoiselle Eulalie whether her sister had learned to dance like this at their convent school.

"On the contrary!" replied the other, evidently startled by the idea, and volunteered the information that Chiquita's instructress had been none other than Pilar de Maytie, famous for her dancing even beyond the valleys.

"Ah, no, she was naturally no friend of ours! Our dear papa was extremely particular about our associates. But we were neighbors, and with the windows opposite so close, as you can see, it was impossible not to observe much that went on in the house Ducontentia. Particularly since Madame Pilar, knowing that we watched, was kind enough never to pull her curtains," added Mademoiselle Eulalie simply.

Yes, it was often good as a play, she admitted, they sitting in their own dark windows, looking on at all the gayety; and afterward Chiquita—still in the dark, lest their papa return home suddenly—would take her fan and scarf and imitate each motion before the mirrors, until she might have been Pilar herself dancing for all the gentlemen. "Which heaven forbid!" added Eulalie, crossing herself. "Our dear papa would have been quite horrified had he known; so we did not tell him. But sometimes I have wondered if it was a mortal sin to keep from him the knowledge of Chiquita's dancing?" People, for some reason, often grew quite confidential with this young Madame Urruty. "You do not think it was a sin, madame?"

Emily replied gravely that she did not think the sin was mortal, nor even venial; though their papa, being a devoted parent, would doubtless have been gratified to know that his daughters enjoyed so innocent an amusement.

"Pleasures of the body are never innocent," sighed Eulalie, shaking her head in gentle reproof, and Teresa sighed in agreement. For herself she had to confess to the sin of gluttony, she said; also of secret pride. "For I cannot conceal from myself that my *gaufrettes* seem lighter and have more delicate a flavor than those of our good neighbor Pantchika," she admitted shamefacedly.

One morning in early spring, among the soft wild calls of returning merl and bluebird and throstle, Emily heard approaching the house the high falsetto cry of Hermose the umbrella mender, arriving at a brisk trot and warning his patrons in advance, so that time should not be wasted. It was not often that the donkey of Hermose stirred from its accustomed amble, and the present accelerated pace spoke of a certain excitement on the part of its rider; so that Emily managed to be conveniently in the kitchen when Hermose set up his apparatus just inside the door. First, as was his wont, he accepted ale, and politely emptied some on the hearthstone unaware of performing a rite of sacrifice as ancient and pagan as his race itself. Then, while he inspected, approved, rejected, shook a doubtful head over umbrellas offered for his consideration, he began to talk. Like all great conversationists, he did not come to his point in too much of a hurry; but in due time he remarked, "Mesdames have doubtless heard that on yesterday one had in the village an arrival?"

"Well, well! So the baker's new wife has been delivered of her child! Of what sex?" demanded Madame Urruty, who took a proper matriarchal interest in these events. "Was the poor woman long in labor?"

But Hermose dismissed the mere potentialities of the bakeress' *accouchement* with a gesture of the hand. The arrival, he explained, had appeared among them suddenly—just like that—in an automobile almost as large as the automobile of Monsieur Esteban; with less of glass about it, perhaps, but more of bright red paint, and open at the back so that all could see who rode; and the automobile was manipulated by one in a hat of finest panama, who had in his mouth the largest and blackest of all cigars ——

"This umbrella," Hermose interrupted himself at the dramatic point, "will run, madame, into money. One rib lacks, as you see, and the cover itself leaves something to be desired."

"Yes, yes, yes. You will ruin me yet; you and your ribs and new covers and what not!" grunted Madame Urruty. "Who was this person in the hat, with the blackest of cigars?"

Hermose gathered his hearers about him with one compelling glance; even Esteban, happening to pass the door with a load of fodder on his shoulders, paused to listen to the oracle.

"The gentleman with the panama hat and the black cigar between his teeth," said Hermose impressively, "was none other than the lost Hercule, son of Ramon Olhaiby the blacksmith!"

More they could not extract from him. Whence the prodigal had returned; whether he had brought with him his mother's chicken money, stolen out of the hollow image of the Virgin; how he had so prospered; and why he had not returned before to exhibit his prosperity—these things were so far mere matters of conjecture, and Hermose dealt in history, not conjecture.

(Continued on Page 62)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

THE first question to ask when you select your 1927 motor car is: *"How many main bearings?"*

Nash has 7—thereby achieving an exceptional degree of power-*smoothness* and power-*quietness*.

7 bearings give Nash a luxury of performance not found in older motor types with only 3 or 4 bearings for 6 cylinders.

In 1927, be fair to yourself and get the modern type of motor—a car with 7 bearings.

And of the great motor car makers Nash ALONE has 7 in every single model!

1927 7 Bearing motor

Toledo, Chicago, everywhere.. Liquid Magic "Does *the* Impossible"

REMOVES HUB BEARING SLEEVE

This car was driven a number of miles without a tire on the disc wheel, resulting in the failure of the hub bearing, which, upon examination disclosed that the bearing had not been lubricated in months.

After exhausting all means of removing the hub bearing adjusting sleeve, it was decided that it would be necessary to burn it out with an acetylene torch. This also failed along with the use of all the heavy tool equipment we possessed. Then our purchasing agent suggested that we try Liquid Magic. We recalled instances when this oil had solved several minor problems. After a couple good applications of Liquid Magic the adjusting sleeve came off easily.

After this remarkable experience with Liquid Magic we cannot praise it highly enough, and we believe every service station in the country ought to have it handy.

R. H. Lowe, Doan Motor Co., Toledo, O.

O. K. for Bolts, Cutlery and Bicycle

The results which I have obtained with Liquid Magic have been 100 per cent satisfactory. I used it to loosen some very badly rusted bolts on some fixtures which had resisted every previous attempt and got them off. It also completely removed the rust from some steel cutlery and from a bicycle. Judging from my experience, Liquid Magic is O. K.

H. JENKINS,
2407 Park Place,
Evanston, Ill.

Penetrates—Lubricates—Removes Rust

Guaranteed by A. P. Warner, famous inventor of the speedometer, Liquid Magic penetrates farther, lubricates better and removes rust quicker. It makes the hardest job seem easy. It is a specific solution to the problems that always result from "metal against metal". It has the remarkable, exclusive quality of marvelous penetration together with increased lubricating efficiency.

WARNER PENETREEN LIQUID MAGIC 75c

This Suggests other uses

This Suggests other uses

Over 1000 Uses

Everybody, everywhere needs it.

It stops squeaks, removes rusted spark plugs, lubricates typewriters, frees gummed bearings, prevents sticking valves, cleans golf clubs, etc. There is no end to its usefulness.

U S PRICES		CANADIAN PRICES	
1 Pt (16 oz can)	$0 75	3 oz can	$0 35
3 oz handy can	30	16 oz can	85
1 gallon	5 00	Gallon can..	6.00
5 gallons.....	20.00		

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Canadian Offices
Toronto, 29 Temperance St.
Montreal, 35 St. Nicholas St.
Winnipeg, 208 Kennedy Bldg.

General Offices
Chicago, Ill.: 920 S. Michigan Ave.
New York: 17 W. 60th St.
Los Angeles: 250 W. 15th St.

Export Department
549 W. Washington Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.
Cable Address: Willpotter Chicago
Bentley Western Union Code

ALSO MAKERS OF *Warner Liquid Solder* THAT STOPS AUTOMOBILE RADIATOR LEAKS

(Continued from Page 60)

Fortunately the next day was Sunday; and not a member of Père Marcós' parish failed to attend the mass, save those who were dead or bedridden; for the fame of Hercule's return had been broadcast, as such things are broadcast only in remote places innocent of telephone.

Emily, frankly awaiting in the porch of the church the arrival of the Olhaiby family, found beside her the ladies Olhagarray, also waiting; all gazing with interest across the Place at the large red touring car which stood at the door of the house Elizoaca. Doubtless the Olhaiby intended to make an effective entrance.

But the blacksmith's good taste was proof against such temptation. He emerged and crossed the Place on foot, like anybody, dressed in his Sunday suit, but with that foolish and fatuous grin on his features with which strong men dissemble emotion. Following him came, first, his granddaughters, sedately, but with sudden little skips of exaltation, and wearing, each of them, a hat—a splendid hat, trimmed lavishly in ribbon and in flowers. Behind them marched their mother, the widowed sister of Hercule, also in a hat, most suitably ornamented with ripe purple grapes; and at the end of the procession, leaning upon the arm of the restored prodigal, came Madame Olhaiby herself, in the hat of hats, laden with nodding plumes like a hearse, surmounting her long unlovely countenance with somewhat the effect of the straw headgear horses wear in hot climates as a protection against sunstroke.

"One sees," remarked Madame Urruty to her neighbors, "that a little prosperity had gone literally to the heads of these good people. Hats, indeed! What next?"

But Mademoiselle Chiquita responded kindly, "How charming they all look in them!"—thinking the while that her own well-preserved straw might be the better for a touch of bright ribbon, or perhaps a bunch of cherries underneath the brim.

This dazzling display of millinery, however, was forgotten in the appearance of Hercule himself; a powerful great figure like the older Olhaiby's, moving with a slight limp; whose already broad shoulders were accentuated by a padded coat of bright blue serge, whose elegant panama sat jauntily to one side of a grayed and curling head, and whose feet were incased in brilliant patent leathers, with the extra half inch of heel which invariably betrays a Latin extraction. But for the heels, Hercule was very, very American. He looked like the caricature of a prosperous ward politician, and he moved among his people with an air of careless elegance, dispensing handshakes and friendly waves and now and then a flashing smile whose vanity was quite disarming in its boyishness.

Only when he came opposite the Urruty family and the ladies Olhagarray did he remove the panama from his head, with a gesture as magnificent as if it, like that of his mother, were laden with sweeping plumes.

"Aha, mesdames—messieurs!" he murmured impressively. *À vos services!*"

Esteban smiled and held out a cordial hand. "So, Hercule, I see that you also have been to America?"

"*Mais oui!* Sure t'ing, Esteban!"—he used the name as respectfully as if it had been a title. "To become rich it is obligatory to go to America, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I hope that you at least have become rich enough," remarked Madame Urruty bluntly, "to return to your mother her chicken money, which you stole out of the plaster virgin!"

His complacency was proof against even this home thrust. "*Sans doute,* madame! With interest up to date," he imparted, his proud gaze sweeping the circle of interested listeners. It faltered a trifle, however, as it rested upon Emily; who at the same moment repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, if it isn't——" She stopped short, aware of a certain imploring quality in the blue gaze fixed upon her—that pure horizon blue one finds so rarely except among Basque hillsmen and Breton fisher folk, the color of far vision across untrammeled space.

Hercule, his mother on his arm, her shrewish features softened into a blur of tearful happiness, limped on into the church and up the stairs to sit among the men in the tribunes, while the women remained below; and no one, Emily included, failed that day to offer a prayer of thankfulness for the restoration to the Olhaiby of their son, and of the chicken money with interest up to date.

On the way home Esteban asked Emily quietly where she had seen Hercule before; his eye never missed anything which concerned his wife. She told him about a certain modest health resort up in the Jura, where the waters were excellent for the system and the prices excellent for the pocketbook, to which the Weldons, father and daughter, had been wont to retire for recuperation between seasons; and the hotel they patronized, which was in fact a *pension,* had been made possible for Mr. Weldon's fastidious taste by the services of a lame and willing giant known locally as the Little One, who combined in his sole person the duties of boots, valet, porter, concierge and, on occasion, maitre d'hôtel. Emily recalled that her father had said of him: "It takes a Basque to make a perfect servant"—high praise from Archibald Weldon! He had once offered to procure for the Little One a situation elsewhere more in keeping with his abilities.

But the Little One had, it appeared, no ambitions along the line of perfect servitude; the blood of possible Phœnician forbears was strong in him, and he yearned only to go down to the sea in ships. Again and again he had offered himself as able seaman, but his lame leg—it had been injured during the war, and long neglect in a German prison had put it out of commission entirely—kept him from qualifying.

Emily recognized the Little One on sight; the lithe yet burly frame, the singularly innocent blue mountain eye, beneath a thatch of graying curls, and for confirmation, the unmistakable rocking limp.

"It is my belief," she said, "that your friend Hercule has never been to America at all; has merely understudied the rôle rather badly from passing guests of the Pension William Tell."

"But those clothes?" demurred her husband. "And all the money he spends? One does not gain a fortune, my heart, by acting as general factotum at a Swiss *pension,* even if it is patronized by Americans."

The matriarch remarked shrewdly that it would not take much of a fortune to impress the village; the mere return of the chicken money would have been sufficient for that. As for all those hats, she commented, doubtless they were demodé, and he was able to buy them up quite cheaply.

"You saw him in the Jura, you say? So near to his home, and never returning for so much as a feast-day visit?" Surely that was unnatural! If Hercule had come by a fortune truly, and in honorable ways, why had his parents heard nothing from him in all these years? "*Na, na, na,* you must bring this young man to me to explain himself!" she concluded sternly.

Hercule was accordingly brought to her, automobile, cigar and all, with his father lingering, proud but bashful, in the background. He admitted without demur, even with eagerness, that he was the same useful person Emily remembered; and seemed delighted to be recognized by her, thus, in private. He inquired solicitously for monsieur her father, and genuine tears came into his eyes at news of Mr. Weldon's death. In the creed of Archibald Weldon it had always been more important to fee the servants than to pay the bill.

"So you have for years been living within a day's journey of your parents without returning to them, or even communicating with them? How is this?" demanded Madame Urruty.

Hercule murmured something in an embarrassed voice about lacking the money to return. *(Continued on Page 64)*

"I had almost despaired of being my old self again"

"A physician showed me the simple Way to Health"

"MY OLD ENERGY, *once the envy of my friends, was gone. I dragged myself from house to office and back again—irritable, inefficient. And I made my associates and my family as miserable as I was. I knew what the trouble was—my system was literally clogged. Constipation had become chronic. I was taking a cathartic almost daily.*

"Today I am a new man . . My own physician started me the way by his recommendation. My friends on all sides told of their remarkable experiences. I ate my way to health with Fleischmann's Yeast!

"Constipation at the root of all the trouble has vanished completely. Years have rolled off my shoulders. I see my work in a new light. I give full credit where it is due—to that great corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast."

UNLIKE medicines, Fleischmann's Yeast is a living plant—a fresh, corrective food, grown in an extract of malt and grain. Yeast keeps the whole system clean and active. It purifies the digestive tract, counteracts putrefaction, tends to prevent the absorption of dangerous toxins through the intestinal wall. Eaten regularly, it strengthens the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

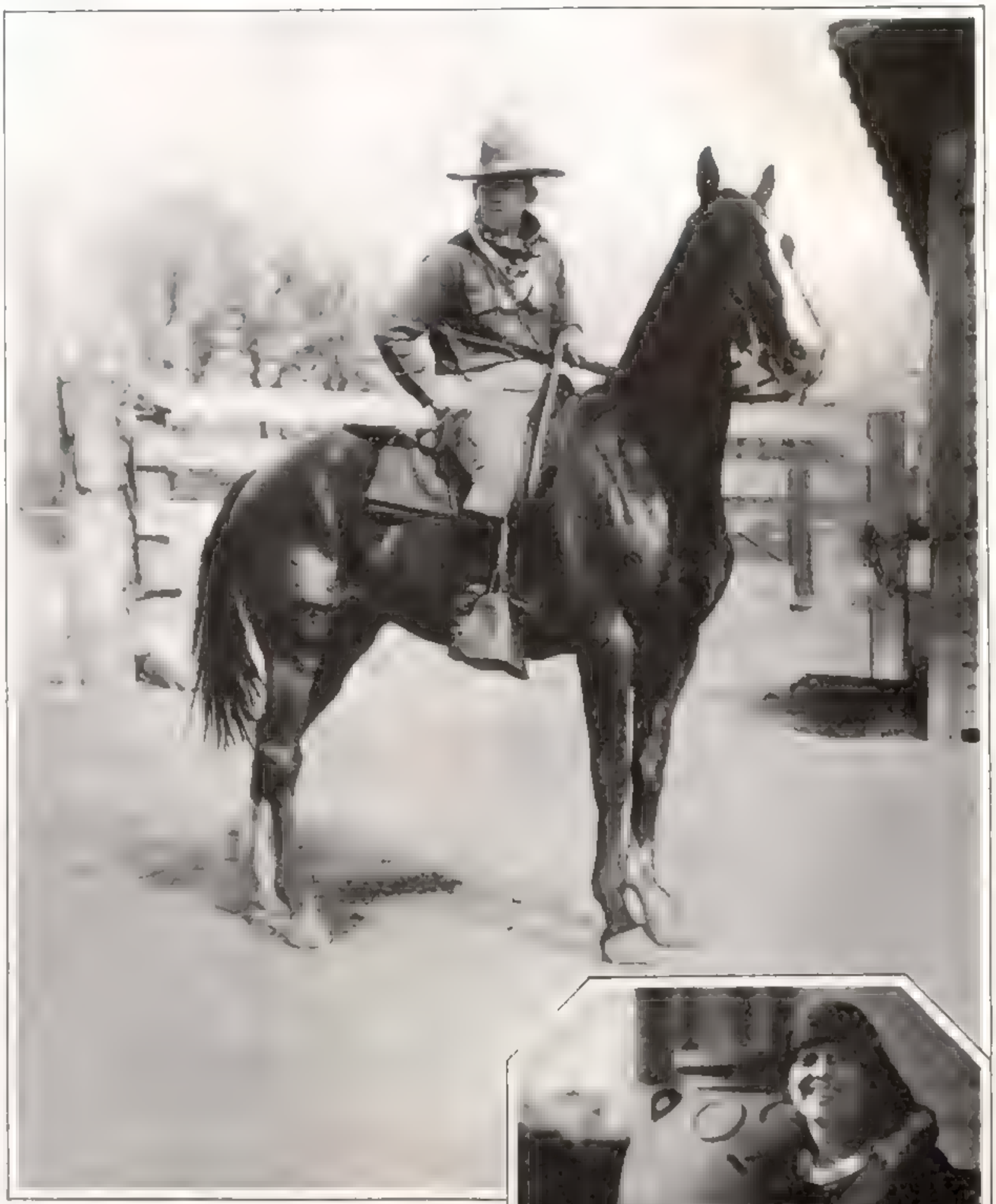
A clean, active system is a healthy system! Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your skin will clear—soon you will look as healthy and happy as you feel!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-33, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

RIGHT

MR. MOORE goes in for a life where constant pep and energy are a most needed—but he did not always enjoy this good health. He writes: "For several years I had been troubled with indigestion. I lacked my former pep. I ran across Fleischmann's Yeast advocated for indigestion and on the advice of several friends I finally decided to try it. I took three cakes regularly every day and in thirty days' time I had completely lost that old sluggish feeling. I can unreservedly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for anyone who is suffering from indigestion and I am glad to write this because I want others to know about Yeast."

EDWARD C. MOORE, JR., Dallas, Texas



"WE, the following members of the Universal Motor Company of Richmond, Virginia, have all taken Yeast for our health. Two for indigestion, five for skin troubles—and have all greatly benefited by it."

WALTER C. GILLIAM
WILBERT R. RUDD
JESSE SANDS
E. W. TOFFEL
W. G. BURGESS
R. M. ROWSEY
R. B. GRASTY

RIGHT

"IF THERE IS one thing an actress should do," writes Miss Edith Ransom, "it is to keep her health and looks at their best—always. For some time I suffered from constipation and resulting auto-intoxication. My whole system seemed to be affected—especially my complexion. I tried remedy after remedy but could find no relief from my ills—until at last one of my friends asked me if I had tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to take it at once—drinking it regularly every day in hot water or milk. It not only cleared my complexion but also toned me up in every way."

EDITH L. RANSOM, New York City

The New Easy Way to keep well—

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"Now I Sleep Better than I have for years"

Read what this Chicago man says about this new pure food-drink from Switzerland—that brings Instant Sleep . . . and All-day Energy

Then make this 3-day test

"Several years ago I had a complete nervous breakdown which resulted in a prolonged attack of Insomnia. I couldn't sleep at night except when the doctor gave me a sedative. My condition became so alarming that I entered a sanitarium. Even then my improvement was slight.

"I was advised to try Ovaltine. I bought a small can and took a cup before retiring. The results were immediate. I began to sleep soundly the entire night. I awakened clear-eyed, clear-headed, full of energy. I regained my lost weight. Now I sleep even better than I did before my breakdown."

A natural way to sound sleep

If *you* are troubled with sleeplessness, profit by this Chicagoan's experience. For here is a safe, *natural* way to sound, restful sleep. A way without drugs. A way over 20,000 doctors recommend.

A 3-day test of Ovaltine will show you. We urge you to make this test. It's well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a *natural* way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

Ovaltine is a pure food drink—nothing more. It has been used in Switzerland for over 30 years. It is in general use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only to overcome sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for nerve strain, indigestion, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Let us send you a sample of Ovaltine. You will like its delicious flavor. You will be overjoyed at the way it brings sound sleep quickly.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body Brain and Nerves

© 1927 T. W. Co.

"I always sleep now if I use Ovaltine before retiring. It is a delicious beverage in addition to its certain sleep insurance."

E. E. Williams,
Reno, Nev.

"To use my doctor's words—my whole gastric system was upside down. This caused nervousness and sleeplessness for which I took Ovaltine. I had very gratifying results and sleep like a baby."

W. H. Lang,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1326
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Address

City State

(One package to a person.)

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 62)

"And why could you not have walked?" She bit her lip suddenly, realizing why he could not have walked

The great fellow hung his head and scrabbled with his boot in the dust, like a scolded child. He was ashamed to come, he admitted at last.

"If I were to return without the money, I was afraid my *maman* would beat me." Madame Olhaiby was a trifle over five feet tall.

"A beating would do you no harm, I dare say," replied the matriarch, unsmiling, and was off on another tack. Was it as servant in a Swiss *pension* that he gained the fortune he now displayed?

"But no, madame," replied Hercule with a return of dignity. It was in America—and if mesdames would be so good as to say no more about his services in the Pension William Tell. Mesdames would doubtless understand—his blue eye pleaded with Emily—that there were certain episodes of the past which a man of property had gained the right to ignore.

Emily was puzzled by this unexpected touch of snobbery; the matriarch frowned sharp disapproval.

"What have we here? Since when is a man of these valleys ashamed of honest service to whoever is to be served—his parents, his master, his God? Were you not a good servant to this *pension? Bien!* My granddaughter has said you were. It is enough. What strange notions have you picked up in America? I ask myself! Presently we shall have you too proud to admit that your father here makes shoes for horses—eh?"

Hercule protested with indignation. He, ashamed of his father's profession, when the Olhaiby had been smiths to that village since the memory of man? There was nobody in the world who shod a hoof as did his father, nor who played so active a *pelota*, nor who, at more than sixty years, could lift in his arms a half-grown colt, as he had seen his father do only that morning. He, Hercule, ashamed of being the blacksmith's son? "*Dame*, not I!" Though he retained a respectful manner, his blue eye shot fire at Madame Urruty.

It was the blacksmith himself who came to the rescue, explaining quietly that his son had the envy now to marry himself ambitiously; that was why he did not wish it advertised that he had been nothing more than a servant in the Swiss *pension*.

"But name of a name, what of that?" cried the old lady in growing impatience. It was well, indeed, for him to return to the valleys for a wife; it was even creditable—so long as he did not expect a bride in her first youth. What decent girl would care how he had earned his living, since he had earned it? That crippled leg—she inspected it critically—was more a matter for concern. Not every able-bodied woman would be willing to take a husband who was a cripple.

It was Emily who winced at her bluntness, not Hercule. "One is not so much of a cripple as appears, madame!" he remarked proudly, flexing his enormous biceps till the sleeve of his coat burst.

The matriarch nodded careless approval. In that case, she said, there was the niece of the baker, a good, strong girl who had a harelip and could not afford to be too squeamish; or there was the miller's daughter down the valley, who had mourned her fiancé, killed in the war, quite long enough, and would be better now for a husband. There was even Pantchika of the inn, who, having buried two husbands, poor soul, had doubtless formed the taste for having a man about—and what a cook!

But his son, remarked the blacksmith, fancied none of these. Hercule had the envy, he repeated with significance, to marry ambitiously. In America he was owner of a fine farm, a vineyard, an orchard, a sailing boat, what not—including a house with a bathroom to it. Naturally for such an establishment one sought a suitable châtelaine. Hercule desired, *enfin*, to marry an aristocrat.

The other smiled. "Ah, ah, an aristocrat, *hein?* Yes, I remember: he formed early a taste for such!" Hercule looked at her gravely and inclined his head; he was not ashamed of his early adoration for Pilar de Maytie. "It is a pity the daughters of my son are still too immature," went on Madame Urruty with sarcasm. "Possibly Madame la Comtesse des Luynes would have suited. She is, unfortunately, dead. There are no other marriageable ladies of quality in the vicinity, I think."

"There are," said Hercule calmly. "*Las Señoritas.*"

Madame Urruty burst out laughing. "There are also the holy saints in the picture there, and the little cherubim that fly about without their bodies! Come, come, Olhaiby, do not allow your son to make you ridiculous! Go into the kitchen, both of you, and ask them there for what you like to drink. We will say no more of this ambition. The war has indeed made strange differences in society, one hears! But with us here in the valleys, *grâce à Dieu*, one has no society."

It occurred to Emily that for so confirmed a democrat the matriarch's point of view was hardly consistent. But matriarchs, perhaps, do not need to be consistent.

Hercule's return, together with the thrusting season, had set afoot unparalleled social activities in their valley. Saints' days were celebrated in bewildering succession. It was the season throughout nature of love-making and matchmaking. Honoring the charming Month of Mary, processions of little girls with candles in their hands and wreaths of flowers and wisps of veil on their heads were to be seen wending their way toward the roadside shrines, singing; in the pretty guidance of older white-clad girls and of fluttering child-faced nuns. Feats of manly prowess were much in evidence, deeds of daring. There were wrestling matches and games of bowls in the street, and running events, and always, of course, at any hour and anywhere, the *pelota*. Life, as the days grew warmer and the trees burst into blossom and leaf, became one long ecstatic celebration of gratitude on the part of these Children of the Sun.

Emily never forgot the Maypole festival of the pupils of Mademoiselle Chiquita in the public square, given in order that parents might see for themselves the progress of their children; where her own young Wally made his first public appearance, solemn and blissful, footing a solitary nimble little *saut Basque* all his own; which he forgot in the middle at sight of his mother's astonished face, rushing to throw himself into her arms, a conquering hero.

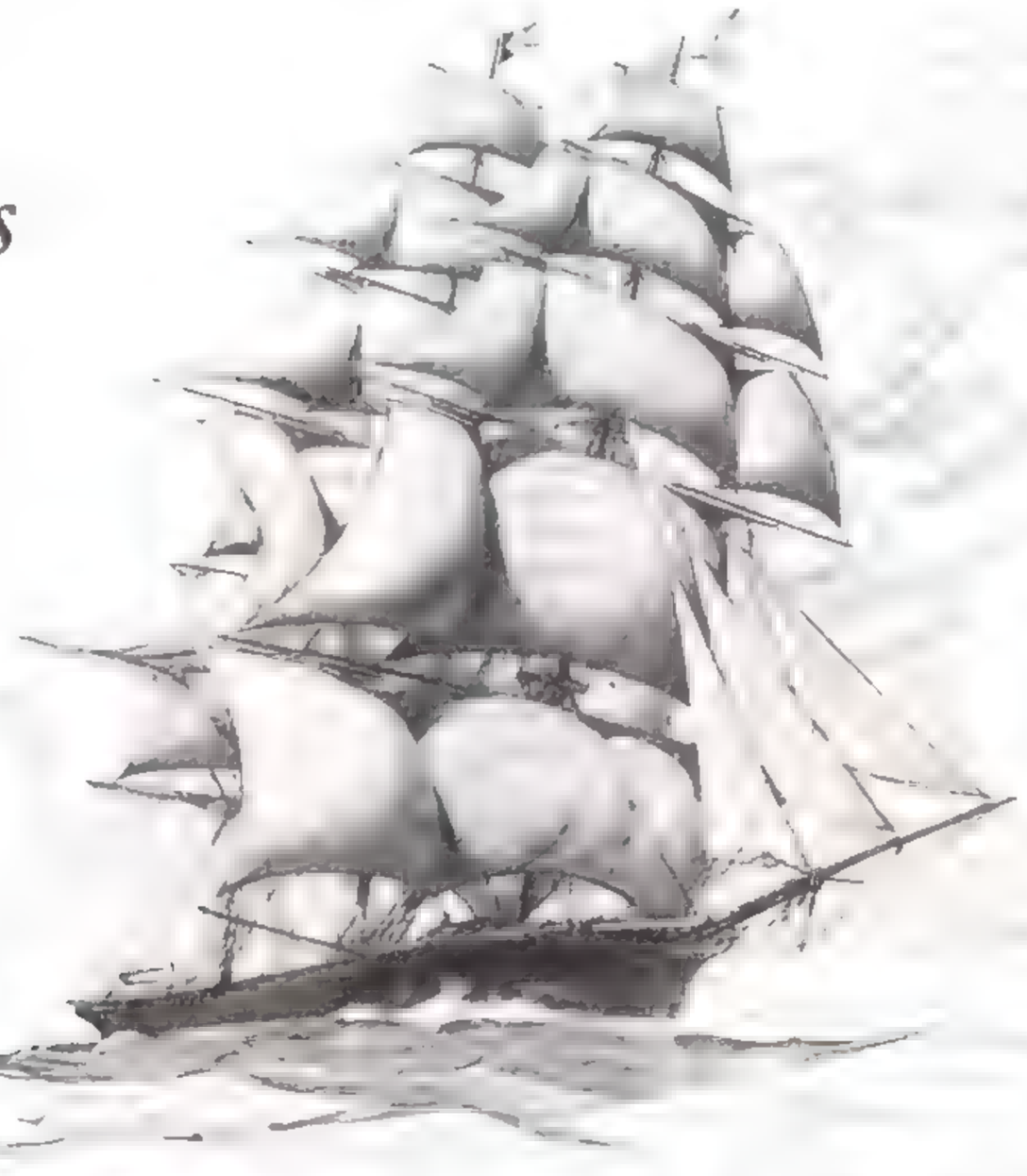
The ladies Olhagarray were much in evidence on that occasion; Mademoiselle Chiquita hurrying about in a thin white girlish frock of long ago, cheeks pink, hair somewhat disarranged with the excitement; mechanically calling out "one-two, one-two," like an impassioned metronome; taking a hand here, there; flinging herself into the breach more than once with a few graceful steps to show the way; far too busy and happy and important to be shy for once. Emily caught herself hoping that if Hercule still had the envy to marry himself ambitiously, he was not missing the Maypole festival.

Nor was he. When the affair was done and Mademoiselle Chiquita sat taking a well-earned rest, surrounded by her sisters, as always, Emily noted Hercule issuing from the inn door just behind them, balancing a salver on one hand—betraying gesture—containing a bottle of pink *sirop*, a carafe of water and three tall glasses. These attentions the ladies Olhagarray received with surprised, stiff little gestures of gratitude. Hercule lingered a moment, hoping perhaps that they would suggest a fourth glass for himself; but *las Señoritas* were somewhat unskilled in accepting masculine gallantries.

Hercule in person added in no small measure to the general air of spring festivity. It was known that he had come

(Continued on Page 66)

The Reo Flying Clouds



The Finest, Fastest Models of America's Longest Lasting Car

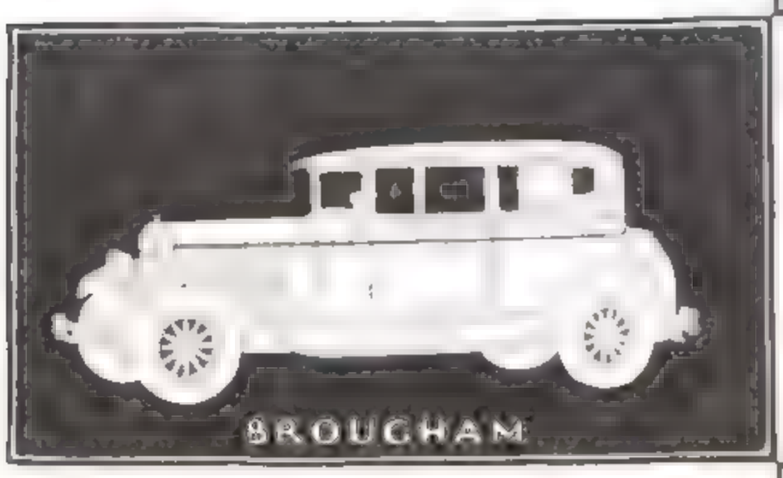
BEAUTY

"The body work . . . is particularly satisfying. It has a suggestion of European design in its lines and its colorings are the rich and beautiful tints that nitrocellulose finishes have given us . . . The interior decorations are very charming, a Cellini motif being employed with new upholstery . . . The Flying Cloud has all the appearance of speed."—*Automotive Daily News.*

COMFORT

"Later, the writer sat in the rear seat, and was very much impressed with the easy riding qualities. On those secondary roads, it was literally as comfortable as a Pullman car."—*Motor.*

"A speed of 55 M. P. H. seemed to be a comfortable touring speed."—*Motor Age.*

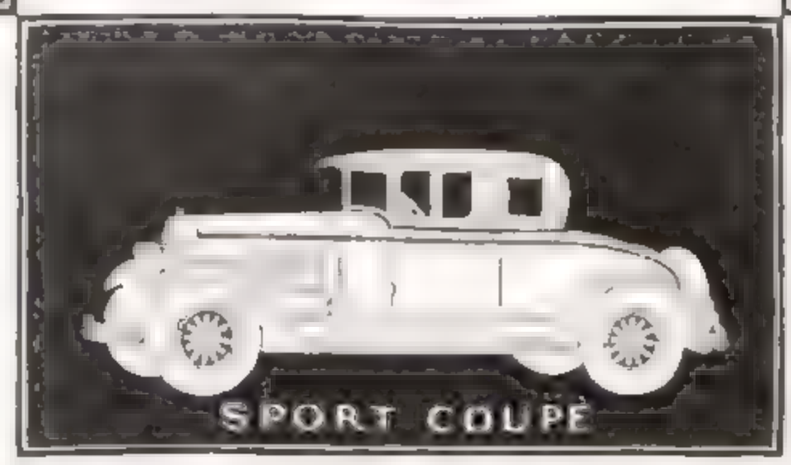


PERFORMANCE

"Being somewhat conservative, I believed 40 miles an hour about right for such roads. But it was really an effort to hold this car below fifty miles an hour, so smoothly and quietly did it run. Several times I slowed up to 40, but invariably was soon back to 50 or 60. Certainly there could be no more convincing commentary on the sweetness with which this car runs."—*Motor.*

EASE OF HANDLING

"There's new power in the motor and a new handling ease in the finger tip controls and four velvet-stop internal type [hydraulic] brakes . . . . Fatigue is obviated by extreme flexibility of the mechanism in driving . . . . A touch of the finger actually shifts the gears, the single disc clutch taking hold surely but smoothly. A finger on the wheel turns the car . . . ."—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*



DURABILITY

"At the factory, the writer saw the individual parts of one of the new models that had been driven 100,000 miles and then torn apart—The writer, of course, must accept the Reo Company's statement that the car really did travel this distance and all he can say on this point is that he has every reason to believe it is a true statement—None of the parts were worn out, nor anywhere near worn out."—*Motor.*

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Mich.*

BE SURE TO TRY ONE OUT

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

Employ a Good Painter . . . . Good Painters use EAGLE

Paint manufacturers—*and master painters*—agree on white lead paints

Paint manufacturers use white lead as the principal ingredient of their highest quality paints.

The higher the lead content, the longer the paints last and the better they stand up under all weather conditions.

Eagle Pure White Lead is sold to paint manufacturers in the form of a dry pigment. It is sold to homeowners and painters already ground in pure linseed oil—ready to be thinned to paint consistency.

Eagle—in use since 1843—combines great beauty with the tough elastic strength of lead.

EAGLE *Pure* WHITE LEAD

OLD DUTCH PROCESS

The EAGLE-PICHER LEAD COMPANY

134 *North La Salle Street, Chicago*

Eleven Plants—
Branches in all principal cities

Continued from Page 64

home seeking for a wife, a quest his former neighbors regarded with sympathy and approval.

While his stiff leg prevented him from entering the more active social events, he was an adept at wrestling; and on a certain memorable occasion he took two falls in success on out of Esteban Urruty, only to take a fall himself later at the hands of his own father; an act of filial piety which deeply endeared him to the spectators.

The ladies Olhagarray were present at this spectacle, nor did they blench at it; though Emily herself turned white and sick at sight of the sheer physical agony in her husband's laughing face before he at last made the signal of surrender. Evidently the bullfight furnished good schooling for maiden sensibilities!

There had been beauty, too, despite the skilled brutality of the struggle; those splendidly muscled bodies writhing and twisting together, pliant as tigers; the grace of every movement, the smiling indifference to pain that seemed to her more civilized nerves incredible. Esteban's lean athlete's body was slender as a lad's beside the other's tremendous strength, nor was he a match for the older man in sheer agility. the tossing of heavy trunks and the expert balancing of trays had kept Hercule apparently in form. It occurred to Emily, quite primitively, that a man so powerful as this would have no difficulty in taking good care of any woman, even an aristocrat. She recalled, too, Hercule's curious gentleness with the invalids at the *pension;* his large and quiet patience, like the patience of a great kind dog, with his mother's shrewish hectoring.

Once, during the wrestling match with Esteban, she had noticed the lips of Mademoiselle Chiquita moving in silent prayer. Afterward she asked mischievously for which contestant were her prayers.

"For both, my dear," answered the little lady simply. "I prayed that neither of them should defeat the other. Such beautiful young men!"—although it was many years since Hercule could have been called, with justice, a beautiful young man.

"What a pity," murmured Emily by way of experiment, "that the blacksmith's son should be a cripple!"

Mademoiselle Chiquita turned wondering eyes upon her. "He a cripple? You call that splendid figure of a man a cripple? Myself, I do not notice the slight limp. I find it even distinguished; like the rolling gait of a sailor." The heroes of her fancy had usually been sailors.

Emily smiled to herself; this was as it should be. More and more, as matrimony grew upon her, Emily inclined toward matchmaking. She was becoming as cosmically minded as the matriarch, as the spring itself; envisaging the entire animal kingdom, human and otherwise, in terms of two-and-two.

But her matronly beneficence received a check when she learned, presently, the manner of Hercule's fortune making. He was apparently quite frank about it, even proud of it; and Lastra reported it to Emily quite as a matter of course.

The earlier portion of those Ulysses wanderings were still shrouded in mystery so far as the village was concerned; there were rumors of bad luck at the cards, of savings foolishly invested, of lotteries that failed to oblige, of horses which did not run as they had been expected to run—all the misfortunes so liable to happen to any Basque who wanders too far from the home valley, Lastra informed her. Then, as luck will do, luck had changed for Hercule. He had at last achieved his ambition to go down to the sea in ships; not in proper Basque fashion, as sailor or fisherman, but as friend and companion to a sick American millionaire who feared to recross the sea alone.

"Hercule was always very kind with the unfortunate," explained Lastra. "He has a heart of wax."

Thus before Hercule had opened up opportunity; a vista of unguessed usefulness and profit. America, it appeared, was suffering from a great thirst, *un soif de l'enfer.*

"The more they are rich the more they suffer," said Lastra. "Picture to yourself—in all that desert land no wine, no beer, no cognac, not so much as a jug of hydromel! What then do they drink? Only cider? But too much cider, madame, is like a knife among the entrails."

Not so much of a knife, Emily murmured, as some of the substitutes with which her unfortunate countrymen were attempting to quench the unquenchable.

So Hercule had learned, reported Lastra gravely. It seemed then a charity, almost a Christian duty, to supply these suffering rich with such comfort as the good God intended all men to enjoy. All that needed was a certain audacity, a certain knowledge of the sea, and a certain acquaintance with the market. These Hercule was able to provide; his American friend and patron had provided a fast little coastwise sailing vessel which minded the helm as a good horse minds the snaffle; and so for a season Hercule, on the shores of an alien continent, fulfilled his natural Basque functions of navigator, smuggler and corsair in general, with great content and profit. His career was presently nipped in the bud by the *garde civile.* It had been necessary, to keep himself out of prison, to pay the *garde civile* a sum whose greatness the ears of madame would hardly credit, groaned Lastra; but fortunately an even greater sum had already been invested on the far side of that wide country, where Hercule was not known to the *garde civile,* and where it had occurred to him that native vineyards might be made to yield an even greater profit than the imported product. One had only to grow grapes; and if those who bought the grapes did not understand the proper use of them, who but Hercule would instruct their ignorance? True, one had laws; but one had always foolish laws in every land, *n'est-ce pas?* Else how would lawyers live?

Emily felt a certain sympathy with Hercule's point of view, but she feared that the ladies Olhagarray might prove more strait-laced. Esteban reassured her, however. Grinning, he told her a bit of history: When Don Licerio took his wife and daughters yearly to San Sebastian for the bullfight it was noticeable that the ladies returned to their home much fatter than when they left. It was noticeable to everybody, most of all to the customs officers at the *douane,* who, nevertheless, hardly dared to suggest disrobing the ladies Olhagarray.

"Not that Don Licerio wanted the laces and shawls and what not he brought to his home in this fashion—his house is bursting with such rubbish. But it is galling to the spirit of any Eskuala to feel that persons of the same race, the same nation, must pay fines and duties to one another without their consent, merely because a few mountains happen to lie between their dwellings! No, no, *galchucha,* it is not because of any such lawbreaking that the Señoritas will decline the addresses of Hercule—if he shows the temerity to make them."

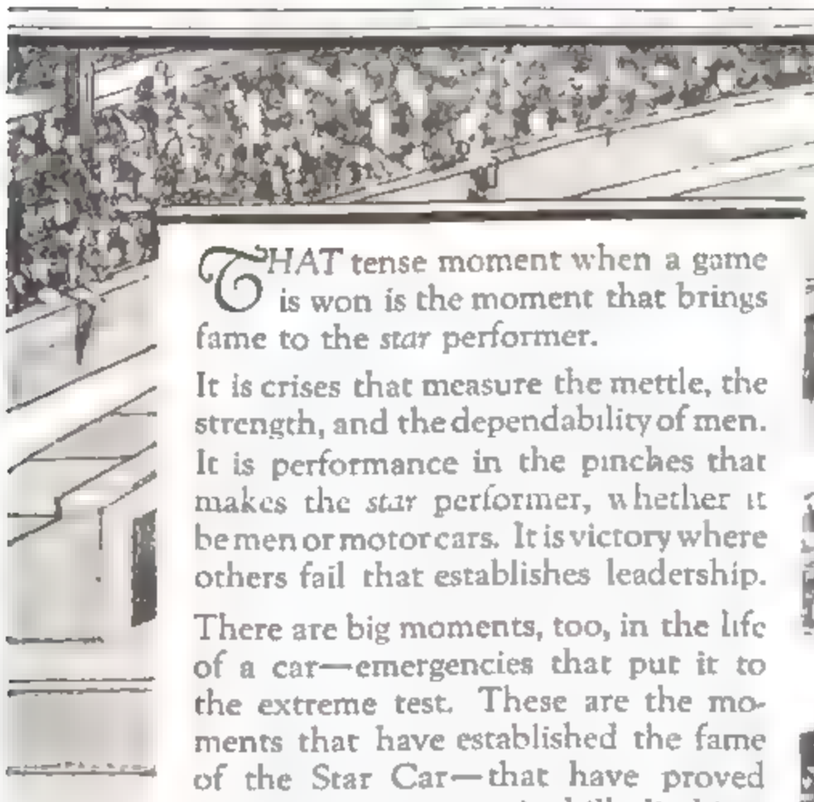
A few days later Emily learned that Hercule had indeed shown the temerity to make them. It was her father-in-law who brought the news; he having been approached by the Olhaiby, in the absence of parents and godparents. Monsieur Urruty, in turn, approached the ladies Olhagarray—an alcalde has varied duties.

"Incredible as it may appear, they accept the fellow!" smiled Pedro rather gravely.

"What, all of them?" laughed Emily. "I suppose you mean Chiquita accepts?"

"Yes," said Pedro, "it was indeed Chiquita who approved the arrangement, she being the more energetic of the sisters. But," he added, "it is not Chiquita, naturally, who will marry Hercule; it is Eulalie, the eldest."

Emily gasped. "Eulalie! That withered little frozen creature! Impossible, Pedro! You must have misunderstood. It could not have been Eulalie for whom Hercule asked!" *Continued on Page 68)*



THAT tense moment when a game is won is the moment that brings fame to the *star* performer.

It is crises that measure the mettle, the strength, and the dependability of men. It is performance in the pinches that makes the *star* performer, whether it be men or motor cars. It is victory where others fail that establishes leadership.

There are big moments, too, in the life of a car—emergencies that put it to the extreme test. These are the moments that have established the fame of the Star Car—that have proved its power supremacy in hill-climbing, mud, and traffic emergencies—that have established it as the *star* performer of the low-priced field. Let any Star Car dealer show you what Star performance means.

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, N Y C
General Sales Department, Elizabeth, New Jersey
Elizabeth, N J Plants Oakland, Cal
Lansing, Mich Toronto, Ont
Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Foreign

Star Performance

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

The
IMPROVED STAR SIX
SEDAN
Hayes-Hunt Body
$925
F. O. B. LANSING

NEW LOWER PRICES

Improved Star Four

Chassis	$470
Convertible Roadster	$580
Touring	$580
Coupe	$650
Coach	$675
Sedan	$765

Improved Star Six

Chassis	$650
Touring	$735
Coupe	$795
Coach	$845
Deluxe Sport Roadster	$895
Sedan	$925
Landau	$975
Sport Coupe	$975

Hayes-Hunt Bodies

COMPOUND FLEETRUCK
Ton Chassis $995

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

(Continued from Page 66)

The alcalde, lifting his eyebrow, replied that Hercule had not specified; it was honor enough for him, surely, to be accepted by any Olhagarray; and since Eulalie was the eldest ——

Emily's face went blank with dismay. Poor Hercule! Poor little sweet, self-sacrificing old Chiquita! "Oh, oh," she cried, stamping her foot, "how the best of men can manage to bungle everything, if they are given the chance!"

The family stared in alarm; never before had they seen this cool imperturbable Emily in such unseemly temper. "But calm yourself, my child!" soothed the matriarch. "*Sois tranquille!* It is after all not our affair. Remember that you nurse a young baby!"

"Oh, bother my young baby!" groaned Emily appallingly, and ordered a car that she might hurry down to the village and play *deus ex machina*.

She arrived too late for the rôle. A stir of interested excitement was visible in the Calle Mayor, where Lastra, making no pretense of cobbling, leaned upon his half door, frankly angling for society.

"Aha!" he greeted her with a wag of the head. "One sees why you have come, madame! Half the women are already above, celebrating the *fiançailles*, and the others will arrive as soon as they have changed their aprons. But enter, enter! Who more welcome than yourself, to tell us all about the customs American?"

Upstairs the salon was indeed buzzing like a hive, the ladies Olhagarray having been suddenly transformed into heroines. In the center of the sofa sat the fiancée, pale with emotion and fright; while her sisters hovered solicitously about her, as if she had already become a creature apart, superior, as the married are always superior to the unwed.

"Madame has heard?" cried Chiquita, hurrying eagerly to greet Emily. "Is it not *epatant?* The marriage will occur as soon as possible, since Monsieur Hercule returns at once to his affairs. What romance! Our sister is to go—our own Eulalie—out to the uttermost ends of earth, to the very edge of the sunset—as Monsieur Hercule so beautifully puts it—where there is a vineyard facing the sea—not our sea, you comprehend, but one quite as charming—and a sailing boat which belongs to Monsieur Hercule, and an orange grove which smells like a bouquet. There is also a house, not so large as this, but more cheerful, with roses climbing even to the roof—picture it!—and water running hot and cold from pipes, as with you; and a stove that cooks in some miraculous way without fire. Myself I do not understand—I am too stupid—but things are like that in America. Our sister will be never lonely, says Monsieur Hercule, because there are many neighbors there, other than savages—even Basques! And those who work in his vineyards speak the Spanish, like anybody. So you see she cannot be lonely; with such a fine strong husband too!"

Evidently the glamour of far places had quite outweighed any aristocratic prejudice with regard to the blacksmith's son. Emily doubted whether even a knowledge of his humble services at the Pension William Tell could have daunted Chiquita's sense of high adventure. She recognized the true spirit of the pioneer, the empire builder; here was such a heroic, gallant woman as those who have carried civilization, following each her man, beyond the world's outposts. And instead Hercule was taking Eulalie!

Emily essayed one faint protest: "But why Mademoiselle Eulalie, instead of one of you others?"

"Why not?" was the reasonable reply. "She is the eldest. Monsieur Hercule did not specify ——"

Possibly she sensed some unspoken dismay in the other's mind, for she became quite discursive, with a most unusual breaking down of her shy reserve. The poignant voice—voices so often betray what words do not—told Emily what she had feared: Mademoiselle Chiquita might have been very glad, perhaps, if Hercule had specified.

"Eulalie, you comprehend, has been so less happy in her life than we others. In youth she wished to enter religion; her vocation was very strong. But papa would not permit—our papa," she explained deprecatorily, "was not entirely a devout person. Also, when certain gentlemen proposed to him for our hands, it was not—it happened never to be Eulalie for whom they asked. So, life for her has been less amusing than for us others. We two have so much! Teresa her chickens, her flowers, her ménage; I, the children, the precious babies, new every year—in that, one is more fortunate than a real mother! There is also the dancing—it is perhaps foolish how much pleasure one takes in dancing," she confessed, "considering that the knees begin to stiffen. But, no, even were she not the eldest, it was for our cherished Eulalie to embrace this opportunity; not for us."

"Dear little mademoiselle ——" Emily could go no further, something caught in her throat.

Nor did she dare take up the matter with Hercule. After all, they were strangers to her, these people, this race; he might, for all she knew, be quite content with his bargain; grateful enough, as Pedro indicated, to be accepted by any Olhagarray. She found something rather touching in the determination of this great simple fellow, who had loved a lady in his youth, to be content thereafter with nothing less than ladyhood; typified to his memory, no doubt, by the Señoritas; their delicate reserve, their slender hands and feet, their gentle manners—even their duenna and the family carriage in which they drove so elegantly to mass.

Hercule, indeed, seemed quite gratified, though rather subdued by the magnitude of his performance. Betrothal gifts were exchanged; the blacksmith's son sported upon a lively waistcoat the fob and seals of the haughty Don Licerio himself, who must have turned in his grave at the horrid sight. Mademoiselle Eulalie exhibited, upon request, a ring, set, in the American fashion, with a large single diamond. There were also three great rolls of silk, which Chiquita showed to Emily in consultation—one of crimson, one of pink, and one of royal purple. These, explained Chiquita, Monsieur Hercule desired to have made into costumes for his bride; it being an American custom, on holidays, for ladies even of the highest *ton* to appear in colors other than black. "A custom doubtless borrowed from the aborigines?" she inquired doubtfully.

It was Chiquita who took upon herself all the necessary arrangements, who busied herself eagerly with affairs of the trousseau, who even allowed herself to be fitted for the wedding dresses, since both were of one size. It was Chiquita who selected for her sister what seemed most suitable out of the three great dower chests in which the ladies Olhagarray had long been laying away their treasures of lace and linen, against hope. One would think, smiled the neighbors behind the hand, that it was Mademoiselle Chiquita herself who was about to marry!—but she had always been the moving spirit in her family.

Banns were read from the pulpit for the espousals of Hercule, son of Ramon Olhaiby the blacksmith, with Mademoiselle Maria Teresa Eulalie, daughter of Don Licerio Olhagarray, of the house Arahala; whose grandfather had been gentleman in waiting to the king of Spain.

Certainly it was too late to interfere; but once, encountering Hercule limping rather thoughtfully along the road, his panama set well on the back of his graying curls, his lips puckered for a whistle which did not come, his blue eyes lighting with eager pleasure at sight of her, Emily could not resist temptation.

"My friend, you are still almost a young man as men go!" she said abruptly.

"You bet, madame," replied Hercule, who loved his English. "We remain long young, we Olhaiby! The father of my father gained nearly a hundred years before he died, and then it was a death of accident—a ski broke under him as he attempted the gorge."

"But mademoiselle your fiancée," said Emily, nerving herself to the attack, "is not young at all as women go! You are sure you are not making a mistake?"

Hercule shrugged and became confidential. "You see it is like this. Me, I do not care for women as women, you comprehend? I want only one who will make for me a home—a good Basque home—in the new country. Having associated with persons of such quality as yourself, as your noble father—eh, *alors*, one acquires a taste for persons of quality, *n'est-ce pas?* Yet, one does not ask for the moon. Also, a wife of an age one is compelled to respect is safer for a person of my disposition; more steadying—you receive me, madame? For a man of property there are temptations—the cards, the lottery, the horses; *hélas*, how much honest sweat of the brow I have seen go up in smoke! It is well for one of such a temperament as mine, living apart from his parents, from persons with authority over him, to select a wife who will exercise authority in their place."

"Who will, in fact, become a mother to him," murmured Emily, smiling a little. "I understand, Hercule. But you are fond of children, are you not? I have seen you with them"; and indeed the great fellow went about the village, as about the Pension William Tell, with children attached like limpets to his person.

His face softened. "Me, am I fond of little ones? But naturally, madame! Sure t'ing! Wherever I am there will be children. The Mexicanos who work in my vineyards, the neighbors living near—they have many little ones. And do you know what they already call me, there *chez moi?*"—his wide gesture indicated all California. "They call me 'Papa Hercule!' A man who is called 'Papa Hercule' has less need of children for himself than other men, madame!"

Her mind returned with a pang to the picture of Chiquita and her dancing class; little Mademoiselle Chiquita, who felt herself more fortunate than most mothers because there were new babies for her every year. These two, so obviously meant for each other, so inevitably following divergent paths! For on what possible excuse could the man exchange his affianced bride for another? The thought saddened her beyond tears.

The day before the wedding day, however, she chanced upon a person whom it saddened even more, apparently. She had formed a habit, in passing through the village, of slipping into the old church sometimes for a moment of rest; not devoutly perhaps—her Catholicity was a matter of courtesy rather than of deep conviction—but reverently enough; aware of a strange and soothing calm that enveloped the bare, still place, with its votive ship suspended, as in all churches of seafaring people, the queer signs and inscriptions on its *yarleku*, those stones where women kneel who mourn their dead.

The ancient Madonna on her altar was dressed that day like a Spanish lady, all in black, with a black lace mantilla, and a lace-edged handkerchief held between her folded hands.

From without came pleasant, busy sounds of hammering, where the blacksmith had conceived that happy idea of erecting arches of flowers all along the street for the bride of his son to pass beneath when she came on the morrow to her nuptials. Within, as Emily stood half praying, wordlessly as happy women do, remembering her own nuptials, she became aware of a sound quite near, stifled but unmistakable—the sound of sobbing. On the lower steps of the Madonna altar she saw a figure almost prostrate in the complete abandonment of grief, and to her dismay she saw that the figure wore a hat. Except for the first triumphal appearance of the Olhaiby family, exhibiting the gifts of Hercule, none of the village women wore hats except the ladies Olhagarray. In a flash of painful insight Emily realized that this piteous figure must be Mademoiselle Chiquita.

Her first instinct—the instinct of her world, her training—was to slip hastily away unseen. But a deeper instinct warned her that there are times when we must be our brother's keeper. She knelt beside the prostrate form and put an arm around it.

"My dear, my dear!" she whispered. "I know; I understand ——"

A sodden face lifted itself to her helplessly, too desperate for surprise; and Emily gave a great start. It was not Chiquita; it was the bride Eulalie.

There in the dim quiet, at the foot of Our Lady of Sorrows, all barriers of race and age and custom went down before the need of woman for woman. Emily got the whole story; more of it than she wanted, more than Eulalie knew she was telling—her fear, almost her hatred of the brute called man, his rough, coarse voice, the horrid bristles on his chin, the smell of wine on his breath. Don Licerio had evidently been an affectionate father in his cups.

"How can women bear to marry the creatures? How can I bear?"

And to go away with one of them, quite alone, forever; to live with him as his wife, in a land where there were no friends, no sisters—she who had never in her life been out of reach of her sisters' touch in the dark, since they slept all together in one great bed for warmth!

There was another thing, something Emily's experience did not entirely fit her to understand—the sense of dedication, of belonging already to a spouse not of this earth.

"You see," whispered the poor lady again and again, "I had a vocation; I have always had a vocation!" How would a wife, how would she herself feel, she demanded of Emily, if they took her from Esteban, her love, and commanded her to love another, to belong always to another? She shivered in the girl's arms, and Emily shivered in sympathy. "A bride of quietness," she quoted to herself, "a bride of quietness ——"

But aloud she said firmly, "Listen, my dear! It would have been better for you to tell them from the first how you felt, how you hated the thought of marriage; but it is not too late yet! Come, we must do something at once!"

The other drooped lower and lower. "I have not the courage. Chiquita would never understand, she is so brave. Teresa would think of all the scandal. No, no, you are most kind; but this is my burden to bear alone. I—I must make an Act of it."

Emily, however, was thinking the burden by no means hers to bear alone, and thinking very fast. "Listen!" she said again, urgently. "To marry, feeling as you feel now, would be no sacrament, but a mortal sin!" She was glad of her slight acquirement of Catholic phraseology.

Eulalie shrank from her, gasping. "Ah, madame! Ah, no!"

"Yes, a mortal sin," repeated Emily impressively. "But I can save you from it; I can save you both. Only trust me! And promise to do nothing, say nothing at all, whatever happens. Let people think what they choose. Have you courage enough for that—to let people think what they choose?"

Yes, Eulalie believed she had courage even for that; if only she did not have to marry!

Emily left her where she knelt—still weeping but no longer trembling so terribly—and hurried away to find Hercule. She caught sight of him through the swinging door of the *estaminet*, fortifying himself for tomorrow's ordeal; and summoned him out to where they could talk together.

"Hercule, I want you to answer me something—quickly, without thinking at all, straight from the heart! Will you?"

"But perfectly, madame," was the trusting response; it was a source of pride to Emily that her husband's people invariably trusted her

(Continued on Page 73)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

—at this amazing price

$595

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The Most

Beautiful COACH *in Chevrolet History*

Never before such superlative smartness in a low-priced closed car! Never before such beauty of line, color and contour—such elegance, luxury and distinction! The most beautiful coach in Chevrolet history—a masterpiece of advanced engineering and the coachmaker's art—and offered at the amazingly low price of $595.

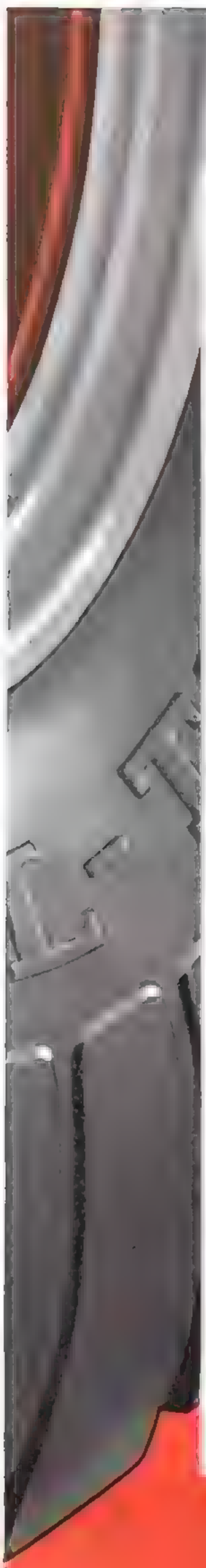
Here is an entirely new body, styled in the finest Fisher tradition and finished in modish St. James Gray Duco. Here is perfection of detail, richness of environment and spaciousness beyond all expectation in a low-priced car. Here are score upon score of mechanical improvements, assuring even more marked satisfaction and even more impressive performance—AC oil filter, AC air cleaner, new large steering wheel and many, many others!

Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Study the most beautiful Coach! See for yourself this latest of Chevrolet triumphs—this greatest of closed car values!

Touring or Roadster $525, Coupe $625, Coach $595, Sport Cabriolet $715, Sedan $695, Landau $745. ½-Ton Truck $395. (Chassis only). 1-Ton Truck $495 (Chassis only). All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Balloon tires standard equipment on all models.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST



Something Done about the Weather

Mark Twain complained that while there was a lot of talk about the weather, nobody seemed to *do* anything about it.

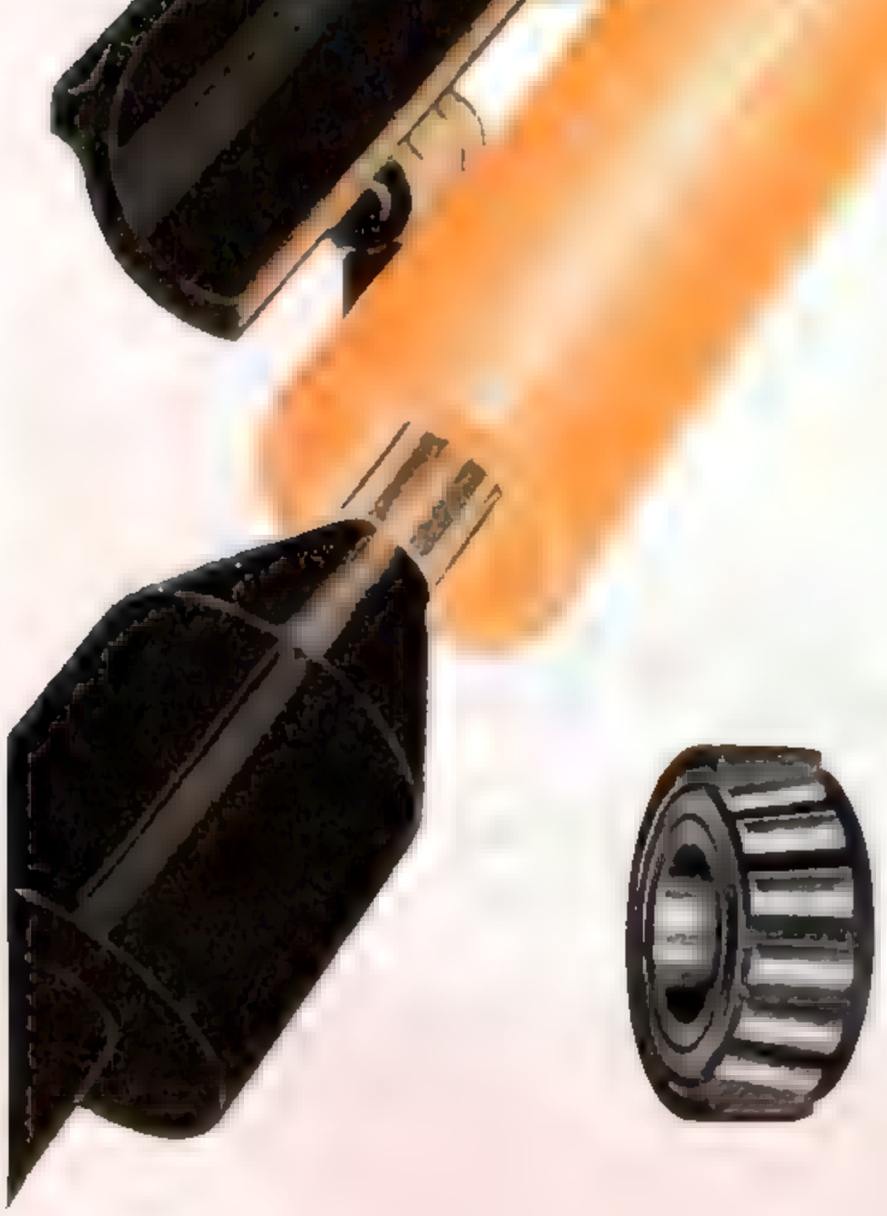
But that was before the day of the closed car—and of Seiberling All-Tread Tires.

Always on some roads—sometimes on all roads—there's a stretch of dirt or a stretch of weather that calls for more than the average tire can give —¶ That calls for protection against broken paving and jagged curbs — ¶ For extra traction through mud or sand — ¶ And Seiberling has done something about it—has equipped the Seiberling All-Tread with tough bars that protect the side-walls, and that give you a better grip on the road when the wheels sink in. ¶ You can see the how and the why of it on the tire itself.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY . AKRON, OHIO
Seiberling Tyre Co. of Great Britain, Ltd., 19 Summer Row, Birmingham, England

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

MILES OF SEAMLESS TUBE, FOR A DAILY CAPACITY OF 132,000 TIMKEN BEARINGS, ARE MADE IN THE TIMKEN STEEL MILL, WHICH HAS THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCTION OF ELECTRIC FURNACE STEEL.



Putting Extra Years into Your Car

Only the best is good enough for the bearings in the differential, transmission, pinion or worm drive, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fan of your car or truck. That is why all the steel for Timken Bearings is *electric*—and Timken-made. It is the purest and most wear-resisting steel ever developed.

Timken Bearings protect motor vehicles from the wear of friction, side thrust, shock, speed and torque. This *complete* wear resistance comes only from the exclusive combination of Timken electric steel, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken tapered design.

There is every reason for insisting upon Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in your car or truck. They are the selection, not only of most vehicle manufacturers, but of leading builders of all kinds of industrial equipment.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN

Tapered

ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 68)

"If you had been allowed, Hercule, to choose among the Señoritas of your own accord, which would you have selected for your wife? Quickly, now—which?"

"But—naturally, Mademoiselle Chiquita!"

She patted his arm. "Good man! And why?"

By that time he had become uneasy, blushing and stammering and scrabbling with his boot. Why? He could not say, he hardly knew—a certain lightness of the foot, perhaps—the matter of a dimple—

"Hooray! Dimples forever!" cried Emily insanely, and laid before him her little plan. When she parted from Hercule he looked completely dazed, but withal uplifted. He did not return to the *estaminet*.

She had, however, her difficulties with Mademoiselle Chiquita; whose hair was already up in curl papers against the morrow's event, and who could not believe her senses. Eulalie weeping? Eulalie wretched? Her own adored sister miserable because she was about to become the happiest of women? Incredible! Madame had heard it from Eulalie's own lips?

Emily did her best with the Catholic phraseology. She pointed out the position of a spouse of heaven about to be thrust into the arms of mortal man. "Fancy her feelings, forced to marry a wild man from America, who had come to drag her, as it were, from the familiar altar to his rough cave!"

Chiquita wiped away an awed tear at the thought. It was true, there had always been something singularly holy about their Eulalie. She had indeed the very manner of the blessed Saints.

"And I, who wished only for her happiness! I was about to force her to the sacrifice supreme?" Chiquita wept aloud, but only for a moment. "However, I learn in time. There is only one thing for it, madame. They must not marry!"

"My thought exactly," murmured Emily with satisfaction, glancing at the watch on her wrist. Time was flying. "But consider the position of poor Hercule!" she went on craftily. "Deprived at the final moment of the wife he had every right to expect; forced to return alone to his vineyard, his orange grove, the house with roses on its roof! One owes something, certainly, to that good man? Consider the presents he has brought—the ring, the splendid silks!"

"These," sighed Chiquita, "shall be returned at once."

"But, when they are already made into dresses?" questioned Emily, and suggested, diffidently, her own idea.

The other's cheeks flamed: her hands flew up to hide them. She? Madame felt it *her* duty to take the place of Eulalie? "I should die of shame! The talk, the scandal! They would say I—I had—had —— Oh, impossible! And suppose Monsieur Hercule were not agreeable to the arrangement?"

Emily assured her that Hercule was agreeable; more than agreeable; he even preferred it to the other. And everything came about so conveniently; the trousseau fitted one as well as the other; the name on the marriage license was even the same—Maria Teresa Eulalie. It was almost, declared Emily with inspiration, as if their papa, the Don, had foreseen some such contingency!

"You think that?" asked Chiquita earnestly. "You really think our dear papa but surely not! Madame jests!"

She continued to shake her head, to say that it was impossible—no, no, a thousand times no! But the dimple began to appear and reappear in her flushed cheek. She gazed at Emily, Emily gazed at her, and suddenly both began to laugh.

The rest was simple. Hercule, Emily promised, would be waiting behind the house with his automobile at the hour of dark, when *tout le monde* would be gossiping out in front; and in his strong and experienced arms he would carry down the traveling trunk of Eulalie, the dower chest as well; and she, Chiquita, would follow, saying not a word; and they would drive rapidly all night, straight through the warm June moonlight, to St.-Jean-de-Luz, to the house of Emily's friend there, Miss Dibbs, an English lady who loved all sentiment and adventure; and she would do the rest.

All of which came duly to pass, to the delighted scandal of the community; where still the thrill of the Olhagarray elopement is discussed in whispers, with much stress laid upon the Christian resignation of the martyred Eulalie, deserted thus by her suitor practically at the altar steps.

The last that pair of gallant old adventurers into new youth saw of the home valley was the figure of their *dea ex machina*, on a hilltop, outlined against the moonlight in the attitude of her own great Goddess of Liberty, hand upraised as in blessing—a goddess who laughed, and cried a little, too, saying under her breath, in the Basque, as if they could hear, "*Gatche'one*, my little ones!"

HINDSIGHT

(Continued from Page 15)

path with a word or two, or even more, you wouldn't let no fool formalities stand in your way or hold you back none. Am I right?" I says.

"Speaking wi' reverence, ye cud gang yer ain gate to the brimstone pit and I'd gie ye nae word, asked or unasked, to set ye right," he says, in his pleasant way, and with that he clucks to his team and they moved away.

"Somehow, that sounded to me 'unceevil,'" I says, turning to Barney.

"It's just his way," says Barney. "I'll tell you about him later on. Come on up to the house and meet the madam. I see you've put your horse up. Have you et?"

After I'd met his wife and we had talked a spell on more agreeable subjects, Barney told me all about old Doug. He also told me about Jeanie and about Billy Thompson, who, he said, was a good boy and earned all the Circle Bar paid him.

"I thought Billy would get the job they give me when Dunker quit," says Barney. "I reckon they thought he was too young, and me being married helped. Billy used to raise a little harmless hell oncet in a while, too, but he's steadied down since he got acquainted with Jeanie Maconochie. It beats me how he done that. Well, he's taken him up a claim about four miles down the river and he's got a few head of cows and a little bunch of yearlings and calves on the range to draw to. He'll fill his hand if he stays, Billy will. This here is a good country for a man with a small bunch, and it's going to be better when outfits like ours is crowded out. Good farm land, and old Doug picked out about the best of it on the Bend. Dug him a ditch from the upper end to the lower and gets all the water he wants to irrigate in a dry spell."

He rolled him a cigarette, frowning at it. "The old skeezicks!" he says. "They come sixes up for him every clatter out of the box. If we knew where we could get some hog cholera and pink eye, and smut for his wheat, and what's bad for that apple orchard of his—not wishing him no harm. But he thinks his luck gives him a license to tell us where we missed out. No use to argue with him. It's been tried."

Then he went on to tell me about Homer Wilkes and Dan Jennings and Prost and others. "I had a little run-in with him myself," he says. "If I ever have another, I'm not a-going to act like the beasts that perish account of not knowing the uses of a gun."

In the pride and vaingloriousness of my heart, I allowed I'd take an early opportunity of meeting the old rip, and if he wasn't good to me I'd cuff him up to a peak and knock the peak off with my own fair fists. Barney smiled sort of sad at that. "How does this Billy Thompson make out with him?" I asked.

"He doesn't make out," says Barney. "Billy's real sensitive and he won't go nowheres that he thinks he's not wanted. He respects and admires old Doug, he says, but he ain't a-going to force himself on him. I don't know how he and Jeanie fix it so's they can see each other. You might ask Billy yourself."

I met Billy in the bunk house that same night. Well, he didn't seem so much, but I sort of took to him. Mejum height, light-complected, tow-headed and some freckled. He had a sort of slow, sleepy smile, like a kid waking up out of sound slumbers and seeing something that tickled him. Slow moving, too, except where there was need of moving fast, and then he was swift as a lizard.

Slow talking: but I claim that always gives a man a chance to think what he's a-saying. Yes, I liked him at sight; and after we'd worked together three-four days I didn't like him none the less. It was that long afore I so much as mentioned old Doug.

"Well," says Billy, "I reckon we've all got our faults, but there's worse than what he is. I've known more'n one or two mean men in my time and I've read about others. You take old Judas Iscariot and Cap Kidd and Benedict Arnold—they was all three right pleasant persons, gentlemanly and soft-spoken and friendly, wasn't they? Until you found out what their drawbacks was, you'd probably have lent 'em money without security, or gone on their notes, and you'd have pasted anybody in the eye that told you they wasn't to be trusted. Now I don't claim that the old man is extry sweet-tempered or winning in his ways, but he won't feed you no taffy. If he don't like you, he won't make no bones of telling you that he don't."

"He ever tell you that?" I asked him.

Billy let out a smile by slow degrees. "Well, words to that effect," he says.

"Such as what?" I inquired.

"Such as dancing, dicing son of Belial," he answers. "I wasn't sure but what I'd have to take him up on that 'son of Belial.' It sounded like fighting talk."

"It sounds unceevil onyway," I says, and Billy laughed.

"The trouble with him being Scotch is that he's got this here second sight they tell about," he says.

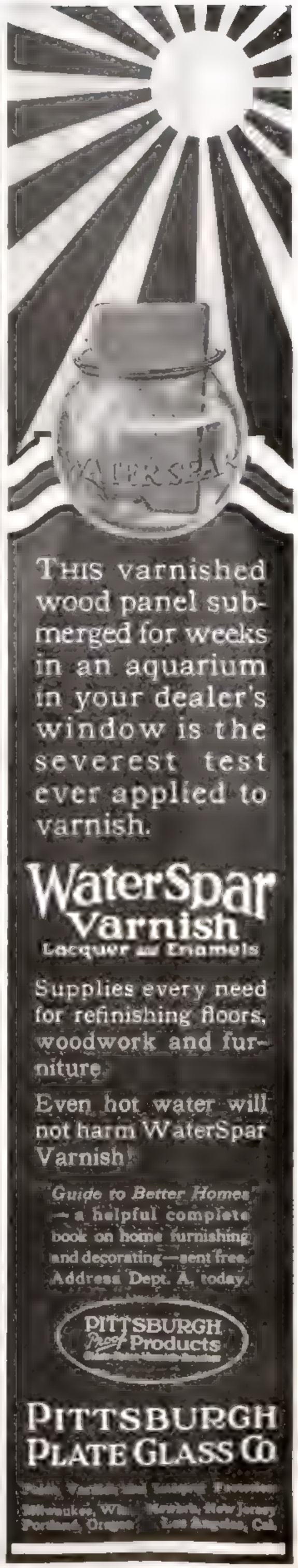
I asked him how that was.

"Common, ord'nary sight and hindsight," says Billy. "He's certainly got the worst case of hindsight I ever come across. If he had foresight too—which he's always telling you you ain't got—he'd realize that he might as well try to put up with me and save his breath and his temper. But no, he don't like me pers'nally. He don't like the color of my hair nor the size of my feet nor the look of my face. He'd have altered that, prob'ly, if I hadn't outrun him. Furthermore, he don't approve of my habits and conduct and principles or the way my clothes fit me. On the whole, he don't like me—which is a pity. There was one thing he called me that I hate to tell you. He saved it up for the last. I reckon he thought that if anything would make me stand my ground and let him pound me to a pulp, it would be calling me a —— Say, if I tell you what it was, you got to promise me you won't let it go no farther. Maybe I ought to have took it up. It was worse than 'son of Belial.'"

"Spit it out," I says.

He lowered his voice. "He called me a spendthrift," he says.

"That sure ought to have made your blood boil, if you've got any—which I'm beginning to doubt," I says. "What you ought to have done was hauled off and pasted him one, if you got pounded to a


THIS varnished wood panel submerged for weeks in an aquarium in your dealer's window is the severest test ever applied to varnish.
WaterSpar Varnish
Lacquer and Enamels
Supplies every need for refinishing floors, woodwork and furniture.
Even hot water will not harm WaterSpar Varnish
"Guide to Better Homes" —a helpful complete book on home furnishing and decorating—sent free. Address Dept. A, today.
PITTSBURGH Proof Products
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS Co

PRESSURE
KEROGAS
TRADE BURNER MARK

Greater
Gasoline Stove
Efficiency
The Kerogas Oven for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Pressure Kerogas Burner. It is especially constructed to withstand the intense heat provided by these Burners. The Kerogas Oven is reliable, durable, and gives sure, uniform results.

The New
Pressure Kerogas
Burner plus
K-Direct Gas Lighter

Look for this combination in the gasoline stove you buy—whatever the make

The last word in the cooking efficiency of gasoline stoves! The new Pressure Kerogas Burner plus the K-Direct Gas Lighter.

. . . Here is a combination which, for convenience, intense heat, and simple manipulation, has never before been equalled.

The Pressure Kerogas Burner offers you complete mastery of the flame, absolute control. Intense, moderate, low, simmering—any degree of heat you desire is yours by a simple turn of the control wheel.

Moreover, realizing that in gasoline stoves there is a *lighting* problem as well as a burning problem, we have also perfected a remarkable device known as the K-Direct Gas Lighter. No more annoying delay, no more uncertainty . . . quickly, safely, surely, your burners are in operation and at your service.

You will find this new combination on a number of different makes and models of gasoline stoves this year. And you will always find the Pressure Kerogas Burner and K-Direct Gas Lighter together.

Why not see this remarkable equipment, judge it for yourself?

Go to your nearest dealer and ask to see one of the many models of gasoline stoves now equipped with the Pressure KerogasBurnersandK-DirectGasLighter.

There are also many different brands of fine kerosene stoves carrying, at no added price, the famous Patented Kerogas Burner for kerosene oil.

Manufactured by

A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co.

1219 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges—
Also the Celebrated L & H Electrics Ranges and Appliances

Dealers Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply gasoline stoves equipped with Pressure Kerogas Burners.

pulp the next minute. Shame on you! You could have licked him, at that. These grangers around here that he's walloped are mostly muscle-bound and don't know the first thing about the manly art. Barney used to be a fair-to-middling rough-and-tumbler, but he's dead on his feet now, while you could work on him like a cooper around a bar'l. Why didn't you try it?"

"Out of respect for his bald head," he answers. "No, between you and me, I'd like right well to massacree him, but it might make trouble in the fam'ly. You see I'm a-going to marry his daughter."

"Is that so-o?" says I.

"You bet your neck it's so," says Billy.

What with one thing and another, I didn't get around to calling on Mr. Maconochie as soon as I expected. Taliesen's Bend was quite a ways from the Circle Bar and I didn't happen nowheres near it. I did get acquainted with the rest of the neighbors though. We had a couple of dances that summer that was bright spots in our grind of toil and gave me a chance. Being as dances was contrary to nature with the old man, and against his principles and interest, he didn't attend neither one; and being as he was a husband and father who had a sense of duty and responsibility to'rds his fam'ly, Mis' Maconochie and Jeanie didn't attend neither. As Mis' Prost said, it didn't matter so much about the old bald-headed baboon, as most everbody had a spare blanket around the house that could be easy wet if required; but it did seem a sin and a shame that Jeanie and her ma wasn't here when ladies was so scarce and there was so many of the boys that would have been perfectly willing to put themselves out to bring 'em and take 'em back.

"I don't see for the life o' me how Mis' Maconochie and Jeanie put up with him," says Mis' Prost. "Think of him a-pointing out that what they ought to have done was have a good fire in the stove and the oven good and hot before they put the biscuits in, or something like that every meal. To say nothing of his face. Poor Jeanie! If he could have his way, she wouldn't have so much as a hair ribbon, and he's always wanted her to go barefoot, only when there was snow on the ground, or Sabbaths."

"Don't he get his own way then?" I asked her. "I was give to understand that he did."

"Most generally he does," says the lady; "but only about so far with Jeanie. Jeanie was raised to consider herself obligated to do what pa told her to do, and no words about it, and to believe that anything pa done was what he should ought to have done and all for her own good. But somehow the raising didn't take. There's times when she feels herself obligated to do what she wants to do, and on them occasions she smiles at her pa and does it. She's got to be a rank freethinker on what's good for her, and when she sets her foot down in a sweet ladylike way there's a fine lisle stocking on it and kid shoes. I will say that her ma always backs her up. That woman will let Mr. Maconochie walk all over her rough-shod, and kindly welcome, but if he tries it on Jeanie she'll fly at him like a wildcat.

"All the same, even Jeanie humors him too much. Now the idee of him not letting her have company! Not that Jeanie cared much about that, not realizing, poor child, the sport she could have had with half a dozen young fools courting her, and being of a happy disposition, anyway, and busy all the day and enjoying it. But now ——" She giggled. "Well, the old kill-joy is a-going to get a surprise, and he won't be much older before he gets it, or I miss my guess."

"How's that?" I asked her.

She fanned herself and giggled again. "That's telling," says she. "You just wait and see. My, if I can only get to him the first one with the news and watch his ugly face!"

"I'll bet you don't like him real well," I says.

"If you can find anybody willing to bet money that I do, just let me know," says she. "I'll get Abner to sell off all our stock and mortgage the ranch and put every last cent of what we can raise on a cinch like that—and I'll give you half of what we win. I had to nurse my poor Ab for a couple of weeks after that big Scotch brute got through with him. But we've forgave him now, and we're neighborly and nice, and Mis' Maconochie and Jeanie and me visit back and forth right along. He drives 'em over oncet in a while, and then he tells Jim how he should ought to have put Paris green on the p'taters and not let the bugs get a start. I tell Abner to hold himself in, and so far he's done it, bless him!"

They was a mighty forgiving set of womenfolks in that section. I found that even Mis' Homer Wilkes and Mis' Dan Jennings, whose husbands had been beat up twice, didn't seem to hold it up against old Doug any longer. What was the sense or use of holding malice among neighbors? Forget and forgive was their mottoes. Life was too short to hold grudges, even against disgusting, gooseberry-eyed old gorillas; and, anyway, that sweet wife of his and dear little Jeanie wasn't to blame, and was always welcome and more'n welcome when they came. And, reely, Mr. Maconochie was always—well, you couldn't exactly say pleasant, but he never said anything much out of the way when you went to his house.

One day I stopped as I was a-going past Joe Parsons' place. Joe wasn't at home, but Mis' Parsons asked me up on the porch to rest and cool off, and we got to talking, her and me.

"Miss Jeanie Maconochie was here a-visiting yesterday afternoon, wasn't she?" I asked her. "Seems like I seen her a-riding in this direction," I says—which I had, in my mind's eye, or a pig's eye.

"Why—er—le' me see," says Mis' Parsons. "Yesterday afternoon? Why, yes, come to think of it, she was. She brung a glass of that lovely crab-apple jell she and her ma put up. And what am I a-thinking of? I was a-going to ask you if you couldn't eat a mossle of coconut cake, and you must taste of that jell. I didn't have extry good luck with my cake, but —— Excuse me, and I'll go get it."

As soon as I got back with the staples to where Billy Thompson and me was wiring a new line fence, I asked him if he got his business with Joe Parsons settled up satisfactory yesterday, and he said yes, he got it all fixed up, and Joe wasn't hard to do business with.

"I'd have thought he would be, when he was sixty mile off at the Bull Pup ranch and with them horses of his on his mind," I remarks. "Mis' Parsons told me this afternoon that he started Monday and she wasn't expecting him home afore tonight. You must have done your business with smoke signals, unless she got her dates mixed. She also said that she had comp'ny—a lady—at the house yesterday afternoon. You see anything of a lady, Billy?"

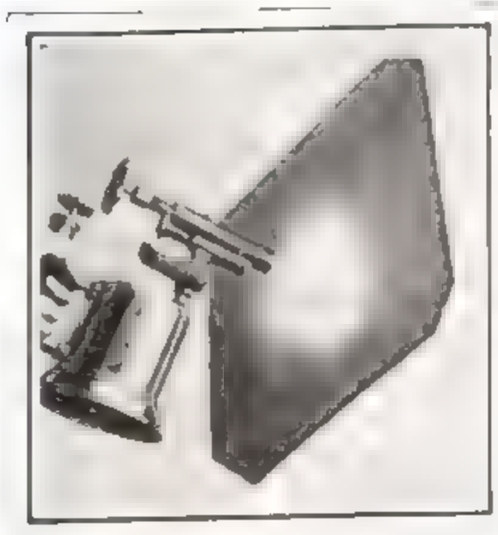
"Now you remind me of it, I have got a sort of impression that there was a lady there," says Billy, beginning to smile. "My tongue slipped when I said that I got my business fixed up with Joe. What I should ought to have said was that if Joe had been there the business would have been fixed up," he went on, his smile a-widening. "And darn your hide, if you tell Barney or anybody else, I'll—well, I'll be real mad at you."

"And you didn't bring back that bridle of yours that you went to get from Dan Jennings last week," I reminded him.

"I know it," says he, "and I told you the reason why I didn't."

"Liars should ought to have good memories," I says. "You've forgot what that reason was that you told me. See if you can tell it again."

"Whatever I told you, the reason was that Mis' Jennings had comp'ny," he confesses, finishing up his smile with a full display of teeth. "You don't need to go on," he says. "I own up, and the why of it that I didn't tell you was that if you didn't know nothing, you wouldn't have to lie on my account." *(Continued on Page 78)*



Try and burn it!

A roof of beauty that defies fire

A Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle defies the white-hot flame of the blow-torch. It defies the menace of flying sparks and burning brands that may fall on your roof. It is absolutely fire-proof, not just fire-resistant or fire-safe. "Try and burn it!"

Why be satisfied with anything less than these completely fire-proof shingles now that Johns-Manville has made their cost so low? Why be content with shingles that you know will need replacement in a few years when you can have these everlasting shingles at almost the same price? Made of indestructible asbestos and Portland cement they should never even need repair.

See your nearest Johns-Manville dealer. Let him make the blow-torch test for you. Examine the shingles. Note their beautiful coloring. Compare them for price or permanence. Judge for yourself if you can possibly get better shingle value.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION, MADISON AVENUE AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

Asbestos

What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblende — five-tone brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard or excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice
A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Re-roof *for the* **last time**

When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. The saving in tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.

(Continued from Page 74)

That was real thoughtful of Billy and showed a self-sacrificing spirit. Much as he hated lying, he'd done so to keep me from a-blotting up my character with untruthfulness. I asked him then when he figured on getting married and he allowed that as soon as him and Jeanie got ready they wouldn't wait no longer.

"But there's a heap to do," he says; "the round-up a-coming on, and as soon's that's over there's a considerable fixing to do on the ranch and pa's consent to be got if possible. We'll do without it, if ness'ry; but even so, we might be held back. He's traded off his old buffalo gun and got him a new one that he don't have to feed through the muzzle. He gathered him up a sack of tin cans the other day and took 'em down to the river and put in a full hour shooting at 'em, and that looks bad. I'm some bigger than a tin can, and, on the other hand, I don't want to—well, I don't want trouble that I can't dodge. Ho-hum!"

Right then I seen that it wasn't no use a-trying to put off what I'd been intending to do ever since Doug connected me up with the brimstone pit as good as. It come to me strong. I told Billy that I seen that I'd have to p'suade Mr. Maconochie to promise to behave by showing him some of the wonders of science.

"He'll show you a few," says Billy. "You'll see more shooting stars and whirling planets and blazing comets and such than you got any idee of. Also he'll give you a notion of how it feels to have a ten-ton meteorite drop on you."

That was all right. Billy didn't know how good I was, and I did. I never went around whooping and cracking my heels together and begging and imploring my feller man to come and get whipped to a frazzle, but I'd had experience enough to make me feel sort of sorry for anybody who walked on my toes too heavy. My corns had been troubling me a heap where Mr. Maconochie had tromped 'em and I'd been mad at myself for not taking a crack at him then and there. Not so much what he said as the way he said it. And then what I'd been hearing about him from all and sundry. It wasn't no use a-lingering until chance brought us together; I'd go to where he was and reform him to an extent where he wouldn't never pester nobody again, nor yet stand between two loving hearts.

Accordingly, I told Barney that if he could get along without me awhile I'd take a day off and indulge in a little horseback exercise, which I heard was better than stringing wire for some complaints. He didn't ask no questions, like I knew he wouldn't, he not being a nosey person. Just said he reckoned I needed some sort of exercise and not to hurry back on his account.

Well, I thought I gave myself plenty of time to get to the Bend, but it was close to noon before I got to the bench overlooking the ranch on the other side of the river. I stopped a moment or two to look at it, and the first thing I seen was old Doug and somebody else a-picking corn in a small field not far from the house. The wagon straddled one row and Doug was a-taking that and the two others to one side of it while the other man took the two rows on the other side. Even so, the old devil was far enough ahead to have time to handle the team and gather up any stray ears that his man had overlooked. It was sure pretty to see the corn a-flying from under his hands and a-sailing into the wagon. And the other man wasn't no slouch.

I had a good view of the whole ranch, which was certainly a daisy, rising sheer and high out of the river at the upper end and tapering down to the lower, with a dip running the length of it about the middle, back of which on the higher ground was his ditch and flumes, which led back to a little gated dam at the upper end. Everything looked mighty spick-and-span and in good shape. A good house, flowers and a couple of shade trees in front of it, and the barn far enough away so's you wouldn't know it was there unless you looked, and the same with the chicken yard. All fenced off neat and in rows and squares, with the wheat standing in shocks as even as a set checkerboard and the apple orchard like a gridiron and the stacks looking as if they'd been shook out of a mold. Pretty as anything you ever seen.

Then the kitchen door opened and Jeanie come out with two or three light, dancing steps and put her hands up to her mouth and let out a musical holler. I guessed it was Jeanie, account of her figger, which was slim and straight, and the way she'd danced out. She waited a minute, and even at that distance it was mighty interesting to watch her standing there in her blue dress with the wind a-fluttering her skirt about her ankles. Then she let out another holler, clear as a bell, and that brought the two men and the team out of the corn.

I got to the house just after they got in—just in time, you might say. Maconochie might have said it, but he didn't. He come to the door and stood there scowling at me, filling the frame of it, just about, top and side. I hadn't reelized how big he was when he was sitting humped up in the wagon. Mebbe if I had I'd have put off my call a while longer; I dunno. But the way he looked at me now got me hot under the collar again.

"Weel?" says he.

"How?" I says in reply.

"And what then?" he asks me, and closed the door behind him, coming forward a step.

"I reckon I'm keeping you from your dinner," I says, sneering at him. "Don't mind me; I can wait until you're through."

"I tak that as a hent that ye'd like me to invite ye in to eat denner wi' me," says he. "Weel, I never turned a hungry man from my dure yet, hwhatever he micht be, so ye can unsaddle and gie yer hor-rse hay and then come and eat, if ye've a mind to. I'll no fyle ma mooth wi' a black lie and say ye're welcome, but ye can eat yer wame fu', Mr. Stegg."

"That's plain talk, anyway, as far's you can talk English," I says to him. "I'll talk plain to you right back, Mr. Maconochie," says I. "I wouldn't set foot in your house or fork in your victuals on a bet," I says, "never having et with hogs and not wishing to begin. What I come here for ——"

"Sh-h!" he says. "I ken brawly noo hwhat ye came for, and ye'll get it. We'll gae cannily roond back o' the barn, and I'll tak back hwhat I tellt ye aboot yer no being welcome. Man, ye're welcome as the flowers in May! I've been wearying for a clout at ye ever since we pairted."

"The same here," I told him. "It's a-going to be a pleasure to me to give you the arrears that's coming to you."

We got a nice clear spot back of the barn, and I shucked my coat and vest and looked him over to see where I'd hit him first; then I walked around him, similar to a cooper working on a bar'l, but without getting a sight of his back; next I jumped backward four or five feet and side-stepped and got him on the neck as he went a-past me. Following onto that, I ducked a side-wipe and landed on his jaw with a straight left and gave him the right-of-way again, trusting that the punch hurt him anyway as much as it did me. He'd faced about by the time I got to him and I handed him a peach that ought to have jolted him to his foundations, but didn't so much as tilt his head back. He made another rush, hitting the crisp, bracing air with tremenjious force, and it went on thataway for quite a spell, until I was plumb discouraged. There was half a dozen times that I landed on him with wallops ample to have knocked a steer endwise, but all the effect they seemed to have on him was to make him more and more anxious to reciprocate.

Finally I got careless and he caught me with the outer edge of one of his fists. It didn't more'n graze me, as you might say. It might have been the wind of it helped; anyway, it was enough and aplenty to spin me around, and he made another rush and took me in the left ribs with an overdone imitation of the kick of a large size, uncommonly mean mule, straightening me up to perpendicular, as I was a-going over, with a similar buster on the right side. I got away from him and then sailed in and we traded punches, him getting a heap the best of the trade; and I begun, in a dim, hazy way, to reelize and understand why it was that so many able-bodied men humored him. I was still hopeful, but my hopes was mostly that he would stub his toe and fall and break his neck, or have a paralytic stroke. I begun moving rapidly in circles, backward, but he made out to keep in touch with me, and right after one of the touches I hit my head against the ground, which by that time was tramped real hard.

"I doot ye've had enough, ye fly-up-the-lum," says the cause of the accident.

I scrambled to my feet before he could jump on me. "You're a liar," I says, and I uppercut him with my special rock-a-bye-baby. It rocked him, too, and he let out a roar and charged. I tried to get out of his way, but my side gave me a dickens of a wrench from that rib-roaster and I wasn't quite quick enough; and then all that Billy Thompson had told me about them stars and planets come true. Just one blaze of 'em, and then, as the feller says, ever'thing grew dark.

When I come to, the first thing I seen was them remarkable blue eyes of Miss Jeanie Maconochie a-looking down at me real anxious, and the first thing I felt was a stream of cold water a-running down the side of my face and trickling in my ear and soaking my shoulder. Mis' Maconochie was supplying that out of a washbowl, using a rag to slosh it on with. It seemed to me that this was a little out of the ord'nary; and when I reelized that I was a-laying on a sofa, that didn't seem quite right, either. Then a voice said, "I telt ye he was nae hur-rt. And ye're rooning the sofa wi' that watter, wumman! Hwhat ye shud ha' dune was put a towel or the like under his heid."

"Father," says another voice, "we'll do better without you now, I'm thinking."

It seemed to me like the first voice was familiar, if I could only place it, and I set my mind to think where it was I'd heard it; and after a while I recollected and swung my legs down and sat up. I was starting to get on my feet, but Miss Jeanie held me back.

"Don't try to get up yet," she says. "Lie back awhile and rest. Mother, you've drenched the poor man." She put an arm around me to support me, sitting down by the side of me, while her mother moved the bowl of water out of the way. I wouldn't lie down, but I didn't try to get up either. I just rested and wished Billy Thompson could see me.

"Ye're a' richt the noo," says Maconochie. "Nae har'rm dune and nae banes broken. Ye'll be nane the wor-rse for a bite and a sup, though, and I'll count it an honor and a pleasure if ye'll pit yer legs under my table and tak' potluck wi' us."

I looked at him with the eye that I could see out of, and it wasn't his idee of being funny. He meant it, by jollies, so I told him that if he put it thataway, I'd be tickled to death to accept of his kind invite; so, after I'd rested a while longer, we went out and I found myself a-sticking a fork into his vittles and a-conversing pleasant and sociable with him and his fam'ly. I'm bound to say that I didn't eat real hearty, owing to my face hurting me a considerable when I moved my jaws, but no remarks was made about it; and as far's that went, I was glad to see that Mac's face was swelled up and green and yaller in spots and decorated with white plaster in two places. He caught me a-looking at my handiwork. If a man takes time and pains to try to do a good job, he likes to have something to show for it, even if the results ain't all he hoped for.

"Speaking wi'oot vanity or sinfu' pride, it's few that cud do the like to me," says he. "But hwhat ye shud ha' dune was keepit oot o' my way until ye' recovered from they body blows. I was maist spent, and a hauf hour mair o' guid, carefu', pair-severing wark wad ha' feenished me. I doot I was licked but for yer injudeecious attack at yon time."

I told him I wouldn't disagree with him and he was quite right. "And you was also right when you told me I'd had enough, and I apologize for expressing of my disbelief in the way I done."

"Nae apologies," says he. "I think nane the less o' ye for't."

Jeanie giggled. "My gracious goodness!" she says. "I never heard such politeness in all my born days!"

"Haud yer gab, ye graceless hizzie," says her father.

So that was that; and later on, after Doug had done his best to finish crippling my right hand, I made out to climb my horse and inch my way back to the ranch, where I stayed for the best part of three days, mostly on my bunk, with an attact of rheumatism, which, coming atop of skinning my face falling on some rocks as I was a-leading my horse down a gulch, was what I call tough luck.

"It certainly was tough," says Billy Thompson. "Still, it might have been tougher. You got home alive anyway. Ain't science wonderful!"

"Whether or no, I reformed him," I says, figuring that he'd find out the happenings from Jeanie. "I stayed and et dinner with him. He wouldn't take no for an answer."

"He's like that," says Billy.

"And let me tell you that there's a fine, big-hearted gentleman, once you get acquainted with him," I went on to tell him. "Billy," I says, "all the trouble is you don't handle him right. You go up to the house and insult him, and then put up enough of a scrap to interest him and nothing won't be too good for you. He'll be proud to have you in the fam'ly, you'll see."

"I won't," says Billy. "I might get his esteem, but that ain't worth having a head put on me like you've got, besides prob'ly getting crippled for life. I didn't tell you that he's already got a husband picked for Jeanie. Yep. He's a braw, canny lad name o' Fairguson, the son of an old pairtner of Doug's. He's sober and God-fearing, and he's got siller to burn, if he was minded thataway—which he ain't. He'd have come down from Manitoba and married Jeanie this summer, only that he couldn't just spare the time. But he's a-coming when the rush is over, sure, even if it costs him money. That's one reason why Doug's been so sort of discouraging to the young riffraff of the ranges, including me."

"Have it your own way," I says. "But I want to warn you that just as soon as my complexion gets all healed up and like it was, I'm a-going to call again, as requested so to do by Miss Jeanie. I want her to see what I reely look like."

"I shouldn't think you would," says Billy.

About a couple of weeks after that, just afore we started on the round-up, I thought for a minute or two that Billy had studied over my advice and warning, because he come back from a long ride and told me he'd been over to Taliesen's Bend.

But seems like he didn't cross the river, account of Mr. Maconochie starting his rifle practice before he got to the ford. According to Billy, the old man seemed to be trying how near he could come to hitting him.

"If I'd had an apple atop of my head similar to William Tell, Jr., that fruit would sure have been busted," says he. "I concluded I'd go back," he says.

I told him the old man was only bluffing and that what he ought to have done was cross over and hit him a clip side of the head; but all I got was looks of pity. "I forgot you wasn't real bright," says he. "You don't seem able to reelize that Jeanie thinks a heap of her pa and don't want no mix-up. I had special instructions before I went over there not to stir him up. Jeanie thought maybe it was

(Continued on Page 81)

When those who do the darning say . . . "They're Good" they sure must be

—and once you've worn these Friction-Tested FRESH Silk Socks you'll say so, too!

Men, Listen! Here's a hot one . . . 40% of all the socks we make are sold to women! They evidently want to be sure that their men folks won't wear any other kind! And you can't blame them . . . for there's simply no *wear-out* to these Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks.

In the first place, they're made of 100% pure, FRESH silk . . . seldom more than 24 days from Filature to Foot . . . and women have learned that the *fresher* the silk, the better socks will wear.

Then too, these socks are *Friction-Tested* by an exclusive, patented process . . . and women appreciate how much this *friction-testing* really does to keep the feet intact.

In addition, Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks have *Rip-Proof* elastic tops with double-reinforced garter bands which save the mending where women are accustomed to find so many tears and runs.

And as for price—well, women *know* values when they see them . . . and they can *see* the value built right into Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks.

Better take a tip from those who do the darning and standardize on Realsilk *Super-Service* Socks. They'll put an end to your sock troubles . . . whether you're married or single . . . and if you're a bachelor . . . Oh, Man! they're made-to-order, what we mean.

Remember, there's just one way to get Realsilk Gold Button Brand *Super-Service* Socks. They're sold *direct from our Mills* by our Bonded Representatives who call at your home or office . . . So, if you're in need of socks, just drop us a line, and we'll arrange an appointment any time you suggest.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
230 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

REALSILK
Gold Button Brand
SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office.

© 1921, R.S.H.M.

BIG

People are so accustomed to think of Dodge Brothers product in terms of intrinsic worth, that the really exceptional **SIZE of the car is not always fully appreciated.**

And yet in this important respect, it **stands alone in its price class—and several hundred dollars beyond.**

Built on a 116-inch wheelbase, with ample leg-room and seats of exceptional width and depth, the car is big enough and roomy enough for thorough comfort—and yet compact enough for convenience at the curb.

DODGE BROTHERS INC DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Standard Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
DeLuxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit

The Anderson Company
WRECKERS
OFFICE

Don't miss the comforts of a "Home Electrical"

What is it that people wait in line to see, at a model "Home Electrical"? It's the comfort-bringing completeness of electrical planning. There's a place in every room to plug in the vacuum cleaner. There's a switch at every door. There's an outlet handy for a lamp beside father's easy chair. The kitchen has several outlets—one with a "pilot" to show when the iron is heating.

But these comfort details are not just for "Model Homes." Thousands of people everywhere are ordering the same G-E Wiring System that is installed in so many of the models.

If you have an old house, bring it up to date. Re-wiring with a G-E Wiring System is easy. If you are building a new home, plan it right from the start. Don't envy comforts... you can *have* them!

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 76)

about time for me to try to win him again, being as she and her ma had been working on him ever since the last time I tried. They'll have some more material to work with now—him shooting at me. It's a-going to make Jeanie more willing to meet me and a preacher at one of the neighbors' and marry me without that blessing of his that she's so keen about, so it's all for the best and I've got a cinch either way. Try to understand that."

He went off humming a tune, but I knew he wasn't as easy in his mind as he let on to be. I couldn't see Old Man Maconochie lavishing his blessing only where he had figured on doing it, nor yet being sensible if he wasn't invited to the wedding. He wouldn't be satisfied with just being dissatisfied; he'd get right up on his Caledonian ear and somebody would get hurt in more than their feelings. As I told Billy, if I robbed that old he-bear of his young. I wouldn't undertake to settle down with her in a rose-bowered cot not more'n ten miles away. I'd take her to Texas or some place, and I wouldn't leave no address or tracks that could be reco'nized. It come to me that Jeanie felt the same way about it and that it was a-troubling her a heap, with time a-rolling on to a show-down. It sure looked bad, and I studied a considerable on ways and means that I won't go into, without settling on anything.

Then, without any scheming or planning, come the beginning of the end, which was about four days later and about an hour after the chuck wagon pulled out from the ranch, headed for Bowen's ranch at Pass Creek, where we was to begin gathering for the general round-up, working south and west to the rendyvous at Ellum. Billy and me branched off to comb the breaks along Coup-stick, where there was some of the I X L cattle mixed up with ours, and about the time I mentioned a drop of rain splashed on my nose. We had been having elegant weather right along, cool and bright and breezy; but the night before there had been a greasy moon and the sun rose in the morning in a red sky and the air was still and muggy, so that raindrop wasn't no surprise. As I said, it was the beginning of the end. You know that poetry about little drops of water.

Well, ten minutes after that, we put on our slickers, and in less than ten minutes more we was a-bending our heads to the blast to keep the stinging rain out of our faces, until finally it got so's we had to let our horses turn tail and drift. Even then we was a-breathing air and water mixed, from the spray where the rain hit the ground. It was a real rain, I want to tell you. Old Jupe Pluvers wasn't just a-sprinkling the thirsty soil; he kicked over the water can and spilled it on a young gale of wind, and we was a-getting the full benefit.

"This is sure a dandy start," Billy hollers in my ear. "It can't last long this-away, that's one comfort."

"Try to think up some more," I shouted back at him. "Comfort's what I mostly want."

After a while, sure enough there was a lull when it wasn't much more than raining hard, so we faced around and splashed on our way once more. But it was only a lull. Here come the wind again with a rush that flattened the sagebrush to the ground and tore my slicker plumb open before I could turn, and I was wet to the bone in about a holy second. Yes, sir, believe it or not, them riveted buttons was yanked clear out of the cloth. We didn't discuss the situation none after that; we was both of one mind and put back for the ranch. It took time, for every dip in the ground was a lake and you reaked your life every time you crossed a gully, but we got there at last, tickled to think we hadn't been caught in the breaks, and we found most of the outfit had beat us in, and coffee hot for us. It was good and hot, too, but not so hot as Barney was. He was in the bunk house, feeling freer to express himself than in his own quarters, where Mrs. Barney could hear him every time he looked out of the window. He had his opinion, anyway, of a lot of so-called cowhands who couldn't stand a little moist weather, which was what he called the dog-gonedest storm in the memory of man, white or red, for the time it lasted, and the heaviest rainfall.

About two o'clock there come a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, and after that a plenty of both, with hail fit to split the shingles; and when that let up so's you could hear yourself talk and it just rained, Dick Hammond allowed he'd like to see the river.

"Gosh-a'mighty," says Billy, a-starting up, "I never thought of that!" He grabbed his coat from where it was a-drying on a chair and squirmed into it; then he jerked down his slicker and was putting it on, when Barney said that here was somebody a-coming that wasn't delicate enough to mind being out-o'-doors in a little shower, and he hadn't much more'n said it when Ab Prost came a-busting in, with ten or fifteen gallons of water a-running off him in all directions and his pockets full of hailstones, to tell us that there was six or eight foot of the Little Missouri a-running over Taliesen's Bend and Jeanie Maconochie and her ma in the haymow over the barn and Maconochie in the house and not able to get to 'em. Homer Wilkes and Joe Parsons was down there, but they couldn't get to them either, but if we-all strung along the bank with our ropes ready there might be a chance of snaking somebody to shore when the barn went.

"What's the reason you can't get at 'em?" Billy snaps out. "Ain't you got a skiff?"

"You take a look at the river," says Ab. "Yes, I got a skiff, but what's needed is a s'pension bridge. You make me sick!"

Billy was out and on the way to the corral, packing his saddle, before Ab could finish what he had to say. By the time we got there, which was no long time, he'd saddled the best horse in the outfit and was on his way. We-all trailed along, but when we got to the Bend he'd already started for Prost's after the skiff. Wilkes told us that the crazy loon was calculating to bring it down the river and stop at the barn to take the ladies aboard. He'd made motions to 'em to that effect and it looked like they was expecting him, didn't it? It did. They'd got the doors to the haymow wide open and was a-looking upstream earnest and anxious. Jeanie was a-holding a coil of harness lines that she'd knotted and buckled together and her mother was on her knees and it looked like she was a-praying. They'd both waved to us when we come up, and Jeanie had laughed as she waved, but after that they didn't pay no attention to us. Maconochie wasn't a-praying; he was at an upstairs window, a-shouting at us and at his women and making motions that we couldn't figure out, except when he shook his fists or slapped his forehead.

The river was sure a-whooping along. Seemed like Billy Thompson was as good as drowned if ever he started, and the débris made it worse. Every once in a while a log or a snag or something would fetch up against the barn doors with a bang that we could hear above all the racket. The boys had strung out downstream with their ropes ready, but Barney and me stayed to keep track of happenings, and we didn't have long to wait, for here come Billy, a-standing up in the skiff, which was a-bucking and pitching and zigzagging in midstream. He had an oar and he was working like seven devils, a-trying to steer out of the worst of the current and head for the barn, but it didn't look like he'd make it. Twice or three times it seemed like he was keeling over, but each time he got his balance again. Then as he passed the house, where the old man was a-bellowing at him and motioning him off, he struck an eddy or something that took him into a patch of slack water the house had made, and right after that he hit the barn broadside, easing it some with his oar but mighty nigh upsetting.

Jeanie had tossed the lines to him as he came, and she held her end with her foot braced against the door frame, but he made a grab at one of the iron hangers of the barn door as he slid along. He missed it, but got the second just as the skiff whirled around, mighty nigh jerking his arm from the socket. But he held it. It was like holding down a lively steer with a tail holt between its legs and its head free, but he hung on with that one hand and with the other he made out to tie the lines to the hanger and make fast, holding the skiff with the crook of his heel till he done so. Then he pulled and heaved to get the skiff turned again, working along the top of the door. Sometimes he'd gain a foot at a yank and sometimes no more'n an inch or two; but he never lost a fraction of what he gained, and finally there was the skiff tied fast and square under the haymow door.

"Look at that old fool!" says Barney. "What's he going to do?"

Old Maconochie was a-leaning far out of the window, a-roaring and a-brandishing his new rifle. Billy must have heard some of that roar, for he looked around and shook his head. Right away the butt of the gun flew to the old man's shoulder. Twice, and then twice more, we saw him jerk the lever of the gun and the empty shells fly out.

"He's gone daffy," says Barney. "I'm right sorry, but this here won't do. Women and children first." With which he pulls his own gun and cut loose, and the glass in the window over Maconochie's bald head fell in a shower. Right away the old lunatic turned the rifle in our direction, and we both broke for cover behind a big cottonwood, where I unlimbered my own artillery, and inching around fired a couple of times at the window to let him know we was on deck, me being of the same mind as Barney. He wasn't visible, but I reckoned he'd stepped back to reload, and I was right. Here he come back. But Billy Thompson by that time had got the two women into the boat and let loose all holts, and when he seen 'em a-sailing off like a cork in a mill race he slung his rifle as far as he could send it into the river and throwed up his hands and turned around and disappeared.

We didn't wait for him to come back. We'd lost all our interest in him. Barney said that drowning was too good for him, and I thought he had the right idee. Prost started right away to hitch up his team, and the boys come a-chasing back after their horses. It was a-getting dark by that time and we had to step lively if we was going to do any good. We took the road along the bluff, moving fast and stopping to holler every once in a while. When it got darker, we lit a lantern Prost had brought along and waved that from the edge of the bluff when we yelled, all the time a-hoping for the best, but pretty darned sure that the worst had happened and feeling none too good about it. But finally, when we was within a couple of miles of Dan Jennings', we seen a light ahead, and who should it be but Dan himself, and Billy Thompson, with the skiff loaded in the wagon with 'em.

Well, sir, the boy had made the landing all right and with all hands saved. Nothing worse than a little wading, and Mis' Maconochie and Jeanie snug and warm and dry now at Jennings', and none the worse only for being some anxious account of pa. So Billy was a-going to get pa.

"Why?" says Barney, sort of sour. "What do they want of him?"

"That's what I say," says Dan. "But there ain't no use arguing with him. He thought that we might build up a big fire on the bank opposite the house and get enough light for the rescue, and I've only just made him see that that ain't practical, so we're a-going to take the skiff up to Prost's—if Prost ain't no objections—and stay overnight and do the rescuing bright and early in the morning. We might stop and holler at the old man as we go apast—if the house is still there. Is it?"

"I'm afraid it is," says Barney. "Say, do you know that the old thus-and-so got to

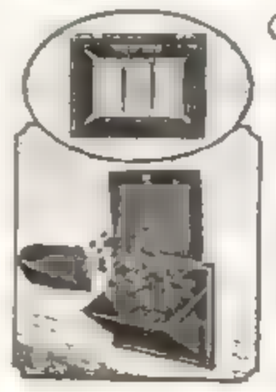
A NEW CONVENIENCE EVERY WOMAN WANTS

Majestic

MILK AND PACKAGE RECEIVER

Every woman wants this new convenience—the Majestic Milk and Package Receiver. It saves her steps and prevents annoyance, intrusion and theft in the delivery of milk and packages to her home. With the Majestic installed in a home there is no longer need for delivery men to enter the house—no need for packages to lie unprotected on porch or steps. Deliveries are placed in the Receiver from the outside. The delivery man closes the door and it locks automatically. The packages are removed from the inside at your convenience. Quickly and easily installed in any home, old or new, and costs but little.

ANOTHER MAJESTIC PRODUCT
You'll Want in Your Home



A Majestic Coal Window—the mark of a modern home—costs but little and pays for itself many times over in the protection it gives to foundation and sidewalls. Made of Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel—guaranteed breakproof and rust-proof. More Majestics in use than all other coal windows combined.

Write for catalog describing Majestic Milk and Package Receivers, all styles of Majestic Coal Windows, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
1100 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

Marveleous Modern Beauty Aids for Marveleous Modern Women

Every day finds more and more discriminating, vogue-setting women expressing their preference for Benjamin Leland Beauty Aids.

Vivani

"In Vivani the Value is in—not on—the Package"

Powder	$1.00	Brilliantine	$ .75
Waterproof Rouge	.75	Perfume	3.75
Skin Whitener	.75	Toilet Water	1.25
Tissue Creme	1.00	Bath Crystals	1.00
Facial Astringent	$1.75		

OTHER BEAUTY AIDS

Martha Washington — Oiseau de Paradis (Bird of Paradise)

These full lines of toiletries are distributed in complete sets at rare intervals in leading cities through the new and exceptional

ANSEHL SYSTEM

This remarkable system of merchandising and advertising was originated by Benjamin Ansehl for Benjamin Leland products as a means of rapidly introducing their exceptional beauty aids and to offer the women of America an opportunity to personally test the complete line. This system is owned and controlled exclusively by Benjamin Leland & Co., who grant its use only to selected retail establishments in each city.

The text and literature of the Ansehl System are fully protected by copyright—and all drug and department stores are cautioned against the use of any system which infringes upon the exclusive copyrights of this company.

Benjamin Leland & Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Also New double purpose face cream

Lines-out

Keeps the skin soft and youthful. Now being introduced at leading drug and department stores. Ask your dealer for Lines-Out, or

Send 10c and this coupon for trial tube. (Many women save time by ordering the full size tube at once $1.00)

Benjamin Leland & Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Enclosed find 10c for sample of Lines-Out
(or $1 for full size tube)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
My favorite toilet goods dealer is

shooting at Billy whilst he was resking his life to save them women?—and shot at us, too, by ginger! A miracle he didn't kill some of us!"

"No miracle about it," says Billy, grinning. "No more miracle than there was powder in his cattridges. Jeanie seen to that after he'd took a few practice shots at me. You don't need to feel sore."

"His intentions was good just the same," says Barney. "Anyway, me and my outfit is a-going back to the ranch for an early start for Bowen's. There's stars out now, I notice. I reckon you won't be with us, Billy?"

"I reckon not," says Billy.

"How about you, Sam?" Barney asks me.

"I'm with you," I answers. "I'm right glad that the ladies is safe, but that's about as far's it goes."

So in the morning, which was clear, I was a-combing the Coup-stick brakes with Dick Hammond for a pardner, and it wasn't till we was back from the round-up that I heard what had happened at the Bend. It was Joe Parsons give me the first news. Billy and Prost and Jennings hadn't been able to get a peep out of the old man that night, although they went as far's to build a fire to try if he wouldn't notice that. So they went on to Prost's and a little before dawn Prost and Jennings started for the Bend with ropes and blankets and a bottle of the kinda medicine they thought might be needed. Billy, being the skiff expert, was to wait about half an hour and then start on his wild boat ride. The river was down some, but not so much, and still running good and strong. When they got opposite the house it looked to be good as ever, and so did the barn, both being built solid of logs and pointed up with lime mortar. But there wasn't no sign of life; only the cows that was up on the high ground back of the flume and ditch, bawling to be milked; and the two work horses was grazing a little farther along. Well, they started hollering and about that time Parsons and Wilkes come up and joined the party.

After a little, Homer said he thought he heard somebody a-calling, and they listened good, and sure enough! They all walked a ways downstream, and there, by jollies, at the lower end of what had been the cornfield was old Doug perched up on a limb of that big ellum like an old turkey buzzard. Joe said that he looked so plumb redic'lous, humped up there, that they just started to laughing.

"Maybe we hadn't ought to have done it," says Joe, "but we didn't none of us love him and he certainly did look redic'lous."

Seems like the old man roused up at that and used a considerable language, so they started in to josh him, using a roll of birch bark to talk through so's he could get it plain—like that there wasn't no nuts in that ellum and what he ought to have done was put off irrigating the ranch until the next drought. Dan asked him how the air was up there and why didn't he hire a balloon and go a little higher, and if he'd riprapped the upper end of the ranch or tied it to a stump he'd have had something solid to walk on, and all such. Ab Prost done the meanest thing, holding up the bottle and inviting him to come and take a drink, and then taking one himself and passing the bottle around. Finally they let up on him and told him that Billy Thompson, the man he'd tried to murder, would be along any minute now in a skiff and he was to be ready to jump when Billy got close.

"He'll no' show guid sense if he comes close to me," old Doug shouts, according to Joe. "And hwhen I get onywheres nigh to you, ye scoom o' the airth ——"

He broke off there to watch a tree that was acoming to'rds him. There was a lot of branches on it, and the root was under water and it was a-coming a lively clip. When it come by the ellum he made a flying leap for it and landed in the branches, which give way under him and let him under. A little lower down, they seen his bald head bob up and he seemed to have got a better hoit; but even so, he went under again three-four times as far's they could see him. They give him up, and even begun telling each other 'bout the good p'ints he had.

Then Billy come along in the skiff and they waved to him to keep on a-coming, which he done, and he got the old man about two miles down the river, where the roots of the tree had caught in a sand bank. He was 'most tuckered out though. Seemed like he'd been in that ellum all night. After we-all left to look for Billy and the women, he'd brought him up an empty cider bar'l he'd found floating around below stairs, and he thought he could follow after his fam'ly with that to keep him up; and he might have done it, at that, if the bar'l hadn't bumped into the ellum and left him. He just made out to grab a limb and hoist himself up.

"He's still sick abed at Jennings'," says Joe. "Doc Winter give him up one time—rheumatic fever and pleurisy or something—but they're a-pulling him through."

"I s'pose it's all for the best and we must kind of resign ourselves," says I. "What was the women a-doing in the barn and him in the house?"

"That wasn't his fault," says Joe. "They was all busy getting the stock up to the high ground and Doug just got back when he was cut off by the water that come from the second cloud-burst and washed away the bank at the upper end. He thought they was in the house, but they was after a couple of them fancy hens in the barn. Oh, I didn't tell you that Billy and Jeanie was married!

"Yes, sir," says he, "they was married at Old Man Maconochie's special request when he thought he was a-going to pass out. He give 'em his blessing."

"That was real nice of him," I says.

"Yep," says Joe. "Ab Prost, being a J. P., p'formed the ceremony that made two loving hearts one, and the joke of that is that Ab had done the same thing for 'em about a month ago up at his house, so's Billy would have an ace up his sleeve if the old man got too rambunctious. Now Doug says he wants it done over again by that Presbyterian preacher when he gets around, and they don't like to tell him that'll make the third time."

Soon after that I met Billy, and he told me much about the same as Joe had, including the double wedding. "Weddings is a-going to get to be a regular habit with us, seems like," says Billy. "But they can't come too often for me if it makes it more binding."

"How's papa by this time?" I asked him.

"He's a-mending fast, and we hope to have him up and around and as good as ever in a week or two more," he answers.

"As good as what?" I asks.

"As ever," says he. "As I always said, and as you owned up that he was, he's a fine, big-hearted gentleman, once you get acquainted with him. Of course, there's folks that he's been forced to lick the stuffing out of that don't like him, but that's because they don't understand him."

"How about him a-trying to shoot you up, not to mention me and Barney when we was a-trying our darnedest to help him?" I asks him.

"There!" says he. "I was just a-going to mention that to show how unreasonable people talked about him. You and Barney Finn, the both of you. You start shooting at a man without no provocation whats'ever—a peaceable man in his own house too. You shoot out his window lights and cut his neck with the glass, and then you feel abused when he feels obliged to take a shot or two at you just to warn you to quit; letting alone that there wasn't no powder in his cattridges, like I told Barney."

"If there had been, you wouldn't be a-standing here giving me that kind of guff," I says. "You'd have been feeding catfish, involuntary."

"And good enough for me," says Billy. "It's only a fine, big-hearted gentleman, like you said he was and like he is, that would have forgave me an' took me into his fam'ly after I'd done my best to put 'em in jeopardy of their lives. Did he ask us to come a-b'iling over to the Bend and take matters into our own hands the fool way we done? He did not. They was all safe where they was and the house and barn is there to prove it."

I looked him in the eye, long and steady, and one of them slow smiles of his started and begun to broaden to'rds his ears. "I own up that I didn't quite see it thataway myself until papa pointed it out to me the other day," he says. "Pa's getting stronger-spoken now and can point out things. Well, I happened to ask him why he cut loose at me like he did, under the circumstances, and he asked me what would have happened if the boat had turned over with the women in it. 'I'd have shot ye so full of lead ye'd have sunk like a plummet, and considered mysel' joostifeed,' he says.

"'What ye shud ha' dune,' says he, 'was draigget a suffeecient weight of auld iron frae the back o' the boat ahint ye to act as a draig anchor and check yer progress; then, wi' a lang rope frae the boat to the shore, which ane o' they feckless loons could weel ha' carried, ye could ha' come cannily doon and takken the weemen off ane by ane—supposing it tae be necessary—and wi'oot danger o' warse than a wetting if ye but held to the boat, the lads could ha' pu'ed ye ashore. That's hwhat ye shud ha' dune, as I tried to tell ye at the time.'

"And the sad, sad part of it is that I'm not sure he wasn't right, as usual," says Billy. "The trouble was I hadn't got his hindsight."

"What he should ought to have done was got him a lump of chalk or charcoal and wrote his directions out on a board, plain, so's we could read 'em," I says, and Billy nodded.

"I know, I know," he says. "Also, if I had the gift of pointing out that you and pa has got, I might say that what he should ought to have done was built on the high ground and had his stacks there. But what's the use? He'd tell me that the river had never got that nigh before and wouldn't never get that high again, it wasn't likely, and that onyway it was an act of Providence—which it sure was for Jeanie and me. Well, come on up to the house and see how I've got it fixed up."

Well, it was fixed up right nice, with muslin stretched on the walls in all the four rooms, and papered over the prettiest you ever see, with different patterns in each room—roses and vines and silver leaves and stripes in all colors; and there was curtains up at the windows and new rag carpet on the floors and pictures hanging around till you couldn't rest. You could see Billy was all swelled up with pride, and I didn't blame him; and Jeanie, who had give me kind welcome, was sure proud, too, and I didn't blame her; and they both acted as if they was kind o' proud of each other. It was the sort of thing that makes an old bach feel mighty lonesome and like his life had been plumb wasted, but that maybe it wasn't too late.

"And now I want you to see our new cookstove," says Jeanie, giving me one of her loveliest smiles and showing no less than two dimples. "And in about half an hour," she says, "I'll let you see what I can do with it." She smiled again and I thought, "Gosh! You are a daisy and a darling! No more like your pa!" But I didn't say it out.

So we all three started for the kitchen, and the first thing, Billy kicked over a bucket of soapsuds that was standing behind the stove, and the water slopped all over Jeanie's pretty shoes and run along the clean floor. "Oh, oh!" says Jeanie, a-jumping back. "You bad, bad man! Why, Billy!"

"Ain't that a shame!" says Billy. "Now I've played hob. But I didn't see that bucket there."

"But, dear," says Jeanie, "if you had looked you would have seen it. What you should have done, darling, was looked where you was setting your feet."

HOW TO CHOOSE A WILTON RUG

FEW women know what the term "Wilton Rug" really means, or what vast differences there are among rugs of this type.

Only by the confidence you entrust in the name of the maker can you know, beyond all doubt, that you are choosing a rug of true worth for your home.

A genuine Wilton is among the finest of American rugs. But it is often difficult, and always unsafe, to judge a Wilton Rug by its appearance. No eye can judge its true quality, nor can the most practiced hand surely detect vitality or weakness in the fine-spun tufts.

The real value of any rug, especially of a Wilton, lies hidden in the materials and workmanship. The pattern has little to do with the price. Your money is spent for "hidden" values which you cannot see or judge. And how important it is to be *sure!*

The name "Bigelow" or "Hartford" woven in the back of a Wilton Rug stands for the experience and proven reputation of more than a hundred years. To you this name is a guarantee of honest worth, a name you can rely on when you buy a rug.

Ask your dealer to show you his Bigelow-Hartford Wiltons. What a variety of lovely patterns . . . and a choice of reliable grades at prices suited to your means . . . proven values which cannot be had for less.

Ask him to show you, too, other beautiful rugs by Bigelow-Hartford. He will be proud to display to you his Bigelow-Hartford Servians, "Hartford-Saxonys," and Axminsters. Just as you will be proud to show your friends the rug you choose, and to tell them it is a genuine Bigelow-Hartford.

This beautiful rug is a Bigelow Imperial Seamless Ispahan Wilton, pattern 314, color 563. It is made in 9 convenient sizes up to 11' 3" x 15'. Look for the name woven in the back.

Be sure the name "Bigelow" or "Hartford" is on the back of the rug you choose for your home. In thousands of American homes, today and for generations past, Bigelow-Hartford rugs have fulfilled their pledge of enduring beauty.

Invaluable Booklet on Home Decoration

You are invited to write to our Department of Home Decorations for suggestions on the selection of rugs and for advice on other problems of home-furnishing.

Send for our new booklet, "Color and Design—Their Use in Home Decoration," by the famous interior decorator, Ethel M. Kremer. Beautifully printed and illustrated, this booklet offers you valuable suggestions and new ideas on beautifying your home. The price to you—25 cents—is far less than the actual cost of the booklet.

BIGELOW-HARTFORD CARPET CO.,
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose 25 cents for which please send me your new illustrated booklet, "Color and Design—Their Use in Home Decoration."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Bigelow-Hartford

RUGS & CARPETS

WEAVERS SINCE 1825

© 1927 B. H. C. Co.

THE MAD MASQUERADE

Continued from Page 5

Lord Pontlottyn stood up, glancing at Sara, who had followed, obviously to protect him. "A bride," Jennifer murmured, lifting her eyes slowly to his, "always has her own way."

"He must rest," Sara said. But this refusal was ignored. It was apparent that only Tybo's decision would be accepted. "I'll come," Sara cried. "Tybo, you must have a rest." Troubled, she reflected an instant. "If she wakes—if we're wanted," she thought aloud, "you ——"

"We can't be out of touch," Tybo interrupted, shaking his head and coming to life. "We'll go to your hotel, Sara, and you shall all lunch with me."

Sara shot a glance of relief and gratitude, Jennifer gasped with delight and Ellis Evans scowled at the wife who had thrust herself so crudely on these unwilling family connections.

They strolled on to the great gate in couples, the two girls behind, the bride blissfully silent, elated in foreseeing the effect of her narration at home: "Entertained by my cousin, Lord Pontlottyn."

She felt that she had triumphed. Was not her husband related on the father's side, hence a nearer connection than this unknown Miss Desmond? Who was Miss Desmond to come between a lord and his possible successor? Alert for a hint of jealousy or patronage, she perceived none and began to talk. She proudly told how she had refused Ellis three times before his persistence had won her; how she had once punished him by borrowing a prayer book, marching past him and her father's Wesleyan chapel and actually worshiping in the church near by; how she had been punished for this crime; and again for an enormity equally atrocious—learning to dance in secret—how jealous Ellis was and inclined to be narrow; but as for her, she was broad-minded. Sara listened with an absent smile.

The young man with the scowl told his sympathy with Lord Pontlottyn in halting phrases that carried a genuine message, but chagrin and humiliation at his wife's tactics brought also blunt explanations. It was not by his wish, he said, that he had met his cousin, and he wanted that understood.

"Don't get high-hat," said this English lord in a friendly way. "Your wife's got it right; why not friends?"

Ellis Evans, contemptuous of this notorious relative, suspicious of cordiality, annoyed at the American dress and language, solemnly denounced the hereditary principle in the House of Lords.

"Me too," promptly agreed this potential legislator by descent. "I've been an awful lot in the States, you know, and the Senate idea is the cheese. Elective, you know, Evans. What sense in my being a member of House of Lords? My cow, no."

The deeply serious Evans, affronted by the transatlantic language of this denationalized lordling, stiffly objected to taking any political lessons from across the water, and proceeded to argue against primogeniture. Instant concurrence brought further annoyance.

"Why should all the works be mine because I'm the eldest son?" His Lordship asked amiably.

They stood beneath the line of the Orleans railway waiting for a taxi. Evans thought of another subject which might bring argument. He could not sail under false colors, he said. He objected to any union between church and state. He was a Methodist, as his uncle once had been before success and society had drawn him from the true faith. He was a strong advocate of disestablishment.

"Mit me, boy," said his lordship heartily. "I'm with you."

"You're just being polite," was the angry retort. "That's the way with all Tories. You never will argue."

"Tory? Me?" Lord Pontlottyn smiled. "Listen, son ——" But what this saturnine "son" was to listen to cannot be known, as a taxi passed and was hailed.

In this dreary corner of Paris, Sara and Lord Pontlottyn glanced out as they drove past a long line of little restaurants, fixed their eyes on one, and then looked at each other. They could feel the hardly hidden hostility of this bridegroom, and it was easy for Sara to perceive a vague antagonism against herself on the part of this pushing bride. Nothing, however, could shake their friendly good will. Sara was gravely, pleasantly courteous; his lordship was blandly unruffled.

"I guess you're right, Sara," he said. "If you say so, it goes. I ought to be in touch. You fix up the reservation for me as soon as we get there."

She nodded. Such odd appealing gratitude was expressed in her glance that Ellis Evans was puzzled. Could it be that at a time like this, this irresponsible youth was not to be trusted? Quite possible; complete disappearance on a mad debauch would fit in with Lord Pontlottyn's notorious record of folly.

"I wish we could have been nearer," Sara said; "but I searched for hotels yesterday."

They drove along the banks of the Seine to one of the world-known old hotels on the Rue de Rivoli. Inside the pair went to the *bureau*. "You're quite sure?" murmured Sara.

"You say so," Tybo answered; "that settles it. But how about cutting out the lord; no reporters, and all that?"

She nodded and engaged the room; he signed as Tybo Evans. "Now," she commanded, "go and rest. You have been under an awful strain." She put her hand on his lapel and looked anxiously into his face. "I'll take on the cousins." She flickered a smile.

"Not on your life. It's you to hit the pillow. Leave these pushers to me."

She nodded gratitude. "You make it easy for me," she said with revived spirit. "I've vaguely heard uncle had a brother."

"More than I've heard," he answered with a grin. "If Cousin Ellis' father is like him, I don't wonder there was a row. He wants a fight, right now."

"I'll tackle him," Sara said; "you talk to the bride."

"I'll gurgle her a full line all right. You take the lemon."

She found the lemon worse than sour. He was bitter. She could not know that he had grown up yellow with jealousy of the successful branch of the family, and profoundly contemptuous of the notorious escapades of his cousin. He had pictured an overfed and vacuous youth, and could not adjust himself to this alert and muscular young man whose tanned face and springy step proclaimed clean living in the open air. He could find nothing to despise, no chance for a quarrel, no topic for argument, no hint of superiority. He brooded, frowning; suddenly realizing that he had high and just grounds for criticism. This son of an American mother was not upholding the fine British traditions of his class. His manner lacked dignity, his phrases were American, his accent transatlantic; he even looked American; and as for his clothes ——

Ellis Evans laid down his fork and said abruptly in a low voice: "He's very American, Miss Desmond."

Sara nodded, smiling. "Could he help it?" she asked. "Auntie brought him over to us in New York nearly every year when he was little."

"Ought she?" he asked brusquely, the furrow already fixed in his brow becoming deeper. "Was it fair to make a foreigner out of a British lord?"

Surprised at his warmth, she flung back her ruddy head and made cool inspection of his hostile face. Yes, he wanted a fight all right.

"Should we criticize her now?" she asked. He looked down, rebuked. "There is a lot to be said for Tybo," she continued in a lowered voice, glancing across the table. "He's what he is because the war caught him on the other side. Auntie was over here and she would not let him come home through submarines to her. So he got a lot of his education over there without father or mother near. He arrived for the Armistice, for the big row, the orgy, the madness—not twenty, you understand, and without having had the discipline of the war. Well ——"

"Ellis," the bride broke in, "it's a perfect scream, isn't it, that you should know more about the family than Tybo. He is not sure that you are the heir. That is, of course, if he's not married"—she looked slantwise, smiling, into Lord Pontlottyn's face—"and he won't say if he is or is not."

"Tybo married," Sara laughed at an idea so absurd. "Don't tease her, Tybo."

"Then—then, until he is"—Jennifer looked across at her husband with naïve wonder and delight.

"But is it true?" Sara asked, surprised. "How can that be, Mr. Evans?"

"Is it true?" he demanded, looking from cousin to cousin. "Haven't either of you ever heard of me?"

"Sorry," Tybo replied, shaking his head.

"I knew vaguely of relatives," Sara explained courteously. "I gathered the trouble was on your side. I remember auntie saying your father had rejected an advance."

"Made after years," Evans said, bitter as quassia. "After Lord Llanthony bought his first title."

Tybo flung back his head and grinned. "Bought!" he echoed.

"Just so. Bought!" Ellis craned his neck and curled his lip. "Your father wrote—'extending the hand of friendship,' he called it. He didn't want the title to die, he said, and had got a special clause in the patent. If his line failed my father's family was to come in. The first, the only advance; not because he cared for us, but so the title shouldn't die. We might, but the title mustn't. 'Provision would be made to support the title.' Support the title, you see; not my father, nor my brothers and sisters." His voice trembled with an indignation so profound that even the young lord was sobered for an instant.

"Was your family dying?" he demanded. "Did your father or the rest of you need support?"

"We take care of ourselves," was the hot answer.

"Of course. Then why bring it in? Your father was asked to help in making a family name. Why the kick? Your father might not believe in lords; still, they're part of the system, aren't they? And not many people think it an insult—that's what your father seems to have thought it—to offer a possible peerage and riches to a son."

"Seems? Hear his answer," Evans said, in a solemn voice. "He wrote across the letter: 'The tabernacles of robbers prosper for a time, but the light shall one day be dark in thy tabernacle and thy candle shall be put out with thee!'"

The smoldering antagonism of a lifetime flamed in eyes and voice as he quoted this bitter retort.

"Ellis! He never did?" The bride was near to tears. She looked in shocked apology at these family connections whom her stubborn little will had forced to entertain her, then in appeal to her irreconcilable husband. She knew that his attitude was due in part to her conduct. She met a hard stare, she straightened, protruded a lip, put a plump hand on his lordship's and glanced up at him sidewise. "I don't care," she exclaimed. "It's nice to find relatives, and I hope you will be friends with me, Tybo."

"Sure I will," he said. "What's your first name?" He squeezed her hand.

"It's Welsh for Guinevere, I suppose—Jennifer."

"Well, Jennifer," he said blandly, "why does Cousin Ellis dig up the family skeleton? Why does he want to quarrel? Why doesn't he look on us as real folks, and act according? Why not an innocent and peaceful hour with us?" He leaned across the table. "Horse collar!" he cried, laughing. "Why should the tabernacle be dark and the candle snuffed out? What's got you, Cousin Ellis?"

The irreconcilable pushed back his chair.

"Remember auntie, Mr. Evans." Sara's voice, cool and commanding, arrested his movement. With immense self-control, she quickly reminded him that this accidental meeting need not be repeated unless by his wish, and pointed out that her cousin and herself had shown every wish to be friendly. Their advances had been rejected; all right, they accepted that. Now that he had made himself so clearly understood, lunch could be eaten in the kindly spirit in which Lord Pontlottyn had offered the hospitality.

"I am sorry," Ellis Evans muttered. "I've been thinking these things for a lifetime. They came out."

"Now they're off your chest," his lordship said without a trace of ill feeling, "you'll feel better."

Jennifer rattled away as though nothing had happened. She was intoxicated by the new association, the new surroundings, and reckless about the coming settlement with her husband. She watched Sara with adoring envy, and saw herself as helping this charming girl in cementing peace between two branches of an important family. She heard Sara address the new-found cousin as Ponty. When she and her husband were leaving, she murmured, "Good-by, Ponty. I'll soon bring Ellis around. I hate family rows."

"Good-by," he answered, chuckling. "It's aces easy you'll not succeed, but keep on with the good work."

"The heir," she said, flinging back her head and glancing proudly across at her husband, "and the heir presumptive—he is that, of course; now, at any rate—must be friends. You'll help, won't you?"

"I'll stand for a lot," he answered, grinning genially. "I'll go the limit."

When these odd guests had gone the cousins stood for an instant staring into each other's eyes.

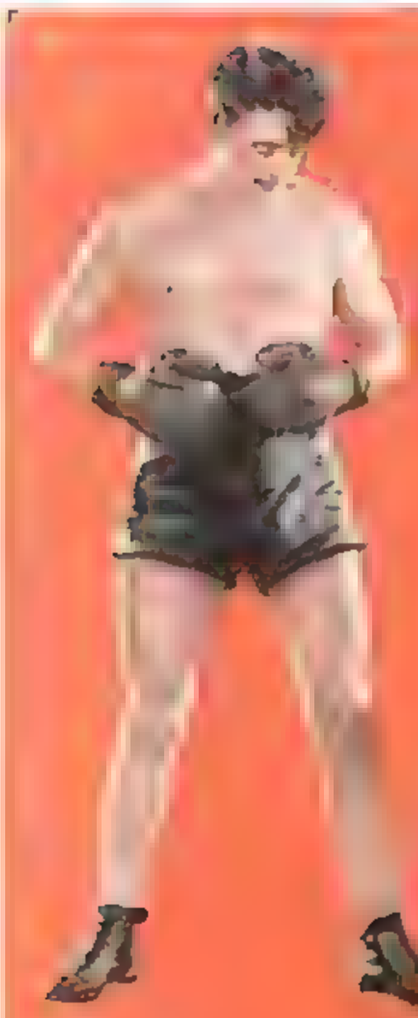
"You're all in," he said; and indeed this luncheon was the last straw; she drooped visibly. "I'm on guard—on guard all the time, right here. Sleep till tomorrow morning. I'm off to the hospital and then to get my trunk, then straight back here. If any message comes I'll let you know. Laze till noon tomorrow. Toddle off, see." He turned and ran away.

II

JENNIFER'S husband sulked, then he smoldered, then he flamed. Her tears drenched the fire. He detailed facts as he saw them—a long history of the misdeeds, of the backslidings of this degenerate branch of the family. The uncle was a commercial and maritime pirate whose reckless gambles had been the crimes of a strong man without a conscience. The cousin was a spoiled boy whose sins had been the contemptible doings of a frivolous weakling without brains. Oh, yes, pleasant mannered enough, no doubt, but no principles, no standards; he had laughed at everything that morning, hadn't he? Laughed while his mother lay dying. What had he done? Everything that a fool could do. At Armistice time it took a lot to get yourself arrested, this fool boy had managed to do that. He had tried to drive an auto into the fountain at Trafalgar Square and had driven into Bow Street instead.

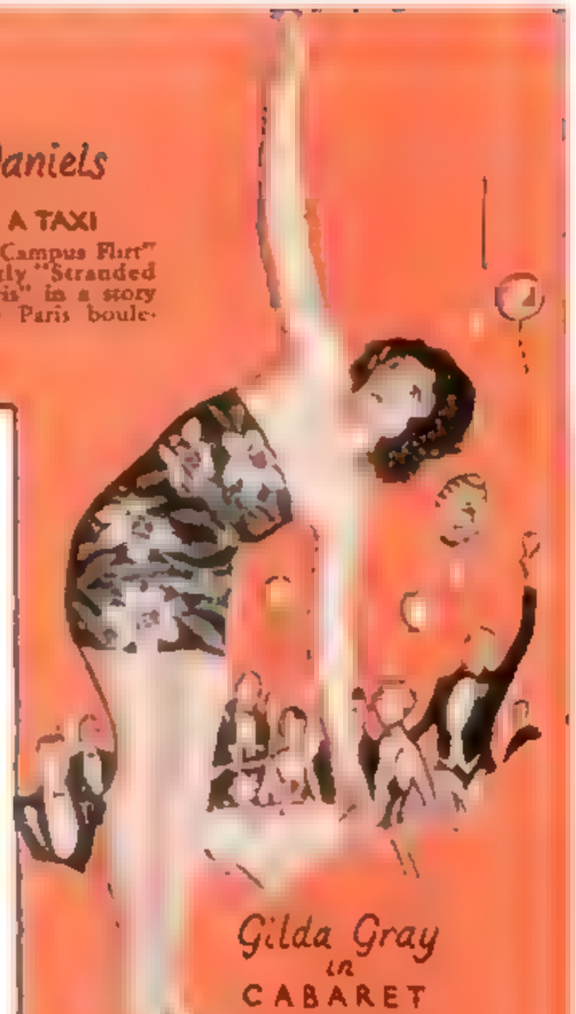
Oh, Jennifer might giggle, but he had an abandoned woman with him; notorious, shameless; and the whole thing in print, pages of it. Then a breach-of-promise case, disgraceful; his mushy letters read in court,

(Continued on Page 89)



Richard Dix
in
KNOCKOUT REILLY
Star of "The Quarterback" and "Paradise For Two" in an exciting story of the prize ring.

Bebe Daniels
in
A KISS IN A TAXI
"The Campus Flirt" recently "Stranded in Paris" in a story of the Paris boulevards.



Gilda Gray
in
CABARET
The star of "Aloma" in a story of New York night life.

Clara Bow
in
ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE
The star of "It" shows she has "It" in this picture, too.

Eddie Cantor
in
SPECIAL DELIVERY
"Kid Boots" is back again as a dexter carrier who mixes the mail with surprising results

The Trade Mark of Pictures of Romance

HERE ARE YOUR OLD FAVORITES whose new adventures you await with such keen delight, coming to enchant you and thrill you with laughter, romance and excitement! Glorious hours of pleasure that you know *will* be pleasure because these are old friends, tried and true. And also because these are Paramount Pictures —you can depend on it always—*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

The 36-story Paramount Building and Theatre, is New York's newest wonder. "One of the Publix Theatres."

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

Wallace Beery
in
CASEY AT THE BAT
Ex-gob of "We're in the Navy Now" as the mightiest batsman of them all.

Adolphe Menjou
in
EVENING CLOTHES
The star of "Blonde or Brunette" in another picturesque role.

Harold Lloyd
in
THE KID BROTHER
The King of Comics breaks all records for laughs as the boy sheriff.

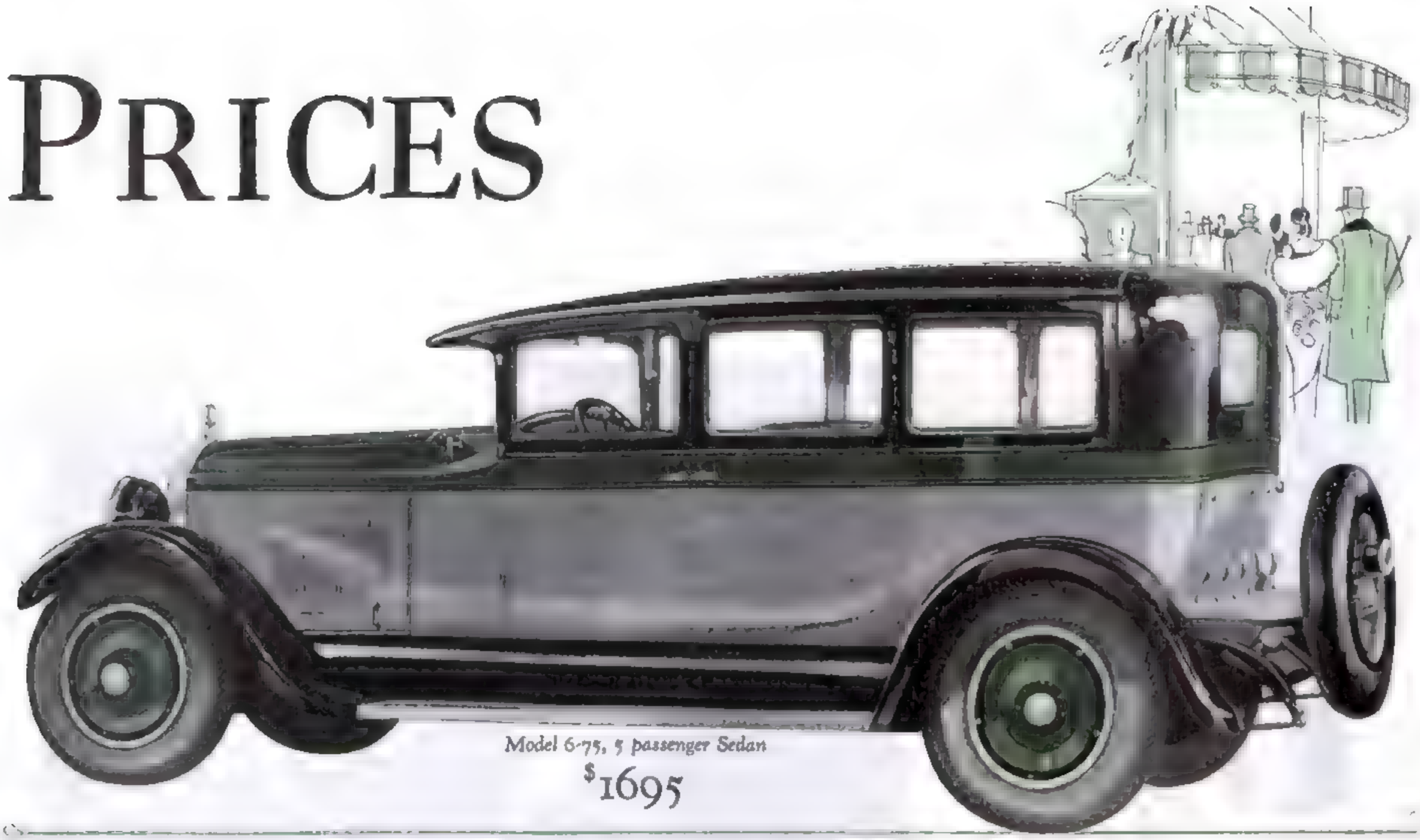
SHARPLY REDUCED

feature the new PAIGE *Style Cars*

Model
6-45 Coupe
$1095

There are in the new Paige line 20 charming body types and color combinations on 4 chassis from $1095 to $2795—all prices f. o. b. Detroit

PRICES



Model 6-75, 5 passenger Sedan

$1695

NO longer is impeccable style the solitary possession of the wealthy. For it's really amazing how little actual money will now purchase a Paige—and Paige cars, you know, are generally recognized as the *style leaders* of all motordom.

Sharp price reductions now prevail on many of the 20 charming body types and color combinations of the new Paige line, but nowhere are they more evident than on the enclosed cars of the 6-45 and 6-65 chassis.

The delightful Brougham, one of the most popular Paige cars, can be acquired for only $1095. And $1295 buys the Cabriolet Roadster on the same chassis —with collapsible top, embossed leather upholstery, rumble seat and all the trimmings!

For sheer unequaled dollar-for-dollar values, ask your Paige dealer to show you the four-door Sedans on the 6-45—and the 6-65 chassis. Power to spare (all Paige cars have larger, speedier, more quickly accelerated motors) and real economy, too.

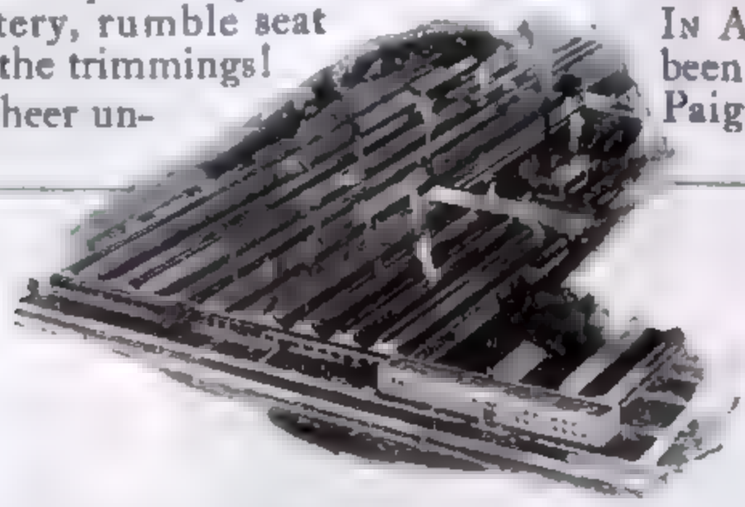
Perfect safety with Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes. Latest mechanical improvements, such as air cleaners, thermostats, silent chain timing, bronze-backed bearings. And beautiful bodies!

Paige cars have always been dependable, long-lasting cars. For 18 years, they have been building a reputation for reliability that is without a superior in the industry. Long ago another distinction came to Paige, when its car began to be known as THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA. This beauty of line has been bettered with every passing season. Paige cars today are without doubt *style leaders* in all their separate fields.

Much of Paige style is founded in the extremely graceful moulded body lines, charmingly finished in two and three tone color combinations. Much of it comes from the choice mohairs and leathers covering its deep-cushioned seats.

Much of it is due to the wealth and beauty of its interior appointments—its clustered instrument panels, glowing in reflected light—its skillfully inlaid walnut-finish panels, blending with great solid walnut steering wheels—its many useful and decorative fittings.

You must see these twenty new Paige cars before you can fully appreciate what wonderful values they are. Your nearest Paige dealer will gladly show you, and permit you to drive, the model of your choice. See his display of these style cars soon—there's no obligation.



Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Entire Automobile Industry 18 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively . . . Never Reorganized—and Never Refinanced

(877)

Sixes & Eights

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

—and then someone SHOUTED "FIRE!"

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

IT WAS the night of the Club's annual show. The auditorium was simply jammed. Right in the middle of the performance, all the lights went out . . . ! There were the usual cat-calls, followed by giggles.

And then someone shouted "Fire!".

Instantly the place was in an uproar. I reached in my coat-pocket for my Eveready flashlight and sprang to the stage. Pointing the light straight at the ceiling, I cried: "There *is* no fire—everything's all right. Look—," and I traversed the light all over the hall.

The effect was magical. The people quieted down and resumed their seats. In another moment, the lights came on again. "You averted a panic," people told me afterward. I said: "Thank you, but the real credit belongs to this little flashlight."

* * *

An Eveready Flashlight is always a convenience and often a life-saver. Take one with you wherever you go. Keep it really *ever ready* with fresh Eveready Batteries —the longest-lasting flashlight batteries that can be made. Genuine Eveready Flashlights are $1.25 and up.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
-they last longer

(Continued from Page 84)

and all England laughing at the silly ass. Then he had run away with a woman and the two had been held up by the immigration officers at New York. That notoriety had brought printed hints that he had done a bolt from creditors: rumors of unsettled gambling and racing debts, debts of honor so called; not that they really were, for debts of honor were what you'd really had something for—debts to the butcher and the baker. Ellis wished to be fair, he said, and he couldn't say that the scoundrel had forged his father's name, but that tale had been whispered.

All this explained the long residence in the United States; a disgraced fugitive, no doubt, with a small allowance from his father on condition that he did not return to England. Looked well, did he? Of course; nearly starving and without brains, he probably had worked with his hands. Lots of rotters did that and got set up, and then people believed they had turned over a new leaf and let 'em come back for further mischief.

"And you hold his hand at lunch and smile up at him," the husband said; "and expect me to be friends with this pilfling Yankee rotter who has disgraced the name of Evans."

"He has reformed, Ellis," the bride pleaded. "You can see that. And it's your duty and mine to help him."

"You?" was the contemptuous retort. "The wife of a poor relation, of a small-town draper; what can you do? His father and mine inherited a ship-broker's business. His father forced mine out, made a fortune and got a title. My father sells baby clothes and combinations over the counter and is only a town councilor. But we've got our self-respect and your husband has never been held up to public scorn. There's no woman in my past to come and darken any day for you."

Jennifer nodded slowly and looked up slantwise at her husband and smiled. Presently she was in his arms and family peace was restored. As her head nestled against his breast she thought that one day he might be Lord Pontlottyn. She pressed closer

"Come," she said; "we must cut out the Bastille and the Panthéon and the Cluny Museum, and do some shopping—with an eye to business, Ellis—an eye to business. You must carry back some new ideas."

Her willing slave in the newly restored amity, he let himself be taken to one of the great cheap stores down by the river bank. Jumbled heaps were lying on long rows of counters outside on the sidewalks and Jennifer tossed them over as she saw others doing. She showed him this bit of lace, then that, translating the price in francs into English money.

"There's a profit even if you buy at retail," she cried, but he only laughed. She bought some odds and ends for almost nothing, and then suddenly drew him away, triumph shining in her eyes.

"Ellis," she said, tapping her parcel, "these things would make a fine line for the emporium."

"What do you know about business?" he asked.

"I know what our girls buy," she answered, smiling up at him.

"We are not importers," he explained, "and besides, you can't get at the manufacturers and wholesalers here."

She undoubled her clenched hand and showed him a small tag. It contained a name and address. "*Garnitures de dentelle—en gros.*"

"It was on the counter," said Jennifer. "I saw it and picked it up. Here's your man, Ellis; wholesale dealer in lace trimmings. Come."

She coaxed; she argued. The firm, he answered, had its London connections and he was not one for new ways or for dealings in foreign money with foreign people. The address was off the Boulevard St.-Michel, she told him, and that meant the Latin Quarter, so they could see that at the same time. Everybody should see that wild region. Reluctantly he assented. They drove through that wide and respectable boulevard, looking in vain for eccentric students and mysterious haunts of license and revelry. They did not know that the Latin Quarter—which Rabelais thus named because students from all the world actually spoke in Latin—has become the most respectable in Paris, and they were profoundly disappointed. The taxi turned into a narrow street and dropped them outside of what seemed a prison wall. They entered a grimy archway, peered about an unsavory courtyard and finally discovered a small sign.

"He doesn't want to be found," Jennifer said, laughing. "But we have foiled him." Her husband was reluctant to enter, fearing some deadly trap, but chivalry compelled him to follow his more enterprising bride.

In a dark and crowded office they found a dignified old gentleman, bending over a desk, writing. His gray-haired wife, bending over a desk, was writing. A younger woman, subsequently found to be a daughter-in-law, was bending over a desk, writing.

So intent were they on keeping existing accounts up-to-date that the possibility of a new one was evidently resented, but resented with a grave courtesy. When Jennifer's halting words were heard, the elderly couple nodded to the daughter-in-law and went on writing with beaverlike industry and national capacity for detail. Young Madame Fourgeon, it appeared, had some English. The rest was easy. A small trial order; they would buy another trunk, Ellis said to his bride, and they could so pack it perhaps as to evade the duty, if duty there should prove to be. Payment required a visit to a bank, and it was too late in the day for that.

Ellis Evans went away astonished at the profits of the London middleman. He had got a wonderful line at an amazing price through this "direct touch with the foreign producer." He was elated. Pocket and pride were equally concerned; he was now an importer. In the taxi Jennifer did not remind him that she had taken the initiative. She praised him.

They had a bad dinner that night in the gloomy dining room of their small hotel. The husband on principle objected to going to restaurants, for they charged him extra because he did not order any wine. It was the lax morality in things like this that made him think so lightly of the French. Jennifer had enjoyed these meals before, but now she thought of that luncheon with her cousins and of an ordered elegance such as she had never dreamed of; but neither spoke of these newly discovered relations. Afterward they strolled along the boulevards, but they never sat and sipped in the open air. They did not know how to order a temperance drink, and Ellis doubted if such a thing could be had. He railed against this idle, pleasure-loving people.

"You've seen them at work today," Jennifer reminded him. "And now you're an importer and onto a tasty line that's a money-maker. It's the beginning, Ellis. I saw a counter marked '*Occasion exceptionnelle.*' I looked it up. That means special job lots. You could have bought the lot retail and made a ripping turnover—imitation seal and the stuff they call poplieski. The girls would jump at the collarettes."

"A Soviet name," snorted Ellis.

"You can call it royal fur," she said.

They went to bed at ten o'clock.

In the morning she had a headache; he must complete the business alone, she said. She wrote the address of the bank and of the manufacturer of lace for him. "Show that to the taxi driver," she said; "and they speak English at both places." Reluctant to leave her alone in Paris, he demurred; but he did not admit that fear which at first often paralyzes an untraveled man in a strange capital of which he has not the language. He would drop in, he said, on the way from the bank to the manufacturer, just to see that she was all right. She moaned and turned her face to the wall.

As soon as he had gone she bounded up, dragged her etiquette book from its secret receptacle and followed its directions in marking P. P. C. cards. She saw that she had remembered accurately the correct thing was to leave these in person. She was determined to be absolutely right in these matters with her resplendent relations. She did not dare to dress lest she be forced to accompany her husband, but she got as far as she could and crawled back to bed. When he came, after what seemed to her hours, she forced a wan smile as she opened heavy eyes and motioned him away. Then with nimble agility she jumped into her clothes, nodded to herself in the glass, and bolted away with a smile. She hoped to see Lord Pontlottyn again. Her husband's attacks on him had invested him with a shadowy mantle of danger and romance.

An hour previous, His Lordship had sent a note to the room of Sara Desmond. "I have been to the hospital. She had a restful night, is better, and knew me. I stayed until she went to sleep." The answer to this was: "I am coming down right away. I'm quite rested."

He sat in the foyer waiting. The assistant manager, with great courtesy, placed an official blank in his hands. "A detail formal," he was told. "The police have demanded with every visitor to Paris these informations."

"*Bien*," said the young man, who had picked up this useful word. "I'll fill 'em out after."

The assistant manager bowed and retreated while Lord Pontlottyn studied the document with a clouded brow. It was easy to guess that name and details of birth were required, and for some reason His Lordship found these requirements extremely annoying. He muttered an expression of impatience and thought with a high contempt of a nation that was determined, so many years after the war had ended, to know all about him. He leaned back in his chair, flung open his coat, and stuck his thumbs in the armpits of his vest. This at college had become his favorite attitude of reflection.

"Don't take it to heart like that," said a cheery voice. A sandy-haired stranger with a freckled face and an engaging grin seated himself and calmly thrust his thumbs into his armholes. His attitude was a burlesque of that of His Lordship and was evidently meant to be such. Lord Pontlottyn drew himself up to repel the advances of this insidious confidence man, but the frown faded quickly.

"Mit me, boy," he cried, and the other laughed as they shook hands.

The password to this sudden amity was pinned on the breast of each; they wore the same frat pin. Mr. Sam Tibbetts, native son of the Golden West, proclaimed himself Californian with the high pride of the transmontane people, and listened with condescension to the admission that his new-found friend hailed from Long Island.

"My mother comes from there," Lord Pontlottyn said, "but I—I am a British subject."

Mr. Tibbetts successfully hid surprise and regret at this confession, and with well-meant but doubtful tact complimented the young man on his complete success in hiding any signs of his origin.

"I was at Kenyon College in Ohio," His Lordship explained, "and they're pretty good Americans there and I suppose I got tagged."

"Tagged," laughed Tibbetts; "saturated."

"Don't blame me," pleaded the Americanized Briton. "It's a college tucked in among the most beautiful trees in the world, and the place gets you."

"Fine! I've heard of it."

"Staying in this hotel?"

Tibbetts grinned. "I couldn't afford a top-floor single in this haunt of millionaires," he admitted; "but you gotta know these places, haven't you? I've got a great scheme. I walk into a big hotel every day—a different one every time—and I give the

(Continued on Page 91)

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull and Liftright
MILK BOTTLE CAPS

New Milk Bottle Cap Saves Rich Top Cream

ANOTHER household irritation goes to the scrap heap! You can now open bottled milk without spilling the rich top cream! Prove it to your own satisfaction. Send coupon today for free samples.

The new Sealright Liftright Cap (shown above) is a little wonder. Simply insert finger nail in patented groove, lift tab, pull gently and cap is out in a jiffy.

The Sealright Pouring Pull Cap (shown below) provides, in addition to the patented groove, an opening through which to insert straw for serving in original sterilized milk bottle. No glasses, bother or mess and much more sanitary than old-fashioned caps.

FREE SAMPLES

Send coupon below today for Free Samples. See why Sealright caps are superior to all other milk bottle caps. Try them.

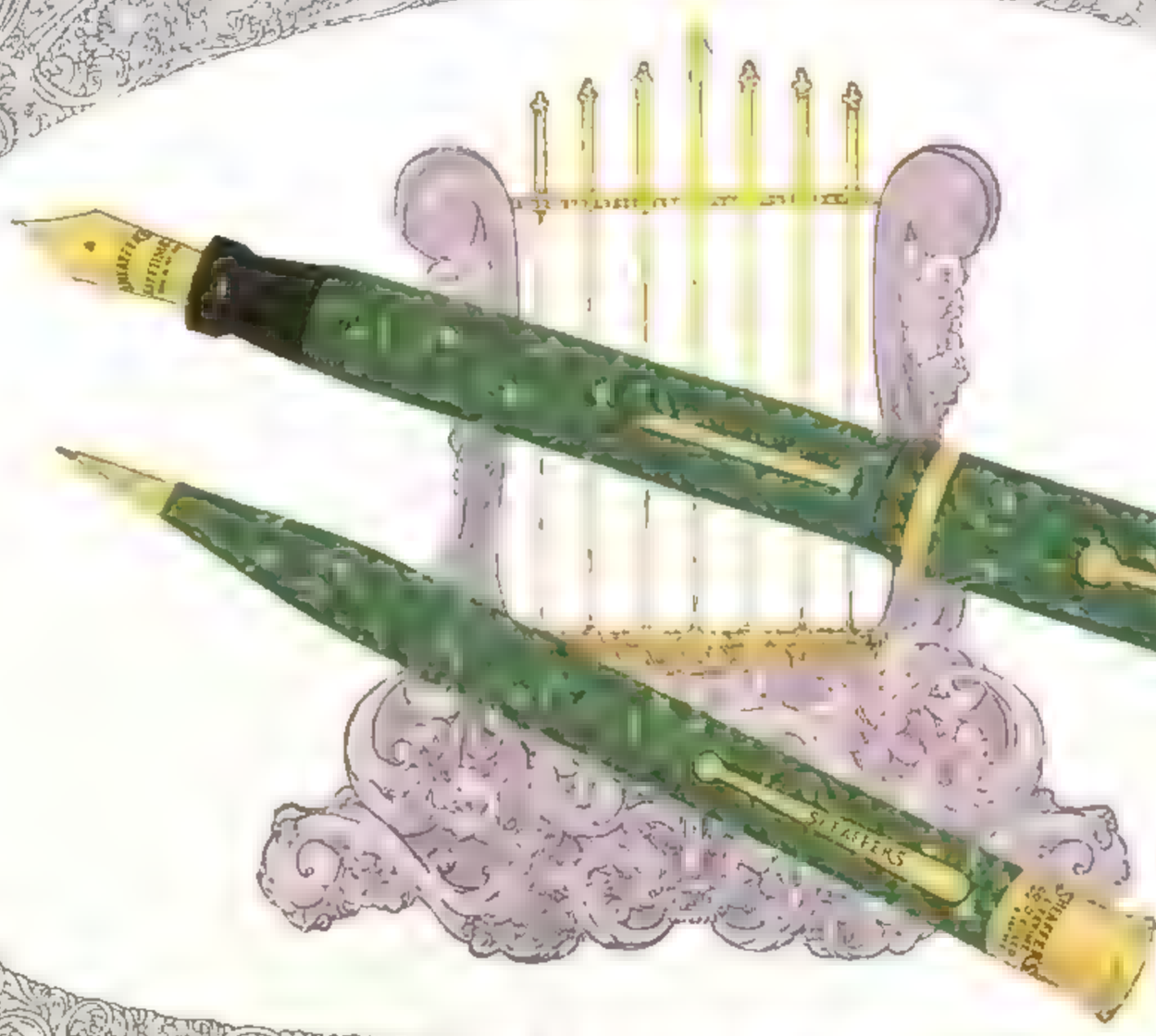
SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. PC-3, Fulton, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, samples of Sealright Liftright and Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

Name _____

Address _____

In Canada—Canadian Sealright Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.



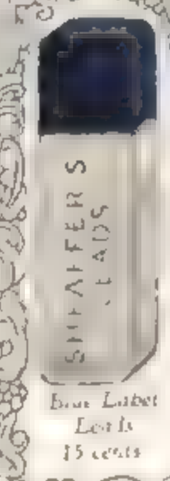
Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

In tune with the most exacting conceptions of beauty

The first thing that ought to be said about a Sheaffer Lifetime* pen is that it is beautiful. It is strikingly beautiful in appearance. It is outstandingly beautiful in performance. Its beauty is more than surface-deep. The jewel-like Radite of its sturdy barrel is but one of the fine factors that go to make it an *always dependable writing instrument.* That it is practically indestructible, that it may be run over by automobiles, or thrown from balloons without hurt, that it is unreservedly guaranteed to last for a lifetime, is but insurance of the *permanence* of its outranking beauty.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

At better stores everywhere



Blue Label
Lead
15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY FORT MADISON, IOWA
New York—50 Fifth Avenue • London—199 Regent Street
Wellington, New Zealand—86 Manners Street
Sydney, Australia—160 George Street, West

*Reg U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 89)

password. I just say '*perruquier*,' and that gives me the run of the show. They lead me to the barber's shop and I fight off the shampoo and all the rest—sometimes with my fists -and I get a shave. Then I mosey round with my optics open and then they can never say at home that I don't know that hotel, can they? I ——" He paused. His eyes followed Sara Desmond, who had stepped out of the elevator. "That girl must be from California," he exclaimed with glowing enthusiasm. "They don't make 'em like that anywhere else. Do you know who she is?"

As he got no answer, he assumed a negative. "Look how the sun hits that hair," he said. "I couldn't do it"—he sighed—"but I'd like to try. I'm supposed to be a painter, you know, but I'm taking a month before I settle down." His eyes were continuously on Sara as he ran on. "I say, I've got a fine line of restaurants with an eighteen-franc dinner and I'm on to the '*supplément*.' 'Plus fours,' I call these eating places, because after everything but the sardines and cheese they put plus four in small writing; and no minuses, I can tell you; and when you get your bill, your eighteen francs is a mouse tailing a procession of elephants. I say, let's have dinner tomorrow night and afterward—well, there's a wonderful ball—a *bal* Gavarni. . . . I say, that girl knows how to dress. Chic, that's the word—chic. But I've got a date now."

He rose, still watching Sara, whose eyes met his and passed through him, unregarding.

"She is of the world, that girl," he confided to His Lordship. "She has the trick of the eye. She sees, yet she doesn't see. She disdains, you know it, but she doesn't show it. How do they get it over? I stare and stare, and I study those glances that seem to say nothing and yet say everything, and I can never get them on the canvas. I don't think women can learn that glance. Born with it, I think. How about tomorrow? . . . What, not free for a week? Well, if you really want to come—oh, all right, next week Thursday. I'll come here. Is that all right? Good-by, Evans; mighty glad we've met."

Mr. Tibbetts cast one last lingering look at Sara, then bustled away. "*À bientôt*," he called out, proud of his exit phrase.

Lord Pontlottyn went over to Sara, who was pretending to write the letter which she tore up as he approached. She did not speak; her eyes were charged with an appeal; they drooped as they met his look. Any friend who might have witnessed this meeting with a cousin must have said that she was embarrassed and humble—two qualities never associated with Sara Desmond. Her attitude as he sat down by her side was suppliant and her head was bowed as though asking forgiveness.

"She was better," he said. "It was all just like yesterday. Her hand rested more firmly on my head. I could feel that all the time. And she could move it more."

Holding her breath, Sara had listened. "Move it," she asked, almost in a whisper; "over your head; all over it?"

There was a touch of fear in her utterance. She made intent, eager scrutiny, inch by inch, of his head, and he turned his neck slowly, thus giving her help in this minute examination.

"I can't remember—oh, I can't remember," she murmured, sinking back into her chair and closing her eyes in a vain effort to recall what eluded her.

"Why try?" he asked. "I tell you, it's all right. Her fingers couldn't move a lot, of course, they couldn't go far, but they told me something. . . . Yesterday it was just rest. Today they—they tried to smooth my hair, just as you would expect them to do. The hand slipped once. It rested on my face."

Sara leaned forward. "Yes?" she questioned.

"I lifted it back, and her fingers pressed a little. They had a message all right."

"Of recognition? You felt that?"

"All the time—nothing else. I held my breath, time and again, when the fingers stopped suddenly. Oh, I wouldn't say why they stopped—weakness, I think—but this is what I'm sure of: That she's learning her son over again."

"Oh," cried the girl, passionately intent, "what do you mean?"

"That what her fingers tell her now is what she will remember as right."

Sara questioned with her eyes, but met confident reassurance in his frank look. She heaved a deep sigh of relief. "I thought it only for a day, for an hour," she pleaded with humility. "They said so."

"Do you want it that way?" he asked gravely.

She straightened at that, and her glance was all but indignant. "Oh, no—no," she denied; "but you ——"

"You thought I could make a dying woman happy. Perhaps I've made her live. Where's the kick?"

"But you?" she repeated.

"A prescription, to be taken as long as needed."

"You will do that?" she cried eagerly.

"If you've any other thought, guess again. If I should go away now what would happen?"

"She would die," she whispered.

"Sure—pretty sure, anyway. I haven't got a choice, have I? She might have lived if I had never gone to the hospital, nobody can say. But now, after I have gone, to lose me ——"

"Oh, yes, it's true."

"Murder, nothing less. She may be a cripple; she may be blind. She might say, others might say, better have died. Too late for me, for you." He leaned forward, deeply earnest. "I've not got a choice; no more have you. I've just got to go on. See?"

Sara flung back her head and looked at him; that was all. He glanced about. "Real things don't go in these places," he cautioned. "Behave as if we were talking about the opera and last night's show."

"I can now," she cried. "Oh, yes—now that I know you."

She sat up erect, her proud shoulders squared. The young man chuckled at the extraordinary change in her.

"And you said you were rested," he exclaimed. "I ought to have got this over to you last night. I'll bet you lay awake thinking what would happen if I dropped out. She'd moan for her son. How long could you stall her off? Could you say he had gone? You couldn't. Could you say you had heard a stranger talking and his voice was so like Tybo's you'd asked him to kneel by her bed so she could die in peace? Of course you couldn't. We're in it. We must see it through. We've got to forget tomorrow. She may not live. If that's to be the end, you'll be glad you made her happy. If she gets better—well, she'll be out of danger when we have to own up."

"Oh, I was mad," Sara murmured.

"Of course you were; so would anybody be who'd been knocked across a boulevard and seen an aunt smashed to bits. Now we've got our feet in the stirrups and must naturally hold on while the broncos buck."

Sara forced back tears of relief. "You are wonderful," she murmured.

"Don't be goofy," he commanded with a grin. "That's better. Fine! I s'pose I'm a funny kind of a lord, but I went all right yesterday, didn't I?"

"Those awful people!" She shivered, then she had to laugh. "You were perfect," she said, "but I—I was nearly crazy. Haven't I let you in for some crime or other? Couldn't that dreadful cousin with the burning eyes have you arrested?"

"Until I have borrowed money from Cousin Ellis," he laughed, "I don't see how he's got me. What's bitten him?"

"I don't know the type," Sara admitted. "He hates us. I just had to introduce you. How could I help it? And I didn't dare to offend them."

"Of course not. I say, I told you my name yesterday." He chuckled. "Do you remember it?" Sara shook her head. "Well, here's me. I am Stanton Drew, twenty-three years old, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and Kenyon College. I haven't got any folks: my girl threw me over for a successful man forty years old; and I grabbed an aunt's legacy of two thousand and headed for Paris. I got here yesterday morning, and was made a lord by a strange girl in a restaurant. Nothing to do but be a lord, you see; no engagements and nothing to say about it to the boys back home. So when I'm a common person again I just drop down and out, nobody the wiser, no harm done, and Stannie Drew back home waking from a dream. So it's all quite the berries, don't you agree?"

"It's simple as you tell it," she agreed. "I'd like to grovel at your feet. I wish I could."

"Now listen to me," he cried impatiently. "You've got to drop that racket. I'm not in this for your sake. You don't owe me anything. It's for a lady down there in a hospital that I'm acting up." He looked a severe rebuke, but grinned as Sara nodded and smiled. "This chair is no pedestal and I'm no statue of any saint. I'm just a boy from home glad to help ——" He stopped, jerking his head sidewise. Sara's eyes followed his signal. She jumped up as she saw Jennifer Evans tripping toward the desk. "She hasn't seen us," he cried. "Quick."

Sara escaped. Lord Pontlottyn, to continue the name by which we know him best, saw, as he turned the corner into the hall, that he was discovered. He advanced with a bright and engaging smile. Jennifer's face flushed prettily and her eyes drooped as she met him halfway. His reassuring report from the hospital was received with eager interest. "It is very hard for you, My Lord," she commented.

"Oh, drop it," he said. "I'm just Tybo; first cousins, you know." He was embarrassed. This was not like yesterday, when a great emergency had keyed him up. His only thought was to get rid of her as pleasantly and quickly as he could, but he saw immediately that his advance was a mistake. Jennifer's lifted lids and smiling lips showed her keen delight.

"I'd like it," she said softly; "and I'm Jennie to my relations."

"Oh, mamma," he thought, "she wants it hotsy-totsy." He braced himself and decided not to send for Sara. She had enough worries; he would face this alone.

"Going back today, Jennie?" he asked manfully, moving toward the door.

"Yes, Tybo. We must."

"It's mighty kind of you to come again." He moved a step or two farther along. "I mustn't keep you. There's some moldy old tomb you want to see, I know."

She assured him there was something much more important than a look at Père Lachaise, and that was good feeling in families. She had an hour to spare; had he?

"But your husband," he blurted out desperately. "He hates me. I could see that. Anybody could. Where is he? Did he ask you to dig into these family matters? Does he want to be friends?"

"Ellis," she explained, "wants to abolish the second chamber. I've often heard him debating about it. He's a fine fiery speaker, Ellis is; and he can't meet a lord and forget his principles, can he? But I said you couldn't help it and weren't to blame, and he was sorry when I told him he hadn't been nice. You see, Tybo, you're the head of the family, aren't you?—when Lord Llanthony is away, anyhow; and I do want your advice most awfully about all this awful squabble."

He laughed out loud at the ridiculous situation, and surrendered without conditions. "Me an adviser!" he cried gayly. "Come along!" He moved toward a seat, but saw through the window one of the old open victorias that still cruise about Paris. "Let's laze about the old burg in a one-hoss shay," he said. "Excuse me while I get my hat." He sent a note to Sara's room. "I have taken her off," he wrote. "The way is clear for you if you want to go out."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Special Introductory Offer

¶ Let us send you today a regular fifteen cent bottle of this "successor to ink" for only five cents.

¶ We want to get it to every fountain pen user in America.

¶ Therefore we make this special introductory offer.

Skrip
THE SUCCESSOR TO INK

¶ It makes Sheaffer fountain pens write ideally and all fountain pens write better.

¶ You can't imagine how easily and evenly it flows from the pen until you have actually tried it.

¶ It is undoubtedly the greatest improvement ever made in writing fluids for fountain pens of all kinds.

¶ Fill out the coupon and mail today. The bottle will come to you securely packed.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
Box 100, Fort Madison, Iowa

Find enclosed five cents in stamps, to cover postage, for which please send me one of your regular fifteen-cent size bottles of Skrip.

Name _____

Address _____

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM OF OLD AGE

(Continued from Page 13)

somehow manage to live along on the farm itself, with the aid of a few small part-time jobs outside.

Economic self-containment grows less, and thus the problem of old age looms up, except when heavy savings are made in the productive years. Before specialization became so nearly universal in industrial establishments, the older men could be put on lighter and simpler tasks. But the present standardized type of production demands a swift pace. It is a question whether the period during which an industrial worker can be profitably employed is not growing shorter.

Industry's Dead Line

Nor is it only in factories and similar places that such conditions prevail. Much the same story is told of business establishments. There is hardly a day that the metropolitan papers do not contain letters of bitter complaint from men and women who, losing one position, cannot obtain another because they are more than sixty, or fifty, or forty-five, or even, in the case of women, thirty-five, or thirty.

"I have a case in mind now," writes one correspondent. "An educated, well-bred man slightly over sixty, in good health, clean morally, and of upright commercial and personal record, who lately, through no fault of his own, lost his business connection. He answers advertisements, he walks the streets day after day looking for work, yet he constantly meets the heartless verdict, 'You are too old.'

"The ban against elderly people is one of the most cruel pieces of thoughtless savagery under the sun. The men of whom I speak are not objects of charity. They are high-minded and self-respecting. All they ask is what all normal men of whatever age ask—an opportunity to support themselves by honest work."

"I have a friend forty-five years old who can't get a job because of his age," writes another. "His appearance is youthful and his health good. What has age to do with it? Why a dead line after forty-five? It is a prejudice, not a reason."

"What is the use in lengthening human life," writes another, "if corporations refuse to employ a man after a certain age, no matter what his health, ability or character may be? What is the man of fifty to do, go to the almshouse or commit suicide? Will it not be as uneconomic to prohibit a certain percentage of men from entering remunerative employment as it is now uneconomic to let them die in early life?

"Are we to be discarded like fractions in a statistical computation, or is the world to be benefited by our knowledge and experience?"

Reasons are not lacking for an age dead line. It is not merely a "cruel piece of thoughtless savagery." Many concerns do not wish to take on older workers because they do not wish to seem heartless when they are compelled to let them go a little later on. If a pension system is in effect the employer cannot afford to load up his staff with older men who will shortly be eligible for a retirement allowance; the cost is far too great.

Taking older men into positions of any importance may also be destructive of morale, preventing the advancement of younger men. Then, too, to speak frankly, business concerns often employ youthful workers, especially girls, because they can get them cheaper.

So we find that while in 1890 the proportion of males sixty-five years and over recorded as gainfully employed was 73.8, the proportion had declined to 60.1 by 1920, a decrease of 13.7 in thirty years. Thus, while the proportion of elderly people has increased, the percentage of those employed has decreased. More and more old people are kept alive and fewer and fewer jobs provided for them.

Social and economic conditions have changed so that more people must seek jobs rather than stay on the farm owned by themselves and family. At the same time more young people are being kept alive and carried to the threshold of old age. Yet in a general way, with many exceptions, of course, the dead line of employments seems to be pushing down upon them, shutting them out from the possibility of earning a living.

The situation is made worse by the fact that more people live in city apartments where there is no room for a superannuated member. When the family lived in an old rambling farmhouse one old person more or less did not make any difference. Much of the food came off the place anyway, and an old man could help around the garden. It costs more to add another mouth to a city-delicatessen bill of fare.

Of course, there are still plenty of rural places more suitable than the cities where old people may live. In the country as a whole 5 per cent are old. The same figure holds for New York State, but in New York City only 3.3 per cent of the population are sixty-five or over. Nowhere else is there such a large proportion of persons at the younger ages. Massachusetts, on the other hand, has 5.4 per cent sixty-five and over, and one town on Cape Cod has nearly 18 per cent.

Even in the independent and remunerative professions, it is assumed as a matter of course that incomes diminish past a certain age.

A bond house publishes a schedule showing the sum which must be saved and invested each year by a successful physician, if he is to have at age fifty-five a secondary, or independent, income equal to or approaching his earned income.

He is assumed to earn $10,000 at age thirty-five and an increasing income up to $30,000 at age fifty. From then on for a few years he remains on a high plateau. The bond house leaves him there for five years, and then kindly draws the curtain. We are not told so, but the implication is plain enough that thereafter the curve is downward.

Across the Ridge

No advantage is to be gained by railing at the individual employer, or even at industry in general, for its dead lines. The problem is too big for that, and must be approached from a different angle. The fact is that in modern society a man's wage or salary is much like a road that ascends a fairly steep hill and then abruptly descends an even steeper one. There is a little plateau on top, but it is not very broad. The problem is to accumulate a fund during the high-plateau years. We accomplish nothing by suggesting that industry turn back the hands of its clock and set old men to puttering around its high-powered machines and processes.

"The deliberate adjustment of individual and family life to the diminished income of old age is characteristic of old and long-established communities and nations," says the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. "In Great Britain, in France, in Germany, and in most European countries, a large proportion of what we call the middle class live on moderate salaries, and plan their lives upon the assumption of an old-age income adjusted to the scale of their income-earning days.

"The purchase of old-age annuities, the putting aside of part of the income received during the active period of life for old age, and the conscious adjustment to the economic situation which this implies are a characteristic of communities whose economic and social life has been long established. We in the United States are still young in these respects. We stand near the pioneer days when life was an adventure to its end, and it is only within the past quarter century that population has become so great and the pressure of life so general that groups of the population have been forced to consider the economic adjustment of old age as part of the order of life.

"Today many members of the body politic—teachers, government employes, and large groups of wage earners—are beginning to take into consideration during their active years the adjustment which must be made if life is to be comfortable as old age diminishes income-earning power. It will require a generation, no doubt, for American teachers to adjust themselves to the situation where the economic transition from active pay to retired pay may be made without some degree of stress."

The European Attitude

In countries like France and England old-age provision has fitted much more into the scheme of things. Most young men had less to look forward to. There was less chance of making a fortune. Even the churches in this country are just beginning to think of pensions; in Scotland the Presbyterians had a pension plan 100 years ago.

In this country a small machine-shop owner in Detroit in 1903 became a millionaire manufacturer twenty years later. During these years most of the earnings went back into the business and expansion was enormous. In France the machine shop would be less likely to expand into a vast establishment, but the owner, not expecting to be rich, would long ago have made outside investments calculated to retire him at a comparatively early age and enable him to sit in front of the café for the rest of his life. Europeans have been more satisfied with a simpler scale of life in their older years. They have not expected fortune and so have never been disappointed. They have had to conserve what little they had, for it was not possible to make a fortune around the corner.

When we think of some of the characteristics of our country's history, its industrial expansion, rising property values, individual initiative, optimism and the countless instances of workmen who have become capitalists—it seems as if the importance of the old-age problem is in danger of being exaggerated. Not only has the country offered opportunity to the energetic individual in the past to an extent without precedent or parallel but there is at present a diffusion of prosperity which amazes and fairly stuns the rest of the world.

In a very real sense any form of property, any possession, is a pension, a retirement allowance, a provision for and an assurance against the hazards of old age. Property has been and is very widely diffused in this country. Thus it is fair to assume, without any statistical inquiry, that great numbers of elderly people have fair or substantial possessions.

With the higher wage scale prevalent today, it seems probable that the accumulation of savings is going on at a tremendous rate. Despite the higher costs and standards of living and the greater variety of objects purchased, there seems no doubt that real wages have increased, in the opinion of the most cautious and gloomy students, at least 10 per cent, and perhaps 15 per cent, since before the war.

We know that savings deposits have piled up, and that whole new classes have learned to place their newly acquired surplus earnings in bonds and stocks and even, to a smaller degree, in trust agreements. Most spectacular of all savings and investment developments, however, has been the growth in life insurance, in both group and individual policies. This has been the distinctively American form of financial provision, both for the family and for the individual.

Formerly, when men talked about national wealth they thought only of material objects—land, factories, tools and the like. But more and more, any thinking which is done along social and economic lines takes into consideration the value of human lives themselves. This idea has been used with telling effect in the sale of life insurance.

It is true, of course, that the stress, the emphasis, has been upon the hazard of premature death of the breadwinner leaving his family unprovided for, rather than upon the equally great hazard of the breadwinner living beyond his earning period, either alone or with his wife.

In this young expanding country the average man has freely admitted that life insurance is valuable in providing against his premature death, but he has been loath to admit that he could not make better investments himself than those provided by life insurance—the word "better" meaning of course a higher rate of interest.

Generous Bridegrooms

Other more technical conditions have prevented life insurance from being used on a large scale for old-age provision. The whole stress has been upon low, cheap premium forms, whereas the forms which make for old-age provision must of necessity carry high premiums. As we shall see later, no provision for old age can ever, through any device, be made cheaply, unless it is spread over very long periods of time.

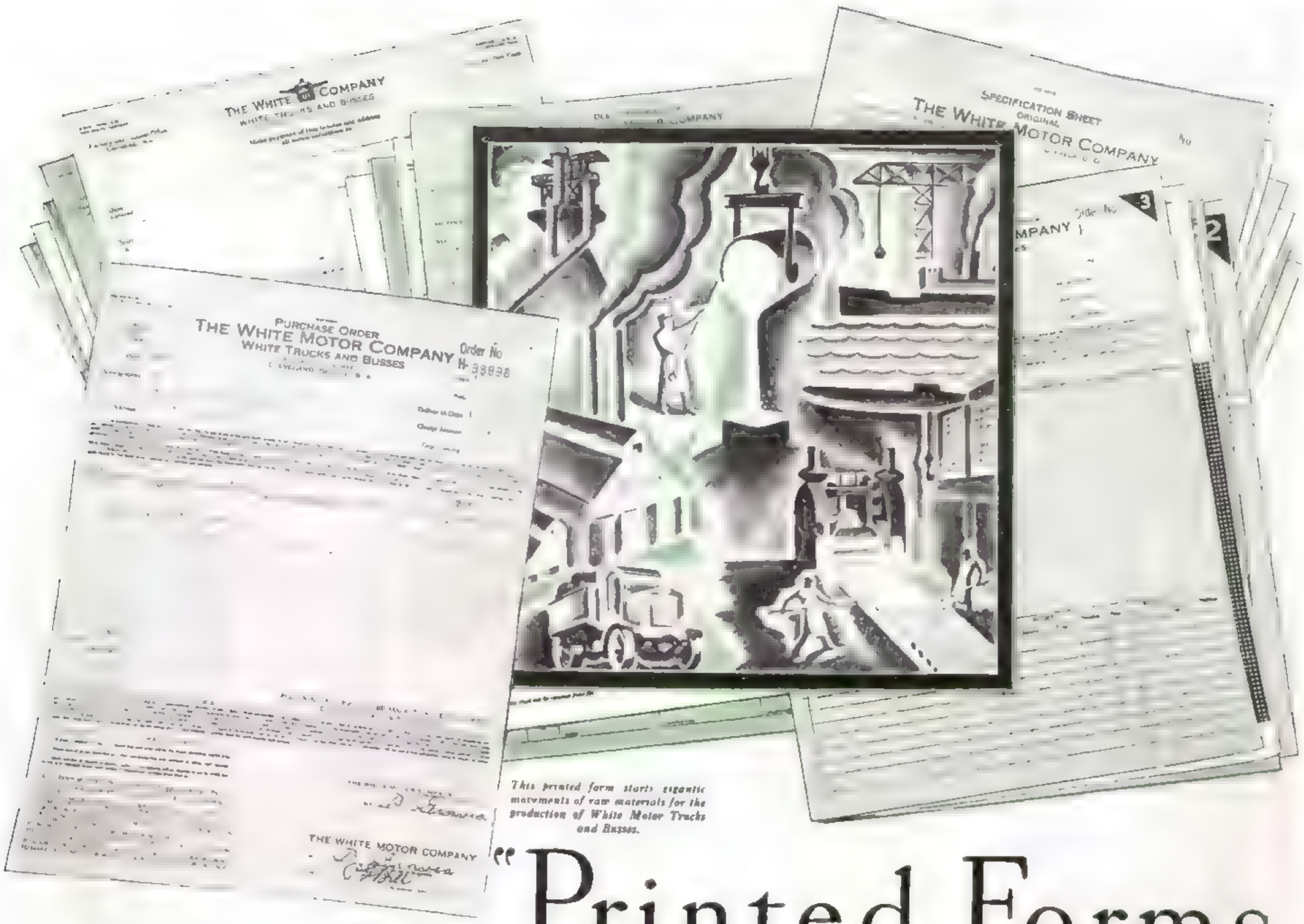
But young married men have learned, or been taught by intensive salesmanship, that they could protect their wives against the danger of their early death at very low rates.

They have been led and coddled to feel that in so doing they were unselfish—great benefactors, in fact. It has been a useful and excellent form of saving, but the extent of and emphasis upon it have obscured the necessity for old-age protection.

Yet when all is said, life insurance has built up a great savings fund, considerable portions of which could be used and have upon occasion been used for old-age provision. Of course, with many people the problem of such provision is not a technical question of the form of saving, but whether the individual has the ability within him to save at all.

Indeed, there are no doubt more than a few readers who would dismiss the whole subject of this article by saying that it is a question of whether the individual is thrifty or not. Certainly those who are

(Continued on Page 97)



This printed form starts gigantic movements of raw materials for the production of White Motor Trucks and Busses.

"Printed Forms keep raw materials moving swiftly"

...says the White Motor Company

IN a year, thousands of tons of forgings and sheets are shipped from steel mills to the factory of the White Motor Company, manufacturers of quality trucks and busses.

This gigantic movement is started, speeded up and guided properly by a printed form called the Purchase Order.

As a matter of fact, this Purchase Order starts materials moving from all parts of the world toward the big motor truck factory in Cleveland—rubber, paint and varnish; electricity for light and power; wheels, machinery, springs, oil, paper, copper, batteries—all materials necessary to production and operation.

Printed forms guard the quality of materials you buy. They speed up production and keep it moving. They minimize the chances of errors. They make day-to-day business a matter of clear record, instead of hazy memory.

Purchase orders, production sheets, receiving records, invoices, quotation requests—are a few of the printed forms that contribute to the remarkable efficiency of White motor truck production. And for their printed forms Hammermill Bond is used generously.

Hammermill Bond is favored for five reasons

First: Because this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Second: It is available in twelve colors and white. Third: It is uniform in quality—it is always dependable. Fourth: Hammermill Bond will stand rough usage. Fifth: Its reasonable price makes its use an economy.

You can get Hammermill Bond from your printer whenever you want it. He knows it, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers. He can supply it promptly.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Working Kit sent free

Dictate a note now and ask for our Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

"EVERY MAN *SHOULD* WANT A TOPCOAT LIKE THIS"

Richard Barthelmess

"What is it that every man wants...in a topcoat?" we asked Richard Barthelmess, noted screen star. For Mr. Barthelmess is a college man who knows clothes . . . from a college man's standpoint.

"Style," he replied. "It must have comfort and durability, too, and these without too much weight. But the first requisite is Style."

So, from these specifications we created the Barthelmess Group of Topcoats for Spring, 1927 . . . what every man wants in a topcoat. No small part of the achievement rests in the price. For this Group of Topcoats is a feature of the Kuppenheimer *Famous Fifties* for Spring, 1927 . . . individualized sack suits, sport suits and topcoats retailing at fifty dollars.

You can identify this *Famous Fifties* group of topcoats at any Kuppenheimer store by the Barthelmess medallion attached to the lapel buttonhole.

"AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE"

Kuppenheimer

"THIS IS MY IDEA OF A CLEAN-CUT TOWN AND BUSINESS SUIT"

John Barrymore

You have seen John Barrymore as "The Beloved Rogue." But you ought to see the Beloved Rogue in a 1927 model Spring suit. He *knows* clothes.

We asked Mr. Barrymore to give us his ideas for a smart town and business suit for Spring.

He said "If I wished to be in town on any business where I thought I might possibly be seen, I would like to look *well dressed*, but not *dressed up*. Conspicuously inconspicuous."

And so, to these Barrymore ideals of good appearance, we created the *Famous Fifties* group of Sack Suits: single and double breasted models for Spring, 1927 . . . suave, urbane . . . as finished in every detail as Barrymore's art itself.

Retailing at fifty dollars!

You can identify the Kuppenheimer *Famous Fifties* in Sack Suits by the Barrymore medallion attached to the lapel buttonhole.

"AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE"

Famous Fifties

Even the most perishable foods *stay fresh* in Frigidaire

BECAUSE of the constant low temperatures provided by Frigidaire *direct cooling*, hard-to-keep foods become *easy* to keep.

Foods that you now buy only as needed can be safely bought in larger quantities. They can be kept in Frigidaire for days at a time—kept with all the wholesomeness and appetizing flavor of foods that are fresh from the market.

With Frigidaire—fruits, vegetables, meats, milk, cream, butter, eggs—all are perfectly preserved until you are ready to use them.

It is always below freezing in the Frigidaire freezing compartment. Whether it is freezing ice cubes or making frozen desserts, direct frost-coil cooling and self-sealing tray fronts insure positive results.

And Frigidaire brings you a new freedom

—freedom from the need of constant planning—freedom from the trouble of frequent marketing—*freedom from outside ice supply.*

But if you want all the advantages of Frigidaire—if you want Frigidaire design, Frigidaire construction and Frigidaire *direct cooling*—be sure you get a Frigidaire.

The Frigidaire name-plate on the electric refrigerator you buy means ample food storage space, fine finish, a quiet-running mechanical unit, economical operation, a cabinet designed and built exclusively for electric refrigeration. It means the proven dependability of a product of General Motors, and the endorsement of more than 300,000 users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Frigidaire is also made for commercial as well as household use—for every type of retail store that requires refrigeration. And in stores as in homes, Frigidaire means fresher, better, more wholesome foods.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office. See the model that fits your needs. Learn how easily it can be bought on the convenient terms of the General Motors payment plan.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. B-1009, DAYTON, OHIO

Frigidaire
PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 92)

interested in the old-age financial problem all hope that savings during the productive years of life will increase in the future, in so far as that is possible without an injurious lowering of living standards.

"The teacher's ability to carry his load as the head of a family and as a member of society depends more upon foresight, self-denial and thrift than upon the scale of his salary," says the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in one of its reports. This may seem like hard, ruthless doctrine, but that it is true of numerous individuals would be useless to deny. We have all known people who have saved without sacrificing decent and proper living standards while others on larger incomes have not saved at all.

In a reply to one of the questions addressed to it by a state commission on old-age pensions, a manufacturing establishment, in describing its employes of fifty years' standing or more, all of whom had received much the same wage, said that two of them had accumulated property out of savings which yielded an income in excess of their wages, one had accumulated nothing, because his wife had given away everything to religious sects, and a fourth had drunk up everything.

There may be said to be a fairly definite line between savers and nonsavers, whatever the causes or wherever the blame may lie. Investigations of old people seem to show that the larger groups either have reasonably substantial sums or nothing at all. By that time they either save a considerable sum or nothing.

Getting at the Facts

Before we go any farther, however, we must know just how many old people are actually poor or dependent. It may be an amusing intellectual exercise to discuss the reasons pro and con for a given condition. Any amateur doctor enjoys prescribing for a patient. But a real physician must first find out exactly what the condition is.

There has been a great amount of exaggeration regarding old-age dependency. The facts are sufficiently depressing, but they are nothing like as bad as the loose and careless statements which have been thrown around.

Extensive use has been made of some alleged statistics purporting to show what happens to 100 average men starting out on the march through life. Of those living at age sixty-five, one is shown to be wealthy, a few are able to get along, and fifty-four, or between 83 and 84 per cent, are dependent upon others. In other words, five out of six are dependent.

The authorship of these figures is shrouded in doubt. If the purpose of the alleged data was to make otherwise careless people save, the use of this material may have been creditable even though it is unreliable. The facts, however, are quite different, and have been well summarized by Doctor Cogswell, former director of the Massachusetts Pension Commission:

"Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman was among the first to make a computation of the probable number of the dependent aged in this country. In 1909 he estimated that 40 per cent of the aged likely would qualify for old-age pensions if an old-age-pension law of a certain type were to be enacted.

"Mr. Abraham Epstein, research director of the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission, who has been studying this matter for some years, estimated that about one-third of the persons over sixty-five were dependent upon children, relatives or charity.

"Col. Leonard Ayres, the Cleveland economist, found, after investigation, nothing to support the statement that of 100 men starting life, fifty-four will be dependent at age sixty-five.

"Mr. A. M. Edwards, special agent of the United States Census, in 1917, made a very careful search for evidence to determine whether or not there was any basis for the statements then being published that 85 per cent of the men at age sixty-five were failures and dependents. The result of his efforts revealed no basis for such figures, and Mr. Edwards, from Massachusetts material then available and from data in the census reports, made an estimate that the proportion of dependent males was somewhere between a minimum of 17.9 per cent and a maximum of 40 per cent, with strong possibilities that the actual proportions approached 40 per cent."

By far the most complete facts, however, are those developed by the Massachusetts Commission itself in 1924, and published in 1925. Nearly 20,000 persons more than sixty-five living in ten cities and twenty-three towns in the state were interviewed. Previous investigations in certain other states had been confined largely to charity cases. In Massachusetts an effort was made to get a real cross-section of the prosperous as well as the poor.

Dispelling the Gloom

Only a few cases of extreme neglect or actual want were unearthed. In one way or another modern society takes care of its dependents. In one town out of 377 cases interviewed only five were not receiving proper care. An old man of eighty-two made $200 a year peddling salve on the street. In his younger and more prosperous days he had been a chemist. He was, of course, alone in the world, and one of the churches was induced to help him out. An old colored man was found in abject poverty, a case which none of the welfare agencies seemed to know about. In his younger and better days he had played a mandolin in vaudeville.

The Massachusetts investigation showed that nearly 40 per cent of the men and women interviewed had property to the value of $5000 or more. On the other hand, 38 per cent were supported in whole or in part by children, relatives, or by organized charity. Of the total number, 16.8 per cent had neither income nor property of any sort, and a somewhat larger percentage had incomes of less than $300 a year and property of less than $3000, despite the fact that Massachusetts ranks highest among the states in respect to savings.

What these figures prove is that we have a very large poor and dependent aged population, but a somewhat larger number who are not poor or dependent at all. The highly gloomy allegation that five men out of six are dependent when they reach sixty-five vanishes into thin air. On the other hand, the situation is quite bad enough, even if it is improving with higher wage scales and the wider distribution of wealth. There are probably about 2,000,000 dependent old people in the country, and an undetermined but large additional number who have so little that life is full of unhappiness for them.

Prosperity is not only increasing but is becoming more widespread. Many who are now old and dependent are the results of a past system. Perhaps men and women who are now young and middle-aged will save so much out of their larger wages and salaries that the problem will become less acute in the future. Who knows?

What we do know is that even if prosperity continues indefinitely and unabated, the chances, risks, hazards, vicissitudes and calamities of the individual human life are such that it still behooves many of us to give thought to the morrow. It is true that by industry, thrift and good fortune many reach the goal of competence. But it is only by avoiding the countless pitfalls of life that threaten all groups and classes on every side—accident, sickness, permanent physical disability, unemployment, business failure and investment losses.

A young man may be highly educated, intelligent, thrifty and industrious, but if he becomes deaf or blind or insane, or contracts tuberculosis, his chances of piling up property are not so good. In a very real sense a man is fortunate indeed who finds his way through all the shoals of life to the haven of economic security in old age. Even then security may prove a relative term only. A property of $10,000 would do very well for a person of sixty-five who has only a few years to live. But if life happens to extend to eighty such a person may become dependent despite all his efforts to save.

Speaking broadly of the great masses of people, the average holdings of stocks and bonds, and even of life insurance, are still very small. The totals of life insurance bulk up into huge figures, but while the provision of group insurance by employers is improving the situation, the average amount held by a working-class family is still nothing but burial insurance, something to prevent the dreaded necessity of resorting to potter's field, with a small sum left over to keep the family going for a few weeks or months.

Thrift is a wonderful factor in building up the fortunes of the individual, and needs to be bulwarked and buttressed and encouraged in countless instances. But saving is not always economic; it may be wiser for a wage earner to buy high-grade milk for his babies or send his wife to a good physician than to put the money in a savings bank.

One may vehemently deplore increased taxes or the tendency to limit the rewards of individual initiative or to reduce the self-dependence of the people, and at the same time be quick to admit that failure to provide for old age is not always wholly a matter of individual blame. There are shiftless people and unfortunate people, and they should not be lumped together.

This fact is as well recognized by those who oppose an extension of state activities as by those in their favor. Alba B. Johnson, president of the Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce and former head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in a report of the chamber opposing state pensions, speaks of the "large proportion of those who are unfit for the competition of life through no faults of their own."

Causes of Dependence

The minority report of the Massachusetts Pension Commission, which also opposes state pensions, speaks of the futility of apportioning blame. "The causes of old-age dependency are too complex and multifarious. Some misused and squandered their opportunities. There are mental and physical defects. Sickness, accident, widowhood, indolence, lack of foresight, lack of moral fiber, inadequate mental and physical equipment, lack of judgment and adverse fortune all play a part. We cannot devise a system of rewards and punishments."

A study of nearly 1000 aged clients of Boston social agencies by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union gives the causes of failure to make provision as follows: 33.7 per cent low wages, 4.5 per cent business failure, 9.2 per cent unwise investments, 19.8 per cent death of a supporter, 4.2 per cent care of dependents, 3.2 per cent worthless spouse, 15 per cent physical incapacity, 2.1 per cent exceptional longevity, 3.8 per cent extravagance, 3.2 per cent intemperance, and 6 per cent shiftlessness. Even if these figures are not typical of the elderly dependents in general, they are suggestive of the intricacy of the subject.

Thrift works wonders in individual cases, but it is a fair question whether there have not been and still are large groups whose wages were and are so low that saving seems too petty a thing to be considered. An actuary, in discussing the old-age question, says there are two classes: Those that have lost their incomes and those in which absence of income during their productive years would have been a more accurate description.

I realize, naturally, that the personal interest of most readers of this article will lie in what might be called the reasonably prosperous classes rather than in the poorer ranges of the wage-earning groups. As a matter of civic duty the reader hopes that in the future the poorer groups may be less

"By Official and Unofficial Appointment"

ON an increasing number of railroads Red Edge is the official locomotive scoop. On the others, Red Edge is the *unofficial* official scoop. If the road doesn't furnish Red Edge many firemen buy them personally.

Why? This letter from Fireman A. A. Sober tells its own story:

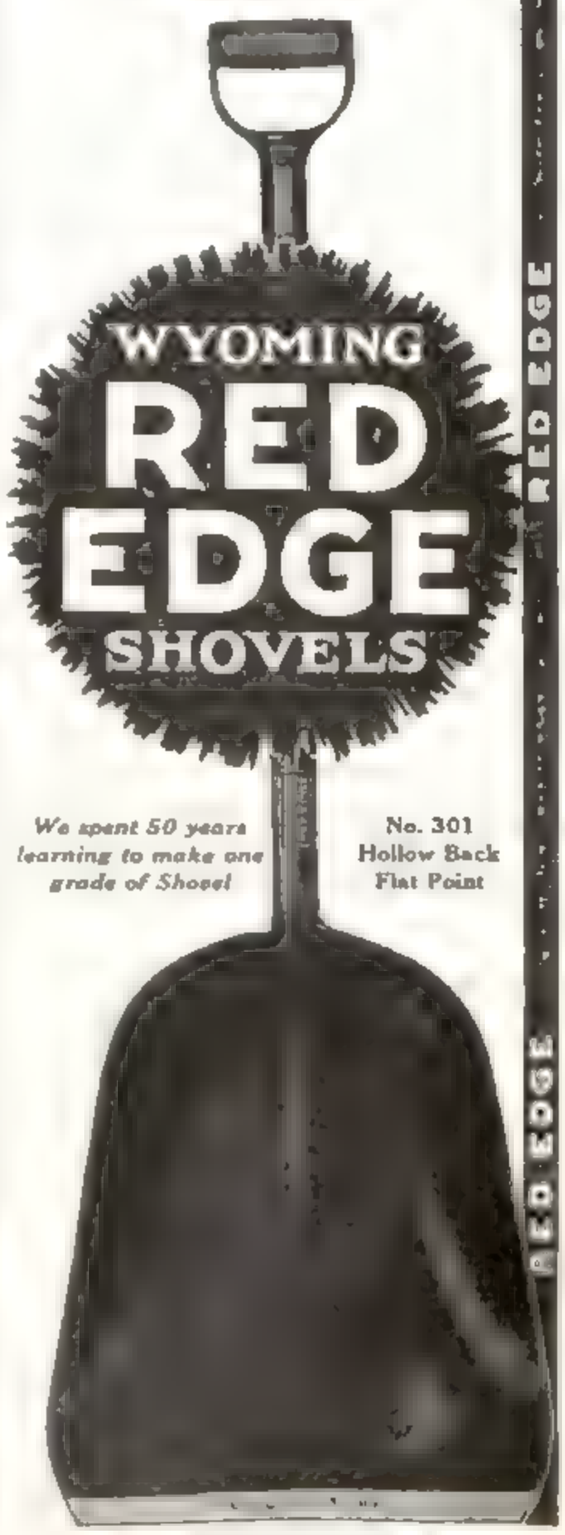
"I take great pleasure in introducing myself as a user of your wonderful Red Edge Shovels. I have been firing for twelve years and I have never had a shovel in my hands that would give me the service that your shovel has. I have had this shovel nineteen months. Up until this time it has shoveled coal over 80,000 miles. The amount of tons of coal would be too great to figure.

"In this time I have taken good care of the shovel, and protected it against theft, for a shovel worth stealing is a shovel worth having. I have heard other firemen say that they wouldn't buy a Red Edge Shovel to work with, but the majority change their minds when they are informed of their service and easy firing. To give up my Red Edge Shovel and go back to a short handle shovel, I could never do, because I believe I would have a steam failure.

"I have taken notice of the wonderful grade of steel which the Red Edge Shovels have. My shovel after this past period of nineteen months has a rather extraordinary good blade on it yet for the miles it has covered."

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PENNA.



health wins again!

A Proud Moment!

IT WAS the proudest moment in Bobby's full young life. An Eagle Scout at last. Robust health, the result of outdoor life and a balanced diet, had brought the stalwart Bobby to leadership and honors!

It was always thus! Minds and bodies, made fit and kept fit on a balanced diet with plenty of rich bottled milk, lead old and young, alike, to happiness and greater achievement.

Health officials everywhere, agree there is no health food in the world equal to fine rich, bottled milk. They say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. They wisely prescribe it to old and young, weak and strong, alike.

Milk, bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.

Elmira, N. Y.

Always use bottled milk in cooking. Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to foods that savory, healthful richness all good cooks demand

THATCHER BOTTLES *for* MILK

A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

poor in their old age. But what he would really like to know is how much of a competence he, as a business or professional man, or as a farmer or one of the more ambitious and well-fixed wage earners, is likely to accumulate.

It would appear that among these latter groups both the possibilities and habits of thrift are on the increase. Industrial pensions, life insurance and the purchase of real estate, bonds and stocks all these are pushing back the specters of want for many men and women. Moreover, the agencies at work to encourage this tendency are growing in numbers and influence.

The Ups and Downs

When the Carnegie Corporation began to grant pensions to college professors some years ago, it found that one-third had no other source of income. These conditions may have changed, but it still remains true that it takes a pile of money put out at interest to yield an income which the modern professional man would consider suitable. It is still surprising how many apparently prosperous men leave no estate except life insurance.

In the comparatively recent past our industrial and business structure has expanded beyond any precedent in the world's experience. Though many of the heads of great industries are in the fifties and sixties, the majority of the important positions, except the very highest, are held by young men in their thirties and forties.

We have what is a new phenomenon in the world—incredible numbers of young men receiving large incomes. In this country college education has been very democratic; it has followed no caste system, and has turned out an army of young men all of whom expect to live well and for the most part do live well.

We have no experience to go by, no precedent to show us where these young men will be at sixty-five. It may be that with each increase in business profits or salaries or commissions the young business and professional men of the country are increasing their savings, or perhaps they are merely expanding their style of living. At sixty-five these men may be worth several hundred thousand dollars apiece, or they may be shown up as having chucked a great bluff in respect to any such provision. No one knows. All that is positively known is that their usefulness, and consequently their incomes, will have fallen off, in most cases, by that time.

Even with a prosperous country and wide distribution of wealth we can never be sure that savings will be securely invested. A servant girl worked for a family many years, and to prevent her becoming dependent the family gave her five dollars a week in addition to her wages on condition that she put it in the savings bank and keep it there. She kept it there for a long period and then took it out to give away to a worthless sister. Naturally she became dependent upon the community.

But far more successful and highly educated people also have done foolish things with their savings. The more simple and trusting folks find the complexities of finance too much for them, but sophisticated persons, too, are losers again and again I doubt if there is a day in which the newspapers do not contain at least one account of a swindling or get-rich-quick scheme which has gone on the rocks.

Figures purporting to show that $1,000,000,000 are lost each year in worthless stocks are themselves unreliable. No one really knows what such losses amount to. But we know they are very large indeed, and fall upon all classes. Frequently some swindling outfit will send salesmen through a community with a fine-tooth comb to gather in all the savings of old schoolteachers, ministers, doctors and such people, thus leaving them in poverty in their last years.

In the very prosperous year of 1926 there were 21,773 commercial failures in this country. In the past few years there have been in one section of the country alone several thousand bank failures. The pricking of a great real-estate boom happens every now and then. Does anyone doubt that in the course of all these rather normal business occurrences a dissipation of funds for old-age provision, as well as for other purposes, takes place?

The pension system of the International Typographical Union is for the aid of former editors and employing printers who have gone back to their old trade, as well as for those who have never risen out of it.

Before the Pennsylvania state pension law was declared unconstitutional, applications for pensions had been received, among others, from a woman doctor who had practiced in hospitals for forty years, had become a cripple at age sixty and spent all her savings seeking a cure; from a rural doctor who had never collected his bills and was penniless at seventy; from a former member of the legislature whose only support was a girl of sixteen; and from a woman who was descended from governors and generals.

Going up in life is marvelously and beneficently common in this country, but coming down in life is very common too. The difference is that the second group receives very little notice in the papers. All about us we see extra dividends, good fortune, prosperity, well being, comfort and luxury. In these respects our country is blessed indeed. But human perspective is very short. The present looms so much larger than the past or the future.

The question is whether the good things of life endure for a long enough period in the lives of enough individuals, even those who for some years seem to have luck by the tail, to permit of sufficient saving. For most people provision for old age can be made only by means of a painfully long period of steady accumulation.

A family often lives in the lap of luxury for so many years that their condition appears permanent to the onlooker. But then comes the superannuation or death of the provider, the failure of the business, losses from unfortunate investments, the defalcation of a trusted partner, an ill-advised speculation, an expensive lawsuit, the revelation of a double life, divorce or separation, suicide of a family member, the contraction of bad debts, the disappearance of a trusted friend or relative, or some other unfortunate event that changes the whole picture.

Surface Prosperity

The business is sold or is absorbed by another concern, the residence is occupied by another owner or tenant, and the family is soon forgotten even in the social circle where it once moved. Those who were once friends and acquaintances are occupied with their own affairs, new families with plenty of money come to town to attract attention, and the ocean of life closes over the wreck with hardly a ripple.

Only a few hours after these words were written I was reading a newspaper with no thought of the subject of old-age provision in mind. But one item which caught my eye described the appraisal of an estate of a man who had been for years president of a rich and well-known corporation. He left nearly $400,000 in sound securities, but he also left more than $600,000 in unpaid debts.

There may be a trace of overemphasis in the statement I am shortly to quote from a very successful life-insurance underwriter. His business is of such a nature that he naturally prefers to have men anchor part of their fortunes in such a way that they cannot be lost. At the same time he has an enormous acquaintance among successful men in the great financial and industrial center where he lives, and speaks from long experience and deep study:

"The presidents of the United States have certainly been successful men and well paid. Yet about half of those who reached old age did not have large accumulations. Several of the greatest of the early presidents were actually broke. Wealthy friends had to come to the rescue of others.

"Consider the men who were presidents of the local banks here twenty-five years ago. Among them were several cases of financial distress in later years, and even of suicide. One man was not only president of a bank but the head of the chamber of commerce and of a gas company. He was cleaned out when an old man.

"There was a clergyman who headed a denominational paper—a big money-maker in its time. This man had been moderator of his church and was a fine speaker. He lived in a big house and drove a wonderful span of horses. But all the work on the paper was really done by his partner. Finally the partner died, competition sprang up and people stopped reading denominational papers as much as they had been doing. But the former moderator couldn't stop living on the scale to which he had accustomed himself, and ended his life in serious trouble.

"Consider the house I now live in. The first owner was a high railroad official, but he lost so much money in his later years that his wife is now a telegraph operator. The next was president of a steel company, but his affairs were such that when he died he left eight cents on the dollar. Two more owners followed before I occupied the house, and they were uniformly prosperous throughout."

An Epitaph for Fortunes

"Think of —— the great inventor, who was head of a big industry until the panic of 1907, and of —— the coal magnate, who was once reputed to be worth $60,000,000, but lost practically all of it.

"Most people think of Carnegie's thirty-three partners as synonyms of wealth. But you never hear any more of those who lost the money that was paid them, although you always heard of Frick, because he kept on making more money. Even ——, who is so rich and successful now, was cleaned out twice.

"How about the firms that have failed in Wall Street? Weren't —— and —— the biggest brokerage houses of their day, and where are they now?

"The people who disappear financially are no longer news. There is a big piece in the paper about them when they fail, and then they drop out completely until they die, when the paper describes them as 'Mr. So-and-So, a former financier.'

"Men cease to be important when they lose their money. Their wives and daughters appear in the society columns as long as the husbands have money, but not when the women go to work as clerks in department stores. A man's in the spotlight as long as he's a millionaire, but not after he loses his money.

"Old men often slip in their financial judgment. They lose money and find it difficult to cut down their scale of living. This leads them into taking chances, and then they lose more than ever. If bank presidents and millionaires are subject to these hazards, how about the average man?"

The reader may or may not regard the foregoing summary of financial grief as typical. But we do know that in too many cases large incomes and profits produce only a feeling of false security, without inducing the owner to build up a fund against the day of financial loss, sickness, declining powers, unemployment and old age.

In this article the financial problem of old age has been stated. In another article the methods of provision and fund building will be gone into in detail. There are two great classes of people to be considered. There are those who can take care of themselves, who can provide for themselves. There are others who must be aided by employers or by the state. Thus we must look into the subject of old-age-fund building both individually and collectively.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

4 simple things to do in case of a cut, bruise or wound *to banish* THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

1. *Sterilize the wound with Bauer & Black Iodine or Mercurochrome Swab.*

2. *When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze.*

3. *Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage.*

4. *Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.*

© B. & B., 1927

In one year, this hospital treated twenty cases of wound infection . . . infection resulting from neglected cuts and bruises.

All were serious cases, keeping the patient in bed from one to sixteen weeks. Some left unavoidable scars and marks; and, in one instance, the patient came to us too late. Infection had progressed beyond the help of surgery or medicine.

The pity of it is that all these twenty infection cases might have been averted if prompt and proper First Aid had been applied in each case, at the time of the accident.

GENERAL HOSPITAL, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

. . .

And there, indeed, is the pity! It is tragic that any minor cut, scratch or bruise is ever permitted to develop into serious infection when sensible and safe First Aid is so readily available and so easy to apply.

A moment to sterilize the wound with an iodine or mercurochrome swab. Another moment to cover it with sterile gauze and a sterile gauze bandage . . . fastening with adhesive plaster.

Thus, in a jiffy and for a few cents, you have secured the soundest of all life insurance policies.

These Bauer & Black Sterile First Aid products may be had at small cost in 45,000 drug stores in individual packages and in Kits and Cabinets. They should be *kept* in the home at all times . . . instantly available for the emergency. First Aid to be effective must be prompt. Accident sends out no "advance notices" of its arrival. It is better to be *ready* than *regretful*. . . .

BAUER & BLACK

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

Estate Contents
© 1927, A. W. P. Co.

EVERY day, every evening, in thousands of homes, a purchase is made. There are many calls for the surplus funds, and paper, in the form of catalog, booklet or letter, plays its part.

What makes one catalog more successful than another ~ or one letter succeed where another fails ?

IT can be a new automobile, a new vacuum cleaner, a new radio—a new house to be built or the installation of an oil burner. There is not only competition between rival products, but between the several ways in which the available money may be used.

The catalog, the letter, the booklet, all have some bearing on the final decision.

The proposition, the writer who presents the proposition, the printer who produces the printed matter and paper itself, are factors. Undoubtedly, the first three are the more important—but they can be materially helped or harmed by the fourth factor—depending on whether the "right paper for the purpose" is chosen.

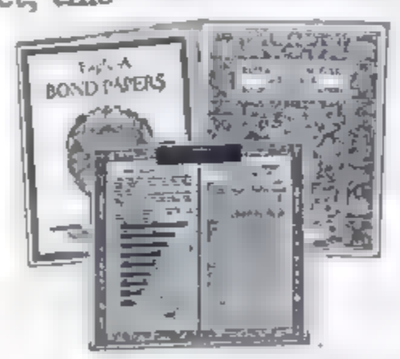
Without question, here is the weakest link in the chain. If the paper is bought solely on price, then appearance, printing, folding and wearing qualities may be sacrificed. Or, if price is not considered, the cost of the job may outrun its usefulness.

It is right here that Eagle-A Standardized Business Papers demonstrate their value. After analyses and experiments covering a period of years, Eagle-A Papers were standardized: first, with regard to the requirements of use and effectiveness; second, to bring them into volume production, to effect important economies in both manufacture and distribution.

For example, American Handcraft will develop a brochure of distinction and character equal to that produced on imported hand-made paper: yet, this product, reflecting the Eagle-A system of standardization and volume production, is moderately priced and entirely suitable to quantity distribution.

Again, in a chaotic bond paper market, Eagle-A Standardization has produced nine primary grades, covering every business need. There are seven rag content papers, and two sulphite (wood pulp) papers. The Specification Chart shows how these papers are most effectively and economically used.

Volume production and a range of standardized primary grades allow the American Writing Paper Company to recommend impartially. For business stationery and the many other uses of bond papers, we shall be glad to send you the Specification Chart, the "Correct Use of Bond Papers", and a Sample Portfolio: and if you will briefly outline your use of direct mail material [catalogs, booklets, mail pieces, etc.] we will make recommendations and forward samples of Eagle-A Book and Cover Papers, to show how you can improve the appearance of your printed matter, or save money—in most cases, accomplish both.



AMERICAN·WRITING·PAPER·COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

A few of the Eagle-A Standardized Business Papers

Bond Papers
Coupon, Agawam, Persian, Contract, Airpost, Chevron, Acceptance, Norman, Telephone

Ledger Papers
Brunswick Linen Ledger, Account Linen Ledger, Extension Ledger, Gloria Ledger

Cover Papers
American Handcraft, American Embossed, Berkshire, Paradox Moss Finish, Herculean, Arven, Am. Standard, Riverdale

Book Papers
American Handcraft, American Vellum, Berkshire Text, American Tinted Folder, American Super Calendered, American Eggshell, American English Finish

Offset Papers
Beebe, Chester, Dickinson

Bristols

Mimeograph Papers

Manifold Paper

THE HIGH MISSTEPPERS

Continued from Page 45

"Oh, I do hope you can, Sydney," she said, her eyes glowing with admiration for the one man in the world who appreciated her father.

"You see, honey, your pop has been in the show business so long that it's kind of run ahead of him. He still thinks that the methods that prevailed when he broke in are being used today. Now then, you could help a little if you want to."

"Oh, I'd love to, Sydney. How can I help him?"

"Well, like all old-timers, Audrey, your daddy's suspicious of us younger men with our more advanced methods and new ideas. He doesn't quite see it yet that I mean it all for his own good, but he will. And, like all old-timers, Audrey honey, he's bound to prove a little stubborn. But here's how you can help; when I make suggestions that he can't see the good of right off, you support me a bit and pretty soon we'll have him made into one of the biggest name acts in vaudeville history. I tell you, Audrey, your father has talent."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so, Sydney," she told him appreciatively.

Well, all I got to say about that is that I'm not a guy to beef because somebody's getting over either. I'll admit that the Barrymore family has a little talent too. With Gussie and Audrey ready to back him up, Sydney felt encouraged to do his worst. It seemed like as if he was talking night and day. As the old German—or maybe it's South American—proverb says, when Sydney St. Cin dies they'll have to kill his mouth separately with a club. He began playing the duke to Joe right off. Gussie was greatly pleased.

"I want you to knock off being so ugly to Mr. St. Cin, Joey dear," she warned. She always manages to get things said in such a way that you wonder why she didn't add the rest of it—"or I'll break your fool neck."

"He's getting better treatment from me than he deserves," Joe shot back. "Any time that onion talks to anybody about anything, and they don't mangle him, he's getting better than what he deserves."

"Joe!" Gussie barked.

A few days later Joe asked her, "Look at here, Gussie, what's the notion in always inviting this St. Cin party to scoff with us in the evening? He eats like a prize fighter and I never yet once seen him shoulder the check."

"Because I think his company will have a good influence on you, Joey," his wife said. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, kiddie, but now let's be frank. You've had to work so hard all your life that you ain't had much time for the finer things."

"Do you mean by that that this sapodil is a finer thing?"

"I mean he's been in contact with the best there is in life, Joe. Haven't you never noticed his polished ways, his manners, his sang-froid?"

"All I've ever noticed is that he's got a sassy snout."

"I want you to pay him careful attention," Gussie said severely. "Copy him as much as you can."

"And let you and the kid starve to death?" Joe snorted.

"Joe! Quit cracking wise when I'm lecturing you."

"He'll be canned just as soon as Freddy Meek goes into the Nifties and then we'll be rid of him, thank heavens."

"Joe!"

If the poor old fellow had known that Sydney was going to get himself into Joe's act and, if possible, into his family in addition—ow!

Joe handed me a awful surprise just about this time. You see, on the street he always had worn clothes that he called conservative. Joe was a little old-fashioned. He wore long-legged woolen or cotton underwear the year round and kept up his socks with safety pins. He looked on garters as sissified. His suits were always roomy, if not downright saggy. He liked shoes with thick soles—the kind Yukon Jake would wear.

He should have been wearing a fourteen collar, but his neck roamed around in a size seventeen, with room enough for a balloon tire between the collar and his neck. He preferred knitted ties that knotted in a ball, and in them he wore a rock so big he must have put it on and took it off with a hoisting crane. Joey bought a floppy Panama hat in 1917 and had it cleaned in 1920 and again in 1924. By then it was so shredded he could have eaten it for breakfast with hot milk. He stuck to it like a brother though. There, that's the way I always was accustomed to seeing Joe McKim.

But on the day that he handed me this surprise he walked backstage wearing a costume that a comic artist with the D. T.'s must have designed. His shoes were white canvas and black calfskin. The trousers were these here collegiate affairs. They seemed so full to me that I think he could have made half of them into an overcoat, a horse blanket and seven rag rugs and he wouldn't have missed the cloth. The coat hugged his hips as if it and the hips were drowning together. It was so wide in the shoulders that he resembled either a varsity tackle or a Tenth Avenue policeman. His shirt put me in mind of an egg on Easter morning, and his tie was purple with yellow and red knickknacks sprinkled into it. Joe was wearing a wide flat sailor straw hat that would have made three fat meals for a coal-wagon horse.

"Rah-rah-rah!" I yelled as soon as I seen him. "Are you working at some soda fountain?"

"Sydney St. Cin!" Joe hissed between his teeth, viciously enough to have loosened his new porcelain fillings. "Ain't it a crime?"

"You mean he dreamed this nightmare?" I asked him.

"Ain't it a crime?"

"How did it happen, Joe?"

"Buddy, you won't ever believe this! We're sitting at dinner last night, which is on me, like as usual, when Sydney starts talking about the well-dressed man and what he's wearing. 'Do you know, Mr. McKim,' he says to me, 'I sometimes think you're one of these here geniuses who's afraid that his light won't be seen unless he wears an—ah—unusual costume.'

"I gave him a dirty glare, shifted my fork to my right hand, which is the one I use most in a fight, and asked him, 'What do you mean?'

"'Heh-heh!' said Sydney—oh, I tell you, Buddy, he's a slick one. 'You have a figure, Mr. McKim, that would adapt itself splendidly to fashionable clothing, but yet you persist in—ah—m'm—wearing the extreme.'"

"Didn't Gussie or Audrey stand by you?" I asked.

"It was Gussie who knifed me, Buddy. Audrey? Her mamma sits down on her like she does on me. 'That's just what I say,' Gussie chirped. I nearly slid under the table, Buddy, when Audrey said to me, 'Daddy, I can't help thinking it would help you make a bigger success if you were a bit more in vogue.' It ain't like Audrey, Buddy, to take up against her daddy.

"Well, with that encouragement, Bud, Sydney went on, 'You ought to try wearing a waistcoat'—he meant a vest, Buddy—'Mr. McKim. Your well-bred Englishman would never think of going about without his waistcoat.' That boiled me. 'I'm Irish, not English,' I reminded him.

"'But it's necessary to hide the braces,' Sydney insisted. He meant suspenders by 'braces.' That to me, who never in his life wore suspenders! A belt's good enough, I figure. 'But,' the pestilence persisted, Buddy, 'the trousers of a fashionable suit for lounge wear these days are cut a bit fullish at the hips and a belt won't hold them up.'" Joe was so mad he could hardly talk and he had to stop a minute. Then he exploded again, "Do you know what they did? You can't guess what they did. Gussie made me go with that fool to buy these trick clothes. 'Please, daddy, do it for my sake,' Audrey begged me. Look at this, will you?"

Joe opened his vest and showed me he was wearing a pair of green suspenders with two white stripes in them.

"Ain't it a rotten crime?" he spluttered.

"It ain't so awful bad, Joey," said I, I thinking to cheer him up with my lie.

"Oh, it ain't, hey? Then look at this. This is the last straw."

Joe pulled one trousers leg up to his knee and then I like to busted. Around his bare, hairy leg he had a garter of wide elastic, striped with orange and black.

"Garters!" he yelled.

"Gosh!" was all I could say.

"Garters, Buddy! Ain't it a crime? Me, who never in my life wore garters!"

It was a handmade shame to upset one of his hobbies that way. Joe's a right guy—the kind that'll drive a leaky tank-truck of gasoline through hell for a friend. He just drips sterling qualities.

"'There you are,' Sydney said to me when he bought me them garters,'" Joe was fuming again. "'Now you're wearing Princeton colors, Mr. McKim.' Like I should care! Princeton's only a railroad station to me, Buddy."

It was some days after that before Joe got back to normal again and was able to smile a little occasionally. Then he came to me with a new outrage to tell. He had a book under his arm.

"Now what?" I asked.

"Sydney and Gussie decided I wasn't bookish enough, Buddy. Look what that sap, with Gussie backing him up, had me buy. Poems! Don't that roll you over?" It was a bunch of rimes and sonnets by a gook named Chaucer.

"Look at here," said Joe, opening the book. What I read was:

Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He must preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

"Can't that panic you?" Joe shouted to me. "Wouldn't you think a guy would learn to spell before he tried to write a book—and a poetry book at that?"

"Is it all like that?" I asked him.

"That which ain't like this is worse," Joe said with a shake of his head.

"Wouldn't Audrey put in a word for you, Joe?"

The poor old fellow's eyes got misty and his throat was busy swallowing gulps for a minute.

"Audrey said it was a good book and would do me good to read it. She said they made her read it in Miss Duane's School. If I had suspected that, Miss Duane wouldn't have got any trade from my family. Teaching kids to be ashamed of their folks, hey? Gee, I wonder, Buddy, if I am a hopeless lowbrow."

"Aw, flubdub," I said. "Audrey's not ashamed of you. If she didn't care nothing about you, she wouldn't give two whoops what you read. She's just young and inexperienced. They taught her this was great stuff and she wants to pass the information along. She's just been listening too much to Sydney, which is her mother's fault, not hern."

"Do you think so, Bud?"

"I'm sure of it."

It wasn't but a day or two after this that Gussie nearly crushed her poor husband by insisting that the St. Cin animal go into his act, Freddy Meek having joined the Nine o'Clock Nifties. Joe simply wasn't fit to talk to for a week.

Do you *still* believe in GHOSTS?

OF course you wouldn't use a kerosene lamp in your office. You would laugh at the idea of riding on a horse car. High wheel bicycles are curiosities and it would be absurd to depend solely on pails of water to fight a fire.

Pole brush scrubbing and weighted brush polishing of floors are just as antiquated and in most cases just as inadequate as all other "ghosts of the past."

The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine works faster, scrubs cleaner and polishes better at far less cost than hand methods. Made in several models.

Free Booklets! Write for "Your Questions Answered by Users" telling about the FINNELL for business concerns and institutions.

Household Finnell

There is now a FINNELL for home use. If interested, ask for booklet "Beautiful Floors."

Address FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 103 N. College St., Hannibal, Missouri. Standard Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Canada; 114 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, England, Kungsgatan 65, Stockholm, Sweden. Factories Hannibal, Mo., and Ottawa, Canada.

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE
It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs

Walk-Over Shoes

The part of a shoe that *you* don't see

YOU see only the toes of your shoes when you look down. The man or woman behind you sees your heels. The newest toe shape, the smartest patterns, lose all their style value in shoes that gape at the heel. Walk-Overs are built to fit snug around the top. That personal fit is made lasting by the pear-shaped heel that really fits your foot. This is the Stadium. Walk-Over leading prices are $7, $8.50, $10 and $12.

Walk-Over Shoes for Women as well as Men are made by

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Sydney was smart enough not to try to make any radical changes in the routine at first. He contented himself with just wearing cake-eater clothes, doing a ballroom dance with Audrey, a soft-shoe shuffle with Joe and with taking a lot of the bow at the close. But after a while he began telling Joe what was wrong with the routine, which didn't have nothing wrong with it.

"I think we better change our business a little bit, Mac," Syd informed Joe.

"That's what I've been thinking," Joey answered. "I don't care for your posing around in your fancy clothes. It don't look paperhangerish enough. You better clown with me in overalls."

"Me?" Sydney was aghast. Asking him to wear overalls was in the same stable with expecting a king to open parliament dressed in the queen's kimono. "No, no! I don't care to do comedy."

"You're crazy. The acts that are getting the dough nowadays are those that make the customers bring along bath towels for their tears of laughter. The oftener you can send them away with adhesive tape, holding their split sides together, the more dough you get."

"Yes, but also we got to give this act class, Mr. McKim."

"Who's going to give it class? You?" screeched Joe

"Well—yes," the cake admitted.

"How?"

"I'll be the boss and ——"

"Not in no act of mine you won't."

"I mean—Mr. McKim, I mean that I'll pretend in the act that I'm your boss—the guy who owns the decorating company. I order you around, which will give you plenty of openings for comedy gags, see? I order you around and let you do all the work."

"There ain't no pretending about that," Joe shot back. "That's just what you're doing."

"Joe!" barked his wife.

"And cut out the waltz business on the scaffold with Audrey, too," Sydney continued on, feeling encouraged.

"You're off your nut. That's the best bit in the stuff."

"It's too dangerous—dangerous for Audrey," Sydney said with a serious shake of his head. He looked at Gussie McKim. "It's not right, Mrs. McKim. It's not right a girl should take such risks. Those are the sort of chances we men ought to take."

There's a party the Royal Northwest Mounted overlooked.

"I think you're dead right," Gussie bleated again. "I'm always so afraid Audrey will slip on that plank and fall on her ear."

"I could slip and fall on my ear a dozen times a day," Joe complained, "and you wouldn't give a care just so long as my benefit premiums was all paid up in the A. V. P. M. P. A."

"You and I will take all the chances hereafter," Sydney said bravely, even recklessly. "We'll soft-shoe a dance together up there."

Joe had his mouth wide open to shoot out a terrific "No!" But before he could say it he thought of something, and a fiendish gleam, you might say, came into his eye. Instead of howling "No!" he smiled a little to hisself and said, "Oh, all right."

As soon as he could break away he came hurrying to me.

"That'll be my chance," he grinned, after telling me of Syd's changes. "With him and me up there together, what could be a bigger cinch than for me to push him off of there?"

"Absolutely not!" I said firmly.

"Why?" asked Joe, hurt and surprised.

"Anybody would get wise, you keggle-head, especially whenever everybody remembers how you love this Bologna. I don't want to see a old pal get in bad, Joe, with maybe a charge of assault with intent to kill making faces at him. Look at here, I want you to promise me solemn you won't push that guy. I'll think of something to help you. Come on now, promise."

"I think you're crazy to let a chance like that walk out, but I promise you, Buddy. Only think of something fast, kid. I tell you I'm nearly ready to murder St. Cin."

I didn't sleep hardly a wink that night, trying to think of some way I could help old Joey. Nothing even faintly resembling a idea crawled into bed with me

I was pretty sorry for Joe McKim, and worrying faster than people who get paid for worrying, when I walked over to the theater we were playing next day to see if there was any mail for me. Joe walked into the house at about the same time, also looking for mail. He was smiling pleasantly the first time in weeks.

"Did Sydney die overnight or something?" asked I.

"No, but I had a dream. I dreamed you came to me and said not to worry, because you had an idea that was going to make this St. Cin turnip say 'I resign' soon."

"Thanks for your confidence in me," I told him, sitting down on a chair backstage to read a letter.

He set down beside me and began looking at a newspaper he had got in the mail. Every few minutes Joe would grin all over and say "Gosh! That dream sure made me feel swell."

While we were loafing there the Newcomb Sisters, deucing with coon shouting and the like, came into the place to bang on the upright piano on the stage and practice—heaven knows they need it—on some stuff they were thinking of incorporating in their act.

Suddenly the one at the piano begins to bang out, I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? which was released material by this time. When Joe heard that song, to which he used to do that madhouse dance of hisn, he jumped up like he had been stabbed with a needle heated in boiling carbolic acid. Off went his coat and he was out in the middle of the stage in one bounce. Dancing to I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? in four-four cut time was automatic with Joe. It was the same as with a sleeping fireman who is out of bed, dressed and halfway down the pole before he's awake when the gong rings.

"Look at that baby bounce!" yelled Evvie Newcomb at the piano. She played for dear life.

It looked like old times to watch Joe McKim whirling around out there. Bang! Bang! Oomp! Bump! Bang! That's the way it sounded each time his feet hit the deck after his backward flip-flaps and jumps. The dust went up in clouds and I could feel the floor shiver under me. When the Newcomb finally shut off playing, Joe was dripping perspiration and all out of breath, but smiling from eardrum to eardrum.

"Did you see that?" he asked me proudly. "I'd have thought I couldn't do it any more. Gee, Buddy, it makes me think of those happy old days. I tell you, when I hear I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? I can't fight it off. I've got to dance to it, Buddy. It's like instinct. It's in my blood. Do you know, I completely forgot where I was for a couple of minutes."

"No fooling?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," Joe said.

It got me to thinking and I thought about it all day for some reason or another. Try as I would, though, no idea for helping Joe get rid of his new prune partner would come to me that afternoon. But at the night show it fell on me with the force of a ton of bricks.

There was a one-act play without music just ahead of the next-to-closing spot in which was Joe's High Steppers, and all the musicians left the trench in that time to go below for a smoke and a blow for theirselves. I dashed down to chin a bit with Pete Hughes, the orchestra leader in that particular Colossus Theater. He was a old friend of mine by reason of the fact

Continued on Page 104

When the maker of a car or truck can say "Powered by Lycoming", it means that he has given you the utmost in motor value

Over 225 models of cars and trucks are powered with Lycoming Motors, Eight-in-Line, Six or Four Cylinder. Over 5000 dealers sell and service them..Nearly half a million owners know the unqualified satisfaction of their superior performance.

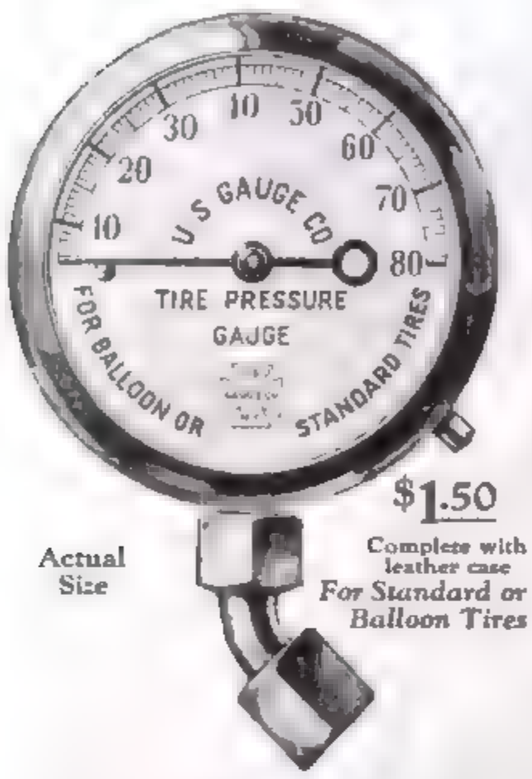
THIS VALUABLE BOOK has been described as "the most useful, practical guide to car selection ever devised. It reveals in simplest form the essential features of more than 225 car and truck models, one hundred and fifteen of them illustrated. Write for your copy.

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

CARS and TRUCKS
powered with
LYCOMING MOTORS

FOR NINETEEN YEARS BUILDERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

Why



Actual Size

$1.50

Complete with leather case

For Standard or Balloon Tires

it is guaranteed accurate to the pound!

THIS striking guarantee is possible only because the U. S. TIRE GAUGE operates on the Bourdon Spring principle (adopted by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for indicating pressure gauges).

Handy to use and easy to read, without twisting or turning, the rugged U. S. TIRE GAUGE fits all wheels and its crystal is unbreakable.

Your tires cannot give full mileage unless you maintain correct inflation. Use a U. S. TIRE GAUGE and be sure of long tire life! At your dealer's or sent direct.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.

44 Beaver St. New York — 308 W. Randolph St. Chicago

MAKERS OF

PRESSURE AND VACUUM GAUGES

ALL SIZES AND TYPES

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

(Continued from Page 102)

that he's a guy you don't have to explain everything to about your routine with blue prints. Pete I found draped over a water cooler, sipping ice water out of a paper cup.

"Howdy, boy," I said to him, slowing my pace and being very casual.

"'Lo, Buddy," said Pete, looking thoughtfully into his cupful of water.

Pete's a man of fewer words than come out of a phonograph that's stuffed with pillows.

Then, after a while, he asked, "Say, where did our old friend Joe McKim get the idea of putting that cake St. Cin into his act? Tell me that."

"Ain't he a bust?" said I. I was glad to see he didn't like Sydney. "It wasn't Joe's idea, but his missus' idea, Pete."

"I said to the first violin," Pete went on slowly, still staring into his cup, "'The old lad's not the same. He ain't doing his stuff with the punch he used to have.' That's what I said."

"It's that St. Cin cracker," I emphasized. "He's just made Joe's life one reel of sadness. Seems like as if Mac don't ever smile no more."

There was a long silence, during which Pete shook his head a couple of times and I shook mine. Then, as if it had just occurred to me on the spur of the moment, I told Pete, "I'll tell you how you could cheer Joe up a little bit, Pete."

"How?"

"Well, when his act winds up, with Joe and St. Cin up there on the plank taking their bends after the soft-shoe racket, instead of playing Rose of Rivington Street to shut off the applause, let him hear I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet?"

"Does he like that?"

"Does he? Why, that was the song, remember, he used for a bit in the act that made him. It works on him like The Star-Spangled Banner works on a candidate for Congress around Fourth of July."

"Sure," said Pete, as the buzzer called him back out front.

"Four-four cut time, with plenty of mean, strutting speed," I yelled after him.

"You bet!" And Pete climbed the steps to his platform.

I was as nervous as a cat while Joe McKim's High-Steppers business was going on. Finally they came to the part where Joe and Sydney did their soft-shoe dance on the springy plank, and when that was over, the two of them stood there on the still-swaying board, taking bows to a thundering applause.

From the wings I peeped out and saw Pete Hughes' baton raised. It was coming! Zam! Ta-da-da-da, doodle-doo-doo, um-m-m! It was off, just as the curtain up-and-downed for the last of that spot.

I saw the same sudden jumpiness go all over Joey's frame that had got him out of his chair that morning when the Newcomb sister started to bang out I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? as Pete's gang went into the first few bars. With that, Joe was off. The curtain stayed up, everyone assuming Joe McKim was giving an encore for the big hand the audience had given him. O-o-mp! Thud! O-o-mp! Bang-bang-bump! Zowie! Those were Joe McKim's feet slamming that springy plank in that crazy, frenzied dance of hisn that had shook the floors of theaters from coast to coast. The old plank started to bounce and bend, bounce and bend. The effect was just what I had counted on. You've seen two kids go out on the springboard of a swimming tank, I guess. If one jumps on the board and dives off, the board goes quivering up and down and usually throws the other kid off. Well, Sydney had a time of it with that board. He kept wiggling and straining to keep from falling.

"Mr. McKim!" he said. Bumpety-bumpety-bump, went Joe. "M-m-mis-ster McKi-McK-McKimp — ple-pl-pl-pl-please -Mr. McKick—s-s-stop—stop it-t-t -for tripe's s-s-sake! D-d-d-do you wan-n-nt to—k-k-kill me, Mr. McKim?"

I would have loved to have asked Sydney "What did you say?"

You can see, of course, that I had figured that Joey jumping up and down on that plank between the ladders would heave Syd off and leave him in a plaster cast and a frame of mind where he would be glad to quit such a rough act when he healed up.

But, like I said to you in the beginning, I'm not King Solomon himself. Pretty wise I am, maybe, but just human and making a mistake now and then. I hadn't figured, you see, when I asked Pete Hughes to let Joe hear I-yi-yi-yi, Is My Sweetie Sweet? that his kind of a mad dance couldn't be done to perfection on such an insecure footing. Of course, in the heat of the moment Joe hadn't thought of it either. All he knew was he was hearing music that called for him going wild and, friend, I'm here to tell you he went wild. Well, Sydney tried mighty hard to ride that bucking bronco of a plank, but he bounced around like corn in a popper. Finally he reeled and strained and staggered and then lost his balance and —— Zump! Sydney did a nose dive right into a big bucket filled with that wall-paper paste that stood around on the floor to atmosphere the act. Which was what I had counted on.

But then something happened which I hadn't counted on, again showing what saps guys are who confuse me with King Solomon. The plank gave a worse heave than ever, once it was freed of Sydney's weight, and it kicked Joe's feet a awful wallop. That made Joe lose his balance, too, and —— Ka-zump! Joe did a nose dive right into another bucket of paste beside the St. Cin cinnamon. Down went the final curtain and, to the howling audience, it was a neat little comedy finish. But to Joe it was a distinct surprise, and to Sydney it was downright tragedy, him having his pretty hair mussed and all. Paste ain't anything the well-dressed man is wearing, you know. It so happened that this was on a Saturday night. That paste had been standing around all week, and with most of the moisture evaporated out of it, it was thick and caky.

I pulled the bucket off Joe's head as he sat dazed on the floor. The thick paste slid out of the bucket like a pudding leaves its mold and it clung to his dome in the shape of the pail. Gussie did the same for Sydney, who was left with a mountain of paste around his head too. Audrey was kneeling, not beside Sydney St. Cin, but beside her daddy on the floor, tears streaming down her face, Joe's hand in hers. I dug most of the paste out of Joe's eyes and he looked around him, all bewildered. Then he suddenly pointed to Sydney, and after scooping lots but not all of the paste out of his mouth, he said to me, "Sygnig's trygigug sage sugthug tig mig—glub!"

"What did he say?" asked Gussie, leaning over the both of us.

"He says," I translated, "'Sydney's trying to say something to me.'"

Sure enough, the cake was waving his arms and digging paste out of hisself with both hands. I leaned over him and yelled "What?" into one of his ears from which I excavated a soup plateful of paste

"Youg keg teg himgh theg Ige rezighe," Sydney glugged.

"What did Sydney say?" asked Gussie this time.

"He says I can tell Joe for him, 'I resign,'" I told her.

Gussie gave him a look that would break a diamond drill. "Ungrateful!" she snapped. "Resign? You resign? You're canned, you clumsy clown."

Joe was glugging again.

"Whooge sedges drig-ma donght kudge truge—glub!"

"For the love of mud!" yelped Gussie. "Now what's he saying?"

"He says," I explained patiently, "'Who says dreams don't come true?'"

Gussie looked at Joe kind of funny-like. "I guess he must have hit his head on the bottom of that bucket," she whispered to me, "and he's talking delirious."

"That must be it," I fibbed.

Sydney had by this time got himself tidied up to a point where he was now fit to be thrown in a white-wing's gocart instead of being swept into a trap basin with a street-flushing machine. He crawled over to where Audrey still was sitting in tears, holding her dad's hand.

"Never mind, honey," he said. "We still have each other. You've got talent, kid, and we can do a double together. Don't fret, baby. I forgive your father."

Audrey stared at him in a way that showed she doubted if he was halfways sane.

"You forgive my father!" she said angrily. "You forgive my—you for—— Why, you stupid fool! After you clumsily fell off that scaffold and nearly spoiled daddy's act, and after you with your clumsiness jolted him off and might have killed him, what have you to forgive him for? Don't you ever dare speak to me again, Sydney Sap. You'd better get yourself an animal act where you can sit on a chair and not have to use your feet—or your head."

Sydney snuck out, and I guess he's taking shower baths yet. Then Joe opened his mouth and swallowed a pound of paste, and for the first time in months he laughed out loud, "Ha-ha-ha!"

Then he looked up at me and winked.

"Gee," he said, "the end of our act sounded like that poetry guy, Chaucer, wrote the lines for it."

Maybe I do look like King Solomon.

A Fishing Stream in Oregon

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

—for Lumber and Building Material

Next to food, shelter is humanity's greatest necessity. For our homes, offices, stores, factories, churches—our shelter at work, at rest or at play—we look to the lumber and building material industries.

More than 40,000 dealers in the United States stand ready to deliver materials wherever and whenever the builder orders. Dependable motor trucks are vital to this readiness.

Thousands of Graham Brothers Trucks in this service have demonstrated their ruggedness and power. They stand up. They stay on the job. Operating costs are low.

Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars meet 91% of all hauling needs. You may buy them complete with bodies to fit your requirements.

Service is available—always and everywhere. Initial cost is low. Graham Brothers are the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world.

½-TON COMMERCIAL CAR CHASSIS $ 670
1-TON TRUCK CHASSIS (G-BOY) - 885
1½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS - - - 1245
2-TON TRUCK CHASSIS - - - 1445*
*Disc Wheels With Dual Rear, Optional.
Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
EVANSVILLE · DETROIT · STOCKTON
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC.
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER
GOODYEAR
ALL WEATHER
THIS great new tread is a typical expression of Goodyear's policy of "building the greatest possible value into the product."
It complements perfectly the celebrated Goodyear cord fabric SUPERTWIST, now used in all Goodyear Tires.
The superiority of SUPERTWIST is in its greater elasticity.
Under road-shock it stretches and recovers without breaking, like a rubber band
This flexibility is inherent in the very structure of the SUPERTWIST cords themselves, and is not dependent upon latex, gum or filler of any kind.
The All-Weather balloon tread and the SUPERTWIST balloon casing represents the greatest tire combination yet offered to the public.
This double-feature tire is backed up by the service of Goodyear Dealers, pledged "to provide facilities so that users will get all the inbuilt Goodyear value out."
GOO

Copyright 1927 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

It outperformed them all!

For months the hard-driven road cars of the Goodyear test fleet had been roaring night and day.

Eighty new treads—eighty separate and individual designs—were being put through their paces on the superb Goodyear SUPERTWIST casing.

Surely the story was being told; surely and unmistakably *one* tread was steadily outperforming all the other seventy-nine.

That great tread was the sure-footed, long-wearing, quiet-running *new-type* Goodyear All-Weather pictured here.

Just look at it: see the big, deep-cut, diamond-shaped blocks in the tread's center, put there for traction and safety.

Note the two heavy circumferential ribs at the points of greatest bearing, built into the tread to insure long, slow, even wear

These important features, together with the flatter design, give this smooth and quiet-running tread vastly improved traction and greater mileage.

In any usage it wears evenly and slowly without "cupping" or "pot holes," and at any given distance shows less obliteration of the non-skid design than is the case with earlier types.

You will want the improved Goodyear balloon tire with the new-type All-Weather Tread as today's foremost example of good tire-making.

It is the latest of many sound reasons why *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*

Goodyear Means Good Wear

Is Your Car Vicious?

Is it like this :

Does driving your car give you a pain across the shoulders and "take it out of you" generally?

Does the rear seat too often leap and toss the passengers, sometimes mildly and sometimes violently?

Does the front end of the car bob and pitch and make it necessary for you to drive very slowly and cautiously over even moderately bad roads?

At speed, and often at merely moderate speeds, do the front wheels bounce and "shimmy" and "tramp"? Does the steering wheel jerk around in your hands?

Do the rear wheels bounce and spin and scuff the tires against the road?

Over even moderately rough roads, does the rear axle chatter and lash around as though it wasn't hitched to the car at all?

When brakes are applied, does the rear axle frequently go into bucking convulsions?

Is the whole sensation of riding at even moderate speeds one of looseness and insecurity—like the feeling a canary must have when you pull the cage down and then let it bob and plunge on its uncontrolled spring?

All of the above symptoms result from one and the same disease—uncontrolled, or improperly controlled spring recoil—*Recoilitis*.

This disease is inherent in every car built. And the disease will continue until it kills the car unless the manufacturer has taken steps to cure it or until you do.

If you are spending your motoring hours in a car still suffering from recoilitis, you are getting very little indeed from your motor car investment.

Why do you suppose manufacturers like Cadillac, Packard, Chrysler, Franklin, Stutz, Peerless, Nash, Hudson and a dozen others have made Stabilators standard equipment? Simply and only because Watson Stabilators have been found by them to be the device which *does* properly control spring recoil and which *does*, therefore, put an end to all the ailments and damage caused by *uncontrolled* spring recoil.

You can spend $55.00 and immediately put an end to all this trouble in your car. Watson Stabilators attack spring recoil as it has never been attacked before—with proportional, frictional resistance instantly applied to meet and tame every variation of recoil force. You can get this correctly metered and proportional Stabilator resistance in no other way—it is an exclusive and patented principle and construction given you only in Watson Stabilators.

Don't let $55.00 stand between you and the greatest motoring pleasure and motoring safety and motoring economy you have ever known. You spend too many hours in your car and you travel too many thousands of miles not to get the most out of all this that is possible. All you have to do is go around to your local Watson Stabilator Distributor or Dealer and tell him you want your car immediately and permanently cured. And then if you don't like the cure, tell him you want your money back. But how could you help preferring this new and smooth and secure—and economical—kind of motoring?

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY • *Sole Manufacturers of Watson Stabilators* • PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

THE POSITIVE CURE

CRUDE INTEREST

(Continued from Page 25

Then, too, Latimer foresaw dire possibilities in the dinner idea. Testimonial banquets could very readily become epidemic. If the members of the troupe should see their chief of production emerge from a good dinner with a substantial raise in salary, it was inevitable that someone else would think of banqueting himself. Then another. . . . Orifice pressed the buzzer on his desk and a stenographer answered the summons.

"Git Mr. Clump, please. Tell him I craves to make talk with him right away."

Five minutes later Clump entered the presence of his chief. The director was just off the set and garbed in full professional regalia—shiny putties, sport shirt open at the throat, riding breeches, checkered cap turned backward, and with a large megaphone in his right hand. President Latimer motioned to a chair.

"Siddown, Cæsar. I yearns to discuss somethin' with you."

"Yas-suh, chief." Clump seated himself. "Commence!"

Latimer commenced. He had been intimately associated with Clump for many years and there was a bond of frankness between them.

"You is havin' a testimony dinner Saddy night, ain't you?"

"I ain't havin' it, Orifice. It's bein' give to me."

"Tha's six of one an' a dozen of t'other. Point is, ev'ybody gathers to pay you their respecks an' a lot of speeches gits made, all of which elegizes you. Ain't that the truth?"

"'Tain't nothin' else."

"Well, listen." President Latimer leaned forward. "This heah dinner ain't right. In the fust place, it's gwine force me to do somethin' I been plannin' to do fo' a long time."

"Meanin' which, Orifice?"

"Ise gwine raise yo' sal'ry to one hund'ed dollars a week, startin' this week!"

Mr. Clump leaned forward tensely. "Y-y-you mean it?"

"Truth is the most thing Ise talkin'. You is wuth that much, Brother Clump, so fum now on we calls you a hund'ed-dollar man. Does it suit?"

Mr. Clump staggered to his feet. "Hot diggity dawg!" he exclaimed rapturously. "I'll say she do."

"Now for the second reason. There ain't nothin' you could git out of this dinner that you ain't a'ready got. An' because of same, I is opposed to testimony meals. They is libel to be a habit aroun' heah. Next thing Opus Randall will have one, then Welford Potts, and then the head carpenter for all us knows. So, Cæsar, I asks you as a friend an' the 'sistant chief of Midnight to please for gosh sake call off this dinner. Will you?"

"Brother, I suttinly will. Just you watch my smoke."

Mr. Clump vanished from the room. He was supremely happy. But mostly he admired Latimer's acumen. No fool, that gentleman. The large body and larger head indicated mental lethargy—a most deceptive indication. Latimer was keen, happily so. Clump cornered Florian Slappey.

"Florian," he sizzled, "our dinner is off!"

Mr. Slappey blinked. "What says you?"

"I says our dinner is off. We ain't gwine have it."

"How come not?"

"'Cause Latimer has done got wind of it an' a'ready he has raised my sal'ry to one hund'ed dollars a week. An' he says he don't want no testimonial dinners given on account they might git to be a habit which would be bad fo' Midnight. So you just run down and tell that cater you hired that we ain't gwine eat with him."

He left Mr. Slappey blinking into the sunlight. Florian was not at all happy. Here was his opportunity for a nice little cash profit gone glimmering. Florian loathed and detested the thought of returning to each member of the organization two dollars in cash. It was entirely too much like handing each of them a dollar out of his own pocket. But the more he reflected upon the situation the more obvious it became that there was absolutely nothing else he could do. Whereupon he sought the hefty Mr. Jethro Curtain and announced that there would be no banquet.

Jethro surprised him. He threw back his head and gave vent to a derisive laugh.

"Hush fum talkin', silly boy! Ev'y time you opens yo' mouf nothin' comes out."

"Huh? What you mean?"

"I mean this: I got that dinner all arranged. Saddy night there is gwine be forty-two swell feeds sittin' on my tables an' whether you-all folks come an' eat them don't make no never-minds with me."

Florian gasped. "But, Jethro, you cain't give no dinner when I says not. It's my dinner ——."

"You is crazy as you look. It's mine. You paid me forty-two dollars fo' forty-two dinners an' them dinners is gwine be served. Tha's all. An' if you don't like it, I reckon there's a heap of folks which subscribed who would like mighty well to learn that they was bein' taxed two dollars fo' a meal which wasn't on'y costin' you one dollar."

Florian experienced a sinking sensation immediately beneath his belt buckle. He argued with Jethro, but his powers of persuasion seemed particularly pallid. It was clear that Mr. Curtain held the upper hand and was making the best of it. Whereupon Florian mourned disconsolately down the street in the general direction of the Midnight studio.

He told his troubles to Director Clump. "You see, Cæsar, it's thisaway: Them dinners has all been paid fo'. An' Jethro won't even take his profit an' let the meal go. He says that what he wanted was the advertisin' an' the Midnight patronage. He craved that a heap mo' than the money. Now you got to he'p me out."

The light of battle glowed in the eyes of Director Julius Cæsar Clump.

"Tha's the most thing Ise gwine do, Florian. Come along."

"Where to?"

"Jethro Curtain's. Ise gwine tell that feller a few things 'bout holdin' us up fo' eighty-four dollars!"

Florian's soul shrank. He laid a restraining hand on Cæsar's arm. "Ain't no need doin' that. I done it a'ready."

"Ise gwine make it mo' positive. Ise gwine tell him ——"

"You is too busy to waste yo' time, Cæsar," declared Mr. Slappey earnestly. He knew that he must not permit Cæsar and Jethro to compare notes. Should that happen, the little matter of his own profitable involvement might come out. "You go on back to yo' directin'. I takes one mo' shot at Jethro."

But Florian did not return immediately to the Palace of Eats. Instead, he sought a secluded corner of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor where he could think uninterruptedly.

His thoughts were disconcerting. Florian realized that his zeal had betrayed him. He knew there was no use talking to Jethro. That gentleman knew a few things, and one of them was exceedingly embarrassing to Mr. Slappey. Jethro realized that Florian was making a profit on this dinner, and was using Florian as a weapon to force the issue.

"This is the first time in my life," mooned Florian, "that I owned forty-two swell dinners an' di'n't know what to do with 'em."

Forty-two dinners. More than two-score luscious meals at the Palace of Eats. Had he contracted on a two-dollar basis, his position would be impregnable. He could then go to the now affluent Cæsar Clump and turn the financial responsibility over to that gentleman, in view of the fact that Cæsar would not care to have it known that the original idea was his. Now, however, things were different. The last thing in the world Florian wanted was to have Clump and Jethro compare notes. Once Clump knew of Florian's flyer, the director would become righteously irate, to Florian's profound discomfiture.

He owned a banquet and couldn't use it. Forty-two dollars were invested . . . and he dared not let anyone know that only forty-two dollars had been paid. That was the chink in his armor. Meanwhile immediate action was necessary. It would not take long for word of the dinner's cancellation to be spread about the lot. In that event Mr. Slappey knew he would immediately be besieged by contributors who desired the return of their money.

Florian heaved an enormous sigh. He went to the bank and cashed a check. Then, with eighty-four dollars in his pockets, he journeyed to the Midnight lot and returned to each contributor the sum of two dollars cash. That night he retired to a forlorn solitude.

"I is out of pocket perzackly forty-two dollars," he informed himself. "In return I has got me a swell banquet which I don't know what to do with. All I can do is wish that ol' Orifice Latimer would happen to a catastrophe. Fo' six cents I'd ——"

Mr. Slappey abruptly ceased to soliloquize and commenced to think. An idea was beginning to come to him. He knew the symptoms—a vague mental restlessness, a desire to be doing something. Eventually he gave vent to his physical urge by leaping to his feet and emitting a large whoop. Immediately after breakfast the following morning he hotfooted to the office of his president.

"Orifice," he announced, "there don't nobody 'round this heah lot appreciate how great you is."

"Aw, Florian"—Latimer was overcome—"hush talkin' such foolishment."

"I mean it. You is a genus, but nobody don't give you no credick. They takes fo' granted all what you do. That is, all 'ceptin' me."

"Well, really, Brother Slappey, I hahdly know ——"

"Well, I know! An' Ise gwine see to it that you gits the applause what's comin' to you. President Latimer, on Saddy night at the Palace of Eats you is gwine git a testimony dinner. It is gwine be gave you by yo' friend, Florian Slappey. It won't cost you a cent nor neither any pusson which comes there. I pays each an' ev'y espense out of my own pocket!"

With that Florian spun on his heel and vanished through the door, leaving the chief executive of Midnight gasping for air. Queer how he had failed to appreciate Florian Slappey's sterling qualities. Brainest man on the lot, Mr. Slappey was, and the mos' discernin'est!

Early that afternoon an official notice was tacked on the call board:

ORIFICE R. LATIMER
TESTIMONY DINNER
TO BE GIVE BY
MR. FLORIAN SLAPPEY
COME ALONG AND EAT A GOOD MEAL FREE
ALSO COMPLIMENT YOR PRESIDENT
THERE AIN'T ANY CATCH IN THIS
NOBODY DON'T HAVE TO PAY NOTHING
AT THE PALACE OF EATS
8 P.M. O'CLOCK SATURDAY NIGHT
FOOD DRINKS (SOFT) SPEECHES
FREE

The notice created a young sensation through the Midnight organization. Opus Randall scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Golla, what got into Florian? Is he plumb crazy?"

"H'm!" answered Exotic Hines, the chief cameraman. "I reckon not no mo' than a fox. Think of how good this puts

MALLORY HATS

The Hats Of Unexampled Smartness

Keep A Fine Hat Looking Its Finest

BE sure that it is a renowned Mallory Hat, "Cravenette"-Processed. Resists moisture, stains and spotting. Retains its original smartness and smoothness; its mellow lustre and rich color; its give-and-take suppleness.

The "Cravenette" Process is *invisible* and *exclusive* to Mallory Soft Hats and Derbies.

Six To Ten Dollars

The Mallory Hat Company
234 Fifth Avenue, New York

Where To Buy
MALLORY *Hats are on sale at the better hat shops. Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats.*

Find The Label
MALLORY *Hats bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweatleather. It is important to find it.*

The right care keeps your hair healthy and strong

Is your hair young, thick, clean looking?

—or is it tired and *sick?*

HAIR loses its young healthy vitality if you neglect it. All too soon it becomes dull, starved and *sick*.

The scalp readily falls prey to dandruff infection. The hair gets thinner and more lifeless. And the final result is *baldness*.

Yet sick hair can be restored to health. Strong, clean-looking hair can be kept young and vigorous if you give it this nourishing care:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick treatment makes your scalp tingle with new health. Dandruff soon disappears. Your hair, fed at the roots, grows thick and strong. Its improved appearance after only a few days of this care will astonish you.

For Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates nourishing circulation in all the tiny veins of the scalp to feed the hair to new strength and growth.

Start this nourishing care *today*.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle.

Or send for generous free sample—tear off the coupon now. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

FREE—GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE

of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine enough for several invigorating scalp treatments. Your hair is worth the trouble. Tear off the coupon now!

PINAUD Incorporated, Dept. B-102
220 East 21st Street, New York
Please send trial bottle of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

him in with Orifice Latimer. There ain't nothin' Latimer woul'n't do fo' the man which arranged such as this."

However, there was no single person on the lot who considered anything except attending the dinner. In the first place, it was a glorious opportunity for a free meal, and in the second place, there was no one who dared incur presidential wrath by absenting himself.

During the afternoon Florian circulated mysteriously about the lot, sounding out public opinion. Everybody seemed happy, but doubtful. A dozen times Mr. Slappey was called upon to reassure skeptical ones that the meal was really free.

"Not even no cover charge," he affirmed stoutly.

So far so good. It was then that Florian put the second step of his scheme into operation. He closeted himself with the pudgy Opus Randall.

"Opus," he asked, "how would you like to be toastmaster at them banquet?"

"Golla!" Mr. Randall's eyes popped. "Me?"

"Uh-huh, you! Think of havin' a chance to stan' up there an' after ev'y speech say somethin' sweet about President Latimer! All evenin' long you just paye him compliments, so that after the dinner is over he is gwine be yo' warmest friend. An' that don't hurt no sal'ried man none a-tall."

"It sholy don't, Florian. You is imminently correck. It's swell of you to let me do it."

"Oh, Ise willin' enough!" Florian's eyes narrowed craftily. "How much is it worth to you?"

"Huh?"

"I says how much cash money is it wuth to you to be toastmaster an' pay Orifice all them compliments?"

Opus' face fell. "Tha's diff'ent. I don't aim to pay no money ——"

"Tha's all right, Opus. No hahd feelin's a-tall. Just thought I'd git a bid fum you befo' I took it up with Welford Potts. I got an idea he'd pay a heap of money fo' the chance. Tha's all. I runs along an' interviews Welford now."

"Yeh. . . . Hey! Hol' on a minute." Mr. Randall was in a quandary. Welford Potts was his co-star and hated rival. If Welford paid for this glittering privilege, as he unquestionably would, then he, Opus, would be very much in the background. "How much, Florian?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mr. Slappey promptly.

"Great wiggilin' tripe! You ain't got a brain ——"

"Forty is the rock-bottom."

"Thirty?"

"I said forty."

"Thirty-five?"

"We-e-ell, seein' it's you, an' fo' cash in adwance ——"

The thirty-five dollars was duly paid over to Mr. Slappey, and that gentleman immediately streaked to Welford Potts' dressing room.

"Welford," he breathed, "guess what?"

"What?"

"Opus Randall has been appointed toastmaster at Latimer's banquet Saddy night. He ain't gwine do nothin' but say sweet things 'bout Orifice, an' fust thing you know ——"

"I know," groaned Welford. "That big fat ol' buzzard is gwine make me look like I don't 'preciate Orifice, an'—oh, lawsy, Florian, what can I do about it?"

Florian explained what he could do. For the small sum of twenty-five dollars he was willing to sell Mr. Potts the privilege of making one of the principal speeches of the evening. It could be a wonderful speech, sans time limit, whereas Opus' duties as toastmaster would force that gentleman to pay his compliments on the installment plan. When the friends parted Florian was twenty-five dollars richer. He had promised both Opus and Welford that he would say nothing about the financial features of the transaction.

His next interview was with J. Cæsar Clump. It was simple and frank.

"I is a heap of cash money out of pocket on this, Cæsar, an' I got to git it back somehow. So I is sellin' speechifyin' privileges. I has got you down fo' a twenty-five-dollar talk where you tells ev'ybody how swell Orifice is. An' if you don't pay that twenty-five dollars somebody is libel to find out where the fust idea fo' a J. Cæsar Clump dinner come fum. Now, gimme!"

Clump gave. Florian moved on to another prospect. And late that night when he staggered wearily into the solitary room which he occupied at Sis Callie Flukers' eminently respectable boarding house, he took notebook and pencil from his pocket and figured his gross income from the speech concession.

Opus Randall	$35.00
Welford Potts	25.00
J. Cæsar Clump . . .	25.00
Lawyer Evans Chew	5.00
Eddie Fizz . . .	1.00
Exotic Hines . .	2.50
Prof. Champagne	3.00
Ethiope Wall	2.50
Forcep Swain	3.00
Spokane Washington .	2.00
Glorious Fizz	2.50
Herod Spangle	3.00
Semore Mashby	.65

"An' that," reflected Mr. Slappey beatifically after a bit of headachy addition, "is one hun'ed an' thirty-eight dollars an' fifteen cents. Now, let 'em eat!"

Long before the appointed hour Saturday night the troupers commenced gathering at Jethro Curtain's place. That husky gentleman felt that he was perched on top of the world. He gazed rapturously at the eager, prosperous faces; the handsomely gowned women and affluent colored gentlemen.

The Palace of Eats was riotous with color and urgent with life. Bunting and dogwood were everywhere; on the tables were fresh flowers culled from Shades Valley. Mr. Curtain was glad indeed that he had extended himself on the meal about to be served. Each dinner bade fair to cost him the full dollar a plate which he had charged, but his profit in the transaction lay in the fact that hereafter his place would be recognized as a rendezvous for real folks.

President Latimer arrived in full evening regalia. The greatest personages of Midnight all wore open-face jackets—Florian Slappey, Lawyer Chew, Welford Potts, Opus Randall. They seated themselves and the meal started.

Two men held the spotlight. One was President Latimer and the other was Florian Slappey. Mr. Slappey was gazed on wonderingly. Until the first mouthful passed hungry lips, there had been many who doubted the genuineness of Florian's invitation. They felt that he was being unnaturally generous, but now that they found themselves eating—and without charge—they applauded Florian unstintedly.

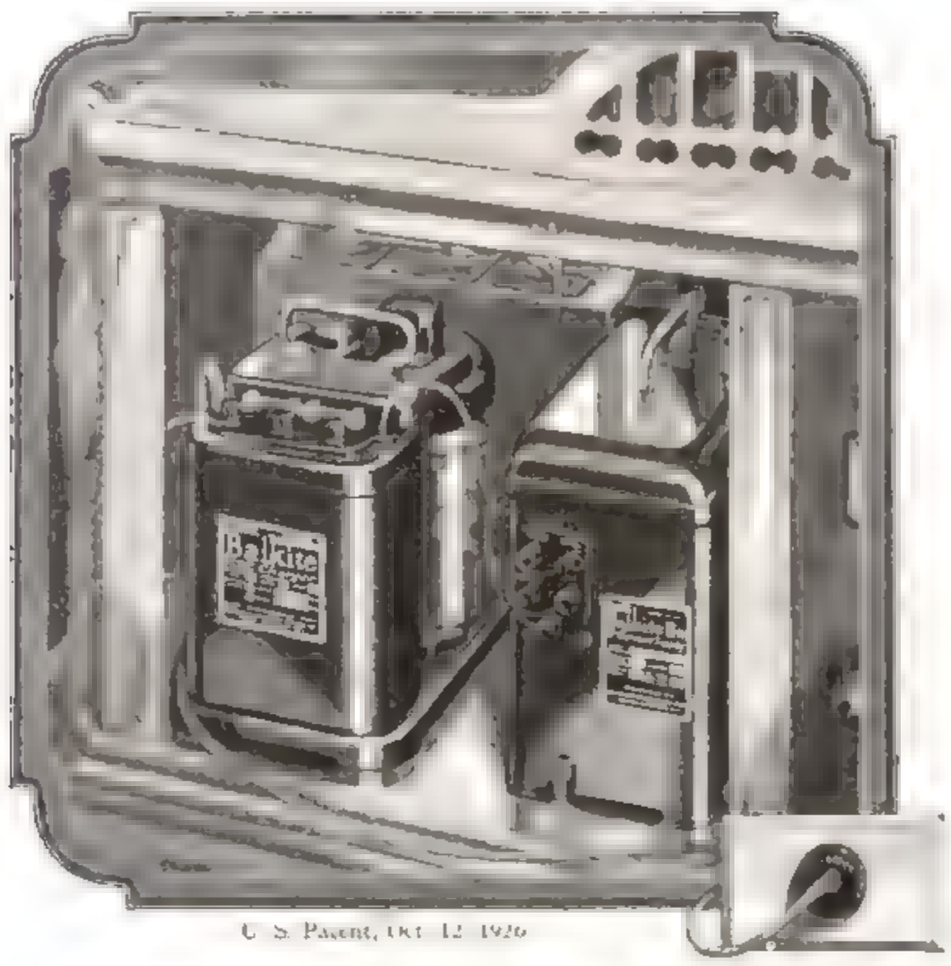
Between chicken and salad Florian arose and briefly introduced the ponderous Opus Randall as toastmaster. Mr. Randall fidgeted, cleared his throat, adjusted an unruly shirt front and commenced to speak.

"Folks," he said, "an' also ladies an' gemmun: Us has gathered heah tonight as the gues's of Mistuh Florian Slappey, our esteemed frien' an' feller worker, to pay hummage to the man who stan's today as the prophet of the cullud-motion-picture production industrious in the United States. Brethren an' sistern, we all know who I refers to when I says 'prophet' an' we all know it is President Orifice R. Latimer ——"

A cyclone of applause whirled through the room. President Latimer tried to appear modest. As a matter of fact, he was delirious with happiness and pride and looked very awkward indeed. In his heart was a deep gratitude for the debonair little man who had tendered him the banquet.

Opus finished his brief remarks and introduced Lawyer Evans Chew. That brase-throated orator arose and spurted language all over the room

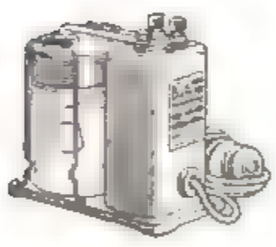
(Continued on Page 112)



U. S. Patent, Oct. 12 1926

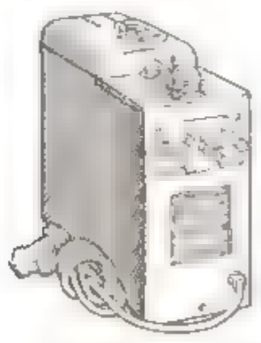
Silent, permanent radio power from the light socket

with Balkite "B" and the new Balkite Trickle and High-Rate Charger



Balkite Trickle Charger

For those who require a charger of limited capacity only. Can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. Converts the "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. Charging rate about .5 ampere. Over 400,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)



Balkite Combination

When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volts AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. Also 25-40 cycle model Balkite Charger and Balkite "B"-W.

Over one million radio sets are today equipped with Balkite Radio Power Units because they provide silent, permanent power from the light socket. They are noiseless in operation and can be used during reception. They employ no tubes. They have nothing to wear out or replace, and no dials to complicate tuning. They are built to conform with the Underwriters' Standards.

All Balkite Radio Power Units are unfailing in operation. They are based on the same Balkite principle now commonly used in railway signaling, emergency power systems, hospital lighting and numerous other systems where power must be infallible.

One way of equipping your radio set with Balkite is to add Balkite "B" and the new Balkite Trickle and High-Rate Charger. Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. It is the proved popular "B" power supply. Of the 150,000 now in use, to our knowledge not one has ever worn out. Balkite "B"-W serves sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X [illustrated above] sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes and Balkite "B"-Y any standard set. Most owners of even small sets will prefer Balkite "B"-X which will take care of nearly any set you may buy in future.

The Balkite Charger, with both high and low charging rates, combines the advantages of both trickle and rapid charging. At the low rate, on trickle charge, it automatically keeps your "A" battery fully charged and in effect converts it into a light socket "A" power supply. At the high rate it provides a ready reserve for heavy duty use.

Add these Balkite Units to your radio set now. Then it will always be ready to operate at full power not only this season but for years to come. Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Co., Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.*

Balkite "B"-W $27.50; "B"-X $42; "B"-Y $69; *Balkite Charger* $19.50, *West of Rockies* $20.
In Canada "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96; *Charger* $27.50

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

THE BALKITE LINE OF ELECTROLYTIC DEVICES IS PROTECTED BY EDGAR W. ENGLE U. S. REISSUE PATENT NO. 16,438 DATED OCT. 12 1926

The Styles of Today are more Comfortable!

YES, the dressed-up age is past. The well-dressed man today is at his ease. We no longer fit our bodies into clothes; we wear clothes that fit our bodies—clothes that let us be active and free.

Take shoes, for example. Remember those toothpick toes? Gone many a year. Gone with the choker collar and tight-legged trousers. Outlawed by good taste.

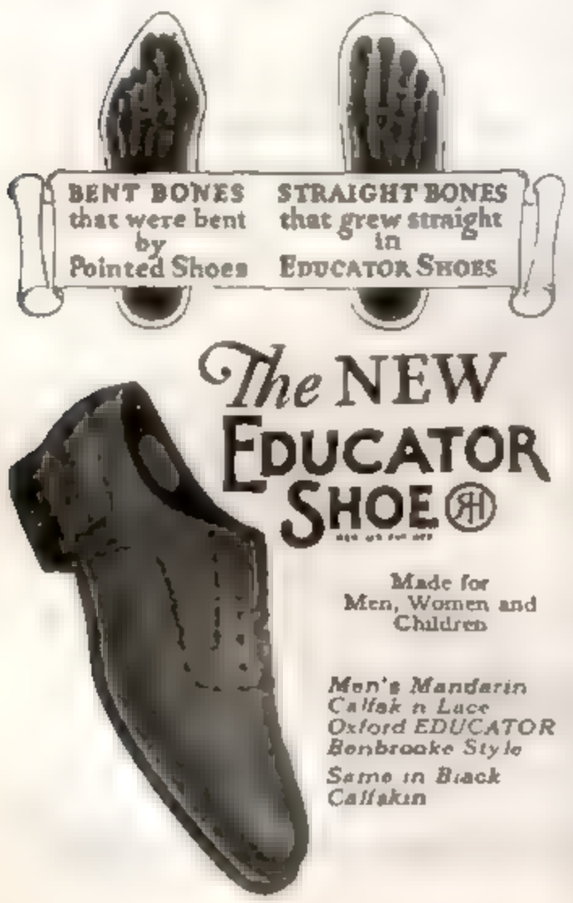
Most men are now following the civilized *fashion of foot comfort*. Countless thousands are wearing Educator Shoes.

Educator Shoes are as easy as treading soft sand on the beach. They are shaped *naturally*—just like the bare foot—with generous room for five *straight* toes. Corns, callouses and ingrowing nails can't thrive in Educators, for all their causes are removed. Foot ills that *have* formed soon pass away.

Now, thanks to Educator Shoes, you can be in style and still be at peace with your feet. All genuine Educators bear the Educator stamp. If your dealer does not carry them, order from Rice & Hutchins.

14 High St., Boston, U. S. A.

Send for free booklet, "Inside Comfort, Outside Style."


BENT BONES that were bent by Pointed Shoes
STRAIGHT BONES that grew straight in EDUCATOR SHOES
The NEW EDUCATOR SHOE
Made for Men, Women and Children
Men's Mandarin Calfskin Lace Oxford EDUCATOR Benbrooke Style
Same in Black Calfskin

(Continued from Page 110)

"Brother Randall was correck," roared the dusky attorney. "He was right when he said that us had dissembled to do honor to the prophet of the cullud-motion-pitcher industry. He was superlatingly correck when he said that us was profoundly lucky to have the helm of our destinies steered by the most eruditest cullud man in all the country. Because, folks, the *pro bono publico* of this country is better an' happier on account a man like Orifice R. Latimer is handlin' the affairs of this great an' glorious comp'ny. We has had him with us since we *ab initioed*—began—an' therefore we has rose to the *ne plus ultra* of achievement. With him, us has done much. Without him, we woul'n't have been nothin' on'y a bunch of bums." He swept his arms grandly. "Which proves it all—*quoa erratic demonstrandum!*"

There was a salvo of applause. It died down only long enough for Welford Potts to pipe his thin plaudits of the company's chief executive. Compliments became epidemic. Each orator, having paid for the privilege, attempted to outdo his predecessors in saying nice things about the company's president. Latimer squirmed with joy. Until this evening he had not known how keenly his genius was appreciated. He found that the world was a very fine place in which to live. He loved his underlings. But most of all he loved the man whose warm heart and expansive generosity had made this possible. He gazed with unalloyed fondness upon Florian Slappey.

The evening was a staggering success. Everybody was happy. The food was excellent and beautifully served. Old grudges were forgotten. General good will pervaded the gay banquet hall. Eventually the meal ended. Guests crowded about the man they had delighted to honor and tried to impress upon him that not a single insincere or undeserved word had been uttered in all that flood of commendatory oratory.

In ones and twos and threes the guests drifted away. Florian was among the last. He paused to shake the hand of eternal friendship with Jethro Curtain. Then he sought a corner of the lobby to do a bit of figuring.

"Nothin' coul'n't be better," reflected Mr. Slappey ecstatically. "I gits credick fum ev'ybody fo' furnishin' 'em with an eighty-fo'-dollar dinner. President Latimer is crazy 'bout me fo' doin' him proud. Ev'ybody what paid to make a speech is happy 'cause they got just what they paid fo', an' when the cost of the dinner is took out, I has a net balance in my favor of ninety-six dollars an' fifteen cents. Jethro has got Midnight all fixed up to patronize his place, so he is happy too. Nobody has been stung an' I is richer two ways. I ——"

"Florian!" Mr. Slappey raised his head in answer to the soft, masculine voice—"Florian Slappey!"

"Yas-suh, President Latimer, what you want?"

Latimer drew Florian into a secluded corner. There were tears of gratitude in the presidential eyes. The large figure of Orifice was quivering with emotion.

"Florian," he murmured, "I belongs to you fo' life. You has give me the happiest evenin' I has ever knowed. There ain't nothin' you could ask of me ——"

"Shuh! Orifice, I just done it 'cause I thought you had it comin'. It wasn't nothin'."

"Big-hearted man what you is! But, Florian, they tell me this meal cost you eighty-four dollars."

Florian shuffled his feet. "Le's us not git financial, Orifice. I hate to talk 'bout money on such a suspicious occasion."

Latimer made a quick motion and shoved a roll of bills into Mr. Slappey's hand. "I cain't assept ev'ything fum you, Florian. The compliment I takes, but I woul'n't be happy thinkin' how much it cost you. Yonder is eighty-four dollars. I want you to assept it an' promise me you won't say nothin' to nobody."

Florian demurred, but he did it rather weakly. "If you insists, Orifice ——"

"I do, Florian. I really do."

"Well, then." He met the eyes of his president. "I hope you enjoyed yo'se'f, Brother Latimer."

The portly president laid a trembling hand on Florian's shoulder. "I is plumb overcome, Florian. Ev'ything was wonderful."

"Ain't it the truth? What did you like best, Orifice?"

Latimer beamed. "What I liked best, Florian, was the part of them speeches where they said I was the cullud-motion-pitcher prophet ——"

Florian grinned as his fingers caressed the money which bulged his pocket.

"You surely is that, Orifice," he agreed enthusiastically. "Plenty of profit!"

HEEL TAPS

(Continued from Page 17)

would no doubt have flown into a tree, shrieked piteously, lost her feathers, died. Nor were there any among the assembled elders, playing bridge in the gaunt high drawing-room, who would have received her confidence less violently. Among the grandchildren, of course, there were girls who smoked cigarettes, made remarkable combinations out of slang words and managed their legs in the 1927 manner. They were too advanced for Eugenie, who was almost twenty-eight, and heaven knows what interpretation they would have put on her quest.

So she went silently about New York on her self-appointed secret service. The telephone book? What price that? Bobbie hadn't been in New York long enough to be so published, nor was he sufficiently important to deserve such fame. She tried hotels, starting with the obscure ones, whose registers proved innocent of any name like Robert Newbirch. To save car fare, she went afoot to many of these places, but when she read in a Sunday paper that New York hotels numbered many scores she gave up the idea of visiting them all. She spent two dollars a day on nickel telephones, with no better results.

She tried writing to Bobbie's boarding house in Tourville. The letters came back. One day Cousin Barbara gave her such a start that she all but sank through the carpet.

"Yew remembeh that boy Bobbie Newbirch—Judge Newbirch's son?" asked Cousin Barbara, who had been going over Tourville society a name at a time. Jeanie remembered him and admitted it. "Cousin Betty writes that he's come to New Yawk to work on his music."

"Oh, so I've heard." Jeanie was all but hysterical. "Cousin Betty didn't mention where he lives, did she?"

"No. I suppose he's leadin' a band somewhere. The Newbirches were always sort o' queer."

That was another lead—musical circles. She applied at the headquarters of symphony societies, musicians' unions, vaudeville circuits. Not a Newbirch on the list. The vulgar idea of taking her case to a detective occurred early in the search; it was not because of inbred qualms that she cast the notion aside. But a certain retired policeman who sat behind a handsome glass door and kept his feet on his desk while he scrutinized her piggishly had discouraged her at the start. He examined her pretty costume, taking her in from head to foot. He wanted a retainer which, if paid, would have cost her a little more than she had.

She tried direct methods and went to the traffic policeman four blocks below Miss Huddleston's. Broad-faced, fatherly, he looked what he was—a protector of troubled humanity. He told her, after a profound momentary silence, to apply to the Lost Persons Department. This she did, and found the department as vague as its name. So she gave up the police and resumed the tactics of a stray dog trotting along after imaginary footprints. She trotted her shoes off—literally almost, for one afternoon a three-inch heel came loose on the left side, causing a dangerous skid. It happened almost in front of a glass window where an Italian promised repairs while you wait. Jeanie waited in a plush-lined cage and read a newspaper; it was of the stunted spawn we call tabs, and there were two pictures on the front page—one violent, the other sentimental. Across the top in fat black letters:

STABS TAXI BURGLAR WITH ICE PICK
LUCIE FLEEK BRAVE AND BEAUTIFUL

That dangerous subject grew large in the girl's fevered mind as she high-heeled it toward the Subway. An ingeniously pleasant thought came whirling into view. Lucie Fleek. There she was, famous for an afternoon. Yesterday a grain of sand, today a rival of Charlie Chaplin's divorce suit. Suddenly Jeanie envied Lucie Fleek and her ice pick. They had gained the front page, the immortality of the minute. Suppose Bobbie, now, would do something to get his picture in a tabloid paper. With his name and address for the millions, for Jeanie, to read in passing. Already she had resorted to the personal column of conservative newspapers.

Will Mr. Robert Hare Newbirch call at Miss Huddleston's, 1122½ Madison Avenue, and hear news to his advantage?

These advertisements, inserted from time to time, had been discontinued after a most undesirable adventure. A shabby, fattish, middle-aged person, claiming himself to be Robert Newbirch, had applied to Cousin Barbara, shown the personal, clamored loudly and had the door closed in his face.

Very mystified was Cousin Barbara. Somebody in her house had wanted to see Bobbie Newbirch. Too much of a lady to bring direct accusations, she had shown the clipping to Jeanie and wondered what it was all about. Quite truthfully, Jeanie hadn't the slightest idea. But the air was full of implications, sly distrusts, and that night, dangling the tattered tab which shouted forth the adventure of a taxi burglar, an ice pick and Miss Lucie Fleek, Jeanie went home with the decision that she would do better in another boarding house.

But Cousin Barbara met her at the door, was so kind, helped her change from damp clothes to dry—for New York was a-drizzle—and the girl felt a comfort in her, a poultice on her aching loneliness. The little woman was chatting like a bird as she brought out Jeanie's other pair of shoes, helped her on with them, admired their graceful cut.

"The Meldoes all have such pretty feet!" she trilled. "So small. They used to say yuah Grandmuthah Meldo couldn't haide a half dollah undeh huh foot ——"

A large rangy person carrying a bag came swinging down the hall. Jeanie had an impression of a gray suit covering big, happy muscle, and of a magnificent blondness.

"He just came in this aftehnoon," whispered Cousin Barbara. "He's a Misteh Semple—no, not one of the Tourville Semples. But Cousin Prentiss sent him heah because he wants to be quiet."

"He looks nice," said Jeanie, commenting on the vanishing back.

"He's heavenly!" cried Cousin Barbara. "Such mannuhs! You'd think really he came from Tourville. But it's his work, Cousin Jeanie—his work. Some things we may not approve of can be made quite aristocratic. Yuah Uncle Thomas was one of the lahgest distillahs of the South, but ——"

(Continued on Page 115)

Answer that question with Snider's Catsup

FOR most tastes there's something needed with steak, cold cuts, beans, spaghetti and many another dish—a question that must be answered.

Hence the popularity of Snider's Catsup, flavory tomato condiment that has been sharpening the edge of appetite for over forty years.

Some folks who try to discover the reason why Snider's tastes so good say it's that fresh tomato flavor, others think it's the spicy tang—but really it is a combination of reasons, going 'way back to the select seed from which the tomatoes are grown, right through the careful blending of ingredients to a tried and true recipe. As you would expect from over forty years' experience.

Answers a health question too.

But Snider's Catsup adds more than zest. Made from the world's richest vitamin food, tomatoes, it completes many foods with a vital health element which they lack. Use more of this zestful, healthful condiment—in cooking as well as at table, in soups and sauces as well as on the meat and fish where it so naturally belongs.

Snider's
TOMATO PRODUCTS

T. A. Snider, Temple Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me "The Story of Tomatoes and Vitamins."

Name .....

Address .....

THE MODERN AMERICAN. The bungalow and square type of house have departed from the conventional forms of the older historical styles, sometimes with such very pleasing and interesting results as you see in the Curtis door C-237 on the right. The glazed area of the door is attractively divided into small panes. This door is made in common sizes in white pine, oak and birch.

CHARACTER

in Every Architectural Style

depends on beautiful woodwork

THE COLONIAL. No other architectural style has more beautiful windows than the Colonial. The lights are always divided into small panes so as to preserve the scale of the house. The shutters here are C-1166. From the home of Mr. W. R. King, Upper Arlington, Columbus, Ohio; E. A. Ramsey, architect; H. C. Creith Lumber Company, dealer.

THE ENGLISH. Woodwork with soft, rounded lines and rich, warm texture is characteristic of homes of English style. In these forms the American Colonial finds origin. This stairway, built of Curtis stair parts, is suited to the English interior when stained, waxed or oiled so as to bring out the beauty of the wood. From a photograph in the home of W. G. Barnhart, builder, Upper Arlington, Columbus, Ohio; E. A. Ramsey, architect; H. C. Creith Lumber Company, dealers.

THE SPANISH. Now those who admire Spanish and Italian houses can carry out delightful exterior and interior effects with beautiful Curtis door designs like this. This round-headed door with V-joints is especially appropriate for such homes. From the home of Mr. Andrew C. Bonnet, architect, Beechwood Park, Delaware County, Pa.; The Gillingham Company, dealers.

IF YOU would have your house true to its architectural style, choose the right kind of woodwork. Entrances and windows, moldings, porchwork—these are the elements that give character to every exterior.

And the interior doors, trim, stairway and cabinetwork strike the keynote for all interior decoration. Beautiful woodwork is therefore essential to all beautiful interiors. Rugs, curtains and furniture are but finishing touches moved in.

In Curtis Woodwork the true character of every architectural style can find complete, perfect expression.

The designs shown here are but suggestive of the line. And these and other Curtis designs are available at prices within the reach of even the most modest house.

In whatever style you intend to build, see that your plans are drawn to make use of Curtis Woodwork. That is the easiest, simplest and surest way to insure the greatest character in your home at the least cost.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog the proper designs, sizes and woods to suit your house. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too, or write us for further information.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
603 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Representing—
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska . . . Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas . . . Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois . . Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan . . . Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Curtis Bros. Co., Clinton, Iowa . . . Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin . . . Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa. . . Curtis Companies, Inc., Eastern Sales Office: 25 W. 44th St., New York City.

Curtis Companies, Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

(Continued from Page 112)

"You mean this Mr. Semple's a bootlegger?" She looked down the hall with increased interest

"Worse than that. Even with Cousin Prentiss' recommendation I don't think I should have taken him if I had known. I won't have one of them in the house. I must protect my guests."

"Snake charmer, dynamiter, saxophone player—Cousin Barbara, you're driving me crazy. What does he do?"

"He works"—she got her pursed lips close to Jeanie's ear—"on one of those dreadful little papers. What do you call them? Tabloids. I won't allow one in my house."

Jeanie, glad that she had hidden hers under her coat, gave herself over to a confusion of ideas. "Maybe we can reform him." The irony was lost.

"He's a gentleman," said Cousin Barbara sadly. Then: "My gracious!"—for Feeny, a colored maid, was beckoning her downstairs.

Mr. Semple works on a tab. Tab, tab, tab. The rhythm kept tormenting her as, with a sudden resolve, she threw aside the warm kimono Cousin Barbara had got her into, and put on her second-best party frock. She was going to meet Mr. Semple, to make an impression on him, to learn about tabloid fame, the sort of publicity that hits the millions in the eye. Well, she'd hit this Mr. Semple agreeably in the eye. She smiled, just for practice, into the mirror, patted her glossy hair, weighted her ears with her grandmother's rhinestone earrings; all the while regarding herself with that look for which we have no better word than "feminine."

Down in the drawing-room she found the landlady introducing her new boarder all around. The elders were regarding him with a look of suspicious politeness, the flappers were all a-flap with excitement. Jeanie's first impression was of intensely blue eyes, almost exactly matched by an intensely blue tie. He was too blond to be entirely handsome; his eyebrows were like chicken down and would have given him a blank look had not a large good-natured mouth been always mobile, expressing character, wit and tolerance with a naughty world.

Dinner was late, as often happened, and in the course of waiting Jeanie managed, without much effort, to separate him from the herd. He slouched beside her in one of those ridiculous S-shaped sofas, blessed by all Victorian lovers; choosing to be impudent, Jeanie launched almost immediately into tabloid journalism.

"I'll bet you came here," she said, "because there's a murdered Hindu prince in the cellar. Otherwise I don't see what brings a great crime expert to Cousin Barbara's."

"Maybe it's Cousin Barbara"—with a big, open grin. "I saw somebody moving a trunk down the hall. Ha, a clew! You know, I never see a trunk or a taxi or a long white beard, but what I stop and wonder what guilty evidence it may conceal."

"You don't look like a morbid person," said she, expressing exactly what she thought.

"You never can tell"—thoughtfully. "All last night I sat up with a servant girl, getting the story of her life. She's got lovely golden hair and looks exactly like one of the little paper angels they hang on Christmas trees. Well, she caught a dude burglar coming down a fire escape, so she grabs ——"

"I know—'Stabs Taxi Burglar with Ice Pick. Lucie Fleek Brave and Beautiful.'"

"Oh. So you read the tabs"—again that twitting grin. "I'm going to tell Cousin Barbara on you."

"How do you know she doesn't like the tabs?"

"The things I don't know," said he, "I find out." Later she was to learn that this was Cale Semple's favorite catch phrase. She was excited and had the feeling of herself being on a brilliant clew, when the polite temple bells which Cousin Barbara used to announce dinner chimed harmoniously.

"Gosh. How do they eat here?" he mourned, getting up. "All in a row, homelike and comfortless?"

"Cousin Barbara calls it a restaurant," explained Jeanie, but she knew what he was hinting at. "A lot of little tables, family size and smaller. It's really very cute."

"Sitting alone at a little table is one thing," he was mumbling as she passed into the blue dining room, "but enjoying yourself is another." There was a little table under the pink light, and the efficient Feeny was pulling out a chair for him. Eugenie paused, smiling. He stood there looking so bleak.

"Of course, if I had the nerve ——" he began.

She laughed. "Your daily work calls for timidity." But lo, her tab reporter was blushing. She pulled out the chair opposite him and sat down. "Young Lady Creates Scandal in Boarding House. How's that for a label—what you call it?"

"Headline," he supplied. The roomful had turned, penguinlike, to gaze. But now Cale Semple was quite at ease. "We haven't had a boarding-house scandal," he went on, "since a colored cook, up in the Bronx, tried to swallow a diamond bracelet."

"Pretty," commented Jeanie.

"It made a lovely headline." Blue eyes deepened dreamily. "Dotty Brown Dines on Diamonds. You can't beat that much."

Over her soup Jeanie, too excited to care whether Cousin Barbara had condemned her or not, allowed thoughts, which had begun sizzling that afternoon, to pop like firecrackers.

"Mr. Semple," she broke in finally, after he had entertained her with more wonders of his world, "don't you give the names and addresses of all these people who get into trouble—on the front page, I mean?"

"Of course. Without name and address it isn't news. If I left that out I wouldn't be a reporter. I'd just be one of those durn novelists."

She ate silently for a while, eying him aslant, guessing at how to approach the real question. "I've often wondered," she ventured finally, "how people get on the front page of newspapers."

"Newspapers, you mean, or just tabs?"

"Well"—this candor was confusing—"maybe conservative newspapers."

"Lots of ways. You can be a big banker, for instance, and fall dead of heart disease at Palm Beach. That's a swell way, but uncomfortable. Most of the ways are uncomfortable. You can be a president and declare war. You can be a captain of industry and go bankrupt ——"

"But how can a girl get on the front page?"

"Commit suicide, get a divorce, lose your jewels, be a movie actress and break your contract." His eyes narrowed to slits of blue—the look of a biologist consulting his microscope. "Why do you want to bust in, Miss Meldo?"

"I didn't say I wanted to." Then nervously, because she had gone so far: "There's someone I want to see in New York—on business. I've advertised for this person and hunted for over a month. Now if I got my name in the papers, and address ——"

"I could get you on the front page of the Daily Gripper tomorrow if you'll stand for it."

"You mean ——"

"Well, something about searching New York for a missing person. Your first name's Jeanie, isn't it?"

"How did you find that out?" she asked, as Watson to Holmes.

"Heard your cousin call you that. Now, how's this for a headline? Lovely Jeanie Meldo Scours City for Missing Sweetheart."

"Mr. Semple ——" She had half risen, when his look compelled her to resume her seat.

"I'm so sorry. So awfully, awfully sorry. I'm afraid, Miss Meldo, that I've spoiled my manners, dealing with rough people. Please forgive me." He was red as a beet.

"You can't help thinking in headlines," she said lightly. "But I'm afraid the tabs aren't for me."

"Probably not." Again he put the microscope on her. "You wouldn't want to enter our bathing-beauty contest, would you?"—wistfully. Then, because he saw her half-offended smile: "It's no place for a nice girl, our sheet. If you wanted to challenge the fat lady in the circus to a boxing match I could arrange it. I'd do anything in my power to help you out, Miss Meldo."

"Thank you, Mr. Semple."

"But it's awfully hard in our business to turn refinement and the social graces into news. You know my mother used to say that really nice people never got their names in the papers. If that rule held good, of course we'd have to cut out the President, the chief of staff and all the visiting royalty. But for you—I don't know, Miss Meldo." He sat back and dangled a little knife on the end of his watch chain.

Jeanie looked around her. Dinner was over and Miss Huddleston's stately guests were marching away toward bridge in the drawing-room. Feeny hovered near, eager to clear the table. How fast this hour had sped. Yet Mr. Semple had a reprehensible way of gobbling his food. She wished she knew him well enough to speak to him about it.

"Gosh!" He looked at his wrist watch. "I'm sorry I've kept you so long," she said. "But you've told me so much I wanted to know."

"I'm so used to pumping people," he grinned, "that I like to be pumped now and then. And I do want to help if I can, Miss Meldo."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Cale Semple."

"How did you know my first name?" His blond face lit up with a sort of teasing surprise.

"Oh, what I don't know I can find out."

"Pretty good." He let out a loud honest roar. "If you do that two or three times you'll get a job on a tab."

"Poor Southern Girl Thanks Honest Reporter." Jeanie had a dimple which she could use upon provocation.

"I really have got an important engagement." He examined his watch. "I've got to be at the movies at nine o'clock." Still he lingered. "And you know, it's funny about me. It scares me to death to go to the movies alone."

"I'm sure you can find a nice gunman or an ice-pick murderer to keep you company," she smiled.

When he was gone she scolded herself for declining his whimsical invitation. There was something knightly about this enthusiastic young sensation chaser, and Jeanie Meldo so needed a knight. She went to bed early, feeling that she had been far too bold with him, that he did not respect her, that he would never again come to her for an exciting, confidential hour.

III

IN THIS prediction she was wrong as a prophet can be. For the nine following evenings—counting out one when he hastened to Jersey in quest of some fascinating violence—he devoted his time to Jeanie. She found herself moving in a pleasant languorous atmosphere, aware of, yet denying the fact that she was being courted by a heroic fellow with an oddly undignified profession. He took her to the theater twice, and in his dinner suit looked like all the lords of creation. He was well known. Men in the lobbies, dozens of them, beaming their pleasure, greeted him with: "Hello, Cale!"

When evenings were pleasant, since spring was coming on, they would wander around the corner, pretending to go to a movie, which they often forgot in their entrancing walk past the exotic little shops of Madison Avenue. Poor Bobbie! He was vanishing—vanishing as one might do who walks through a mirror into a fourth dimension.

When the cool, mild smoke comes out of Milano's stem, your tongue will tell you, "Here's a pipe with a sweet disposition. I know we'll pull well together."

Hand-fashioned from century-old Italian briar, Milano's bowl is as mellow as a master's violin—and it plays the sweetest accompaniment to tobacco you ever puffed.

Scores of shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up—rustic finish, $4.00 up.

"INSURED"

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy", and the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

"It's a W D C"

"Pink Tooth Brush" is the signal of soft and tender gums

THERE may be no immediate danger; serious gum troubles are slow to start. But a tinge of pink on your brush means that your gums need care and watching.

If they bleed, ever so slightly, ever so seldom, begin at once to massage them gently with Ipana, night and morning, after the usual cleanings with Ipana and the brush.

Your gums will be healthier and firmer. Your teeth will be more brilliant. And your palate will be pleased with the taste of Ipana!

IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

© 1927

Cale Semple talked about himself a great deal; not with an offensive egotism, but because he believed solidly in Cale Semple. How he had broken his sophomore year at Princeton to go to war. How his father—a superior-court judge—had wanted him to go into the law. But Cale had needed excitement. "I'd have joined up with a circus," he explained, "but I found a job in the tabs. That's got lion taming skinned." Behind all his bantering autobiography she could read a certain disdain of the profession he had so joyously chosen. Cale's buddy was a chemist who had worked out a formula for unbreakable glass. Judge Semple, anxious to put his son into an enterprise he called dignified, had interested capital in the manufactory. Of course there was always a risk. How well she felt that with Cale there was no risk. His own self-confidence, his strong, adventurous character would be blown in that glass.

Then one night when they were walking slowly home along Madison Avenue he called her back suddenly to her purpose. It was so like Cale; so disconcertingly blunt.

"Jeanie," he said, "have you done anything more about that man you were looking for?"

"No." Breathless, she turned away.

"You're engaged to him, aren't you?" His big, nasal voice had grown deep. She merely nodded.

"I don't quite get it," he resumed at last—it was strange for Cale not to catch an idea on the fly. "I mean, you must be awfully in love with this lad."

"Cale," she said, turning on him, "can't you understand—I'm sure you can—understand a man or a woman trying to come through clean? I'm not giving myself any credit. I don't deserve any. I've done him dirt, Cale. I've said things to him that men would have fought over. But all he could do was to run away. He wanted to hide, I hurt him so."

"And what are you trying to do about it?"—harshly.

"Apologize like a gentleman."

"Oho!" Cale walked along, his hands deep in his pockets. "I see now why you want to get on the front page."

"And you're going to help me, Cale?"

"No."

"You said you would," she bridled. "Why not?"

"I wouldn't see you there for a million dollars." And that was the last of their conversation for the night.

"I've sent him away, too," she thought on her hot pillow until the milkman's clamor hailed the dawn. She gritted her teeth like a Spartan woman, and was fiercely glad that his words had called her back to duty. At breakfast time she found Cale's chair empty. He didn't come in that night, and her solemn reflection as she played idiotic bridge with three finicky old people was to the effect that her quest was over. Her money was nearly gone. She must go back to Tourville and find work among the people who understood her.

Late that night as she lay listening she heard his footsteps coming down the hall: the slightest suggestion of a shuffle from the leg where he had been wounded during the war. Next morning his chair was again empty. But she had this satisfaction: He hadn't deserted. He had come back.

His whole attitude, the unreasonable whim which had caused him to remind her of her duty to the lost Bobbie, worked on her nerves all day. He had as much as told her that he was in love with her, yet he seemed to have lost respect for her courage. Yet, try as she would, he refused to do his part. Not for a million dollars would he put her in his tab. A million, and Jeanie's budget was down to forty-six. She couldn't go home now. She hadn't railroad fare after paying Cousin Barbara for the week.

She fumed in solitude until six, then abruptly put on her hat and went forth in search of calamity. There were other tabs besides Cale's. What she needed to do was to be arrested, picturesquely arrested, arraigned in court, published forth as a new and beautiful notoriety. All the way downtown she put herself to the task of thinking up some glaring martyrdom. Something with news in it. Something a lady wouldn't do.

An hour of walking brought her to a Broadway corner where electricity, sparkling into a thousand fanciful shapes, gave the street a look of monstrous jeweled wickedness. She had planned and planned, yet nothing definite had come. Then suddenly a little taxicab stopped by the curb. "Taxi?" A remarkably villainous face leered at her under a cap with a broken visor. It needed a shave, that face, and its under lip was too large for its nose; the little eyes of a rogue elephant added to the effect. Here was potential melodrama. Brought out of her dream, a fine, workable idea popped into her head: Refuse to pay her taxi fare. Refuse noisily, in sight of a policeman—arrest, clamor, jail. Pretty Jean Meldo Shows Southern Spunk. Something like that. Front page. Name, address, everything for Bobbie, somewhere in the jungle of Manhattan, to read, to know her whereabouts, to come to her rescue. The taxi was still waiting, the jimberjawed villain still invited. With a sigh of resolution Jeanie got in.

"Here's for jail," she said to herself, but the driver mistook her mumble for orders.

"Where to, lady?"

She considered just an instant. "Oh," said she, "drive me around Central Park."

"Sure." The driver lit a cigarette and started recklessly up Broadway. "I might begin by calling him down for smoking," she thought. So she opened the glass slide, leaned far over his shoulder and commanded, "Stop that."

"Stop what?" asked the man, puffing.

"Smoking. You can't smoke when you drive."

"I can," he boasted, and went merrily on with his car and his cigarette.

His attitude, for Jeanie's program, was fortunate. With every whiff of his revolutionary smoke she dropped another stitch in her temper.

"It will be easy now," she thought, "to fight it out." At the corner of Central Park where General Sherman rides in golden bliss toward the battle front of imposing hotels, he snapped away the stub of his cigarette and lit another.

"If you smoke that I'll inform the police," she declared out of the window.

"Go ahead, lady," said he. "It'll be the biggest laugh they've had since Queen Marie came to town."

So on he smoked and on he drove. He hurried her as far as the dusk-haunted lake at the north, then twisted through many electric-lighted drives, and thence south until he returned to General Sherman on the south. His dial registered ninety cents—not enough.

"Go round again," she commanded. He lit another cigarette. As they were nearing the Seventy-second Street entrance she caught sight of a traffic policeman, dominating Fifth Avenue. With the feeling of a bridge jumper, again she invaded the front window and commanded, "Stop."

The man, somewhat to her discomfiture, drew his car to one side of the road, against the shrubbery, leaped from his seat and opened the door. With an unexpected terror she saw his remarkably ugly face grinning in at her. She glanced at the dial—a dollar and twenty cents. The time had come.

"I shan't pay you a cent," she said coolly. "You haven't deserved it after—after your impertinence."

"Look here, lady." With a clutch like a steel trap's he had hold of her arm. His mouth, drawn into terrible lines, was close to hers. She was sick with the smell of bad liquor. "Look here, lot of 'em say that."

"Let me go!" She had uttered a shriek, not for advertising purposes, but because of the abject fear he inspired. In a rapid glance she saw that he had stopped his car at an angle beyond the sight of the traffic policeman. She found herself struggling with arms as unbreakable as wire.

"Dearie," he was saying, leaning over her, drawing the strength out of her, "maybe you're broke. But you've got the goods to pay. Gimme two kisses, sweetie, and it won't cost you a cent."

Why and how women do things is usually mysterious to women. An acrobatic twist of her body and she had reached down and pulled off one of the little shoes which Cousin Barbara had so admired. A hand's length from heel to toe and a finger's length from heel to ground. As they say in the movies, Jeanie saw red. She was aware of a policeman's blue coat rushing toward her. She knew that the driver had backed away, but the battle lust was on her. The shoe became a murderous little hammer which she swung, heel first, against a side of the man's head.

It was all like a melodrama, well rehearsed, he fell so promptly, lay so completely flat. The appearance of the policeman, too, was splendidly theatrical.

"Here, what's this all about?" Just what a stage policeman would say, upon the proper cue. But he had his big hand on her arm. Vehicles were stopping along the drive. A ring was forming around them. A shrimpish little man declared, "I seen her do it." And there stood Jeanie, momentarily blank, her foolish little shoe in her hand; she had the impression of mud seeping through the toe of her unprotected stocking. Somebody had lifted the wounded head from its earthy pillow. Somebody else, in defiance of three policemen now in evidence, had produced a flask. The chauffeur was gulping, sitting up, staring around. That was fortunate. Disgustedly Jeanie began to remember how his head had felt when she had whacked it with her heel.

"How did this happen?" asked the towering red young policeman who had been first on the scene. She opened her mouth to speak, but her throat seemed clogged with rust.

"She done it." The chauffeur, now more vigorous than his assailant, sat up and pointed a shaking finger.

Jeanie was able to speak now in her own defense, and she had formed the words, "He tried to kiss me," when her pride and reticence forbade. She couldn't have that published to the world—for now she realized that she had attained the front page, center column. But she couldn't tell the jesting public that such a creature had tried to kiss her. What would Tourville say?

"How did it happen?" asked an older, fatter, superior policeman in a tone less sympathetic than that of his junior.

"I didn't like his face," said she, coldly smiling, defiant.

"Phew!" said the young policeman; and "Can ya beat it?" asked the older one.

"Now look here, lady," the latter remonstrated, and his voice had softened. "If you've really got anything on this guy."

"Isn't it enough to dislike a man's face until you just can't bear it?" she asked.

"It may be in your home town, girlie," explained the superpoliceman. "But in New York that don't go. It might start a worse crime wave than we've got."

"She's a psychopathic case," ventured a tall collegiate policeman in the background.

"She wouldn't pay me fare," moaned the chauffeur, who had arisen and was sopping his gory temple.

"Didn't like his face," commented the elder, and began jotting things on a blank form. "Name? Eugenie Meldo. Spell it. Gee, that's a trick one. Age? You don't look twenty-eight. Residence?" And so it went, hazily, ridiculously, until Jeanie found herself being helped, with all that courtesy which strong men show to fair ladies in distress, into the depths of a patrol wagon.

IV

JEANIE'S ideas of prison life had been formed by girlish readings of The Count of Monte Cristo. But actually in a cell she found it too stone-cold and sour-smelling to give any illusion of romance. An intoxicated scrub lady, two cells away, was attempting an imitation of John McCormack.

(Continued on Page 121)

Outstanding

When you need oil think of 3-in-One — the best known, the most widely sold, the most generally used packaged oil in the world.

For 33 years, 3-in-One has been the outstanding oil for general use because it is so different from all other oils—and so much better—of higher quality.

Many oils look like 3-in-One. Some smell like it. Even the 3-in-One bottles and Handy Cans are imitated. But most are "just oil," usually mineral oil.

3-in-One is an oil compound—a scientific blend of several high grade oils having peculiar qualities that no ordinary single oil can possibly have.

Sold by grocery, hardware, drug and general stores everywhere in three sizes of bottles and in famous Handy Oil Cans.

3-in-One oils perfectly all light mechanisms in home, office, factory. Use on sewing machines, typewriters, Ford Timers. Penetrates quickly. Stays put. Doesn't gum or dry out. Use frequently and liberally.

3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all unlacquered metal surfaces—gas ranges, bathroom fixtures, outdoor metal signs, etc. Penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a moisture-proof film that doesn't rub off easily.

3-in-One cleans and polishes fine furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum, oilcloth. Preserves them, too.

Remember, don't assume that any oil is the same as 3-in-One because the package is the same. Be safe by asking for 3-in-One by name. Then look for the Big Red "One" on the label. It's your sure protection.

33 Years of Continuous Service

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
130LE. William St., New York, N. Y

Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses to

Name _____

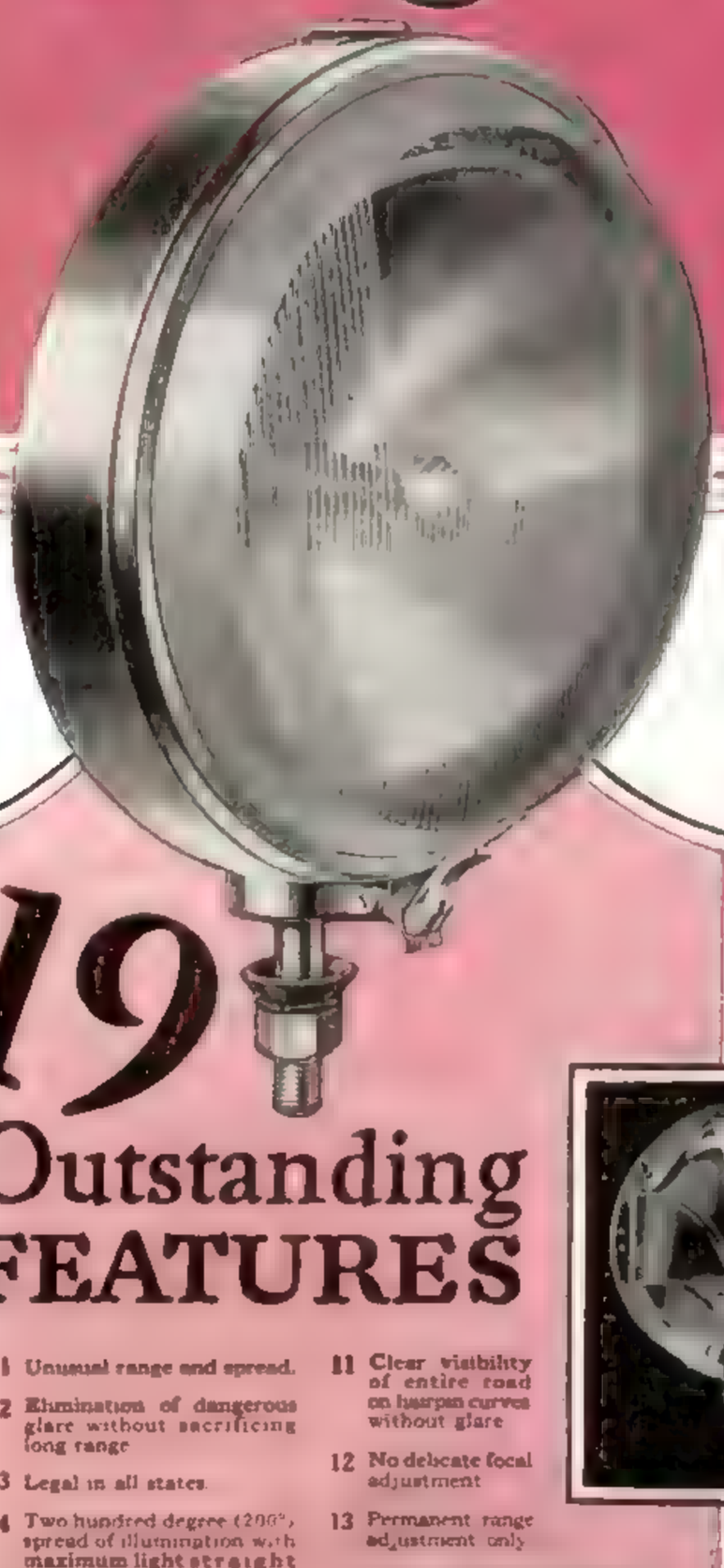
Street Address
or Rural Route _____

City _____ State _____

K613

Now! a Headlight

Complete Illumination Unusually Long Range



19 Outstanding FEATURES

1 Unusual range and spread.

2 Elimination of dangerous glare without sacrificing long range

3 Legal in all states.

4 Two hundred degree (200°) spread of illumination with maximum light straight ahead of car

5 The legibility of road and mileage signs while passing at average speed

6 Unusual fog penetrating qualities.

7 The reduction of eye strain by elimination of "hot spots" and strong contrasts near the car.

8 Reduction of light brilliancy to approaching cars without sacrificing road illumination.

9 Floodlight effect throws car in silhouette to cars following.

10 Illumination of curbing, culverts, ditches, telegraph poles, trees, etc., at 100° angle on both sides of driver's seat.

11 Clear visibility of entire road on hairpin curves without glare

12 No delicate focal adjustment

13 Permanent range adjustment only

14 Permanent adjustment not affected by ordinary driving conditions as in the case of flimsy focal adjustment headlamps.

15 Standard bulbs obtainable in all localities

Note G E 21 c p Mazda bulbs No. 1129, as used in all tests and for all approvals are recommended for replacement

16 Accessibility to any part without the use of tools

17 Manufactured with precision to the finest degree of accuracy.

18 Their unusually attractive appearance distinguishes them from ordinary head lamps

19 A complete range of prices—plain and de luxe models.

This view shows the unique and distinctive plume design back of the ILCO-RYAN-LITE.

EYES OF THE NIGHT
ILCO

Through an exclusive arrangement with Walter D'Arcy Ryan, Director of the Illuminating Engineering Laboratories of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y. and the originator of the Ilco-Ryan-Lite, the Indiana Lamp Corporation, Connersville, Indiana has the exclusive right to manufacture and sell the Ilco-Ryan-Lite in the United States and territories thereof.

This Remarkable is Now Available through

THE ILCO-RYAN-LITE is the most advanced development in the history of motor car headlights. This new, remarkably efficient headlight was developed by Walter D'Arcy Ryan, director of the Illuminating Engineering Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

The ILCO-RYAN-LITE marks a new era in safer, easier and more comfortable night driving. Its distinctively smart design adds to the beauty of your car. It requires no focusing.

The ILCO-RYAN-LITE completely floodlights the road ahead for more than two hundred feet. A softly diffused beam spreads at right angles to the headlight providing a clear view of every roadside obstruction and hazard. Road signs are easily read without changing your course of travel. There is no "hot spot" of high candle power light on the road. Eye strain is eliminated. The soft, low intensity of the ILCO-RYAN-LITE effectively penetrates fog and blizzard without causing "back glare".

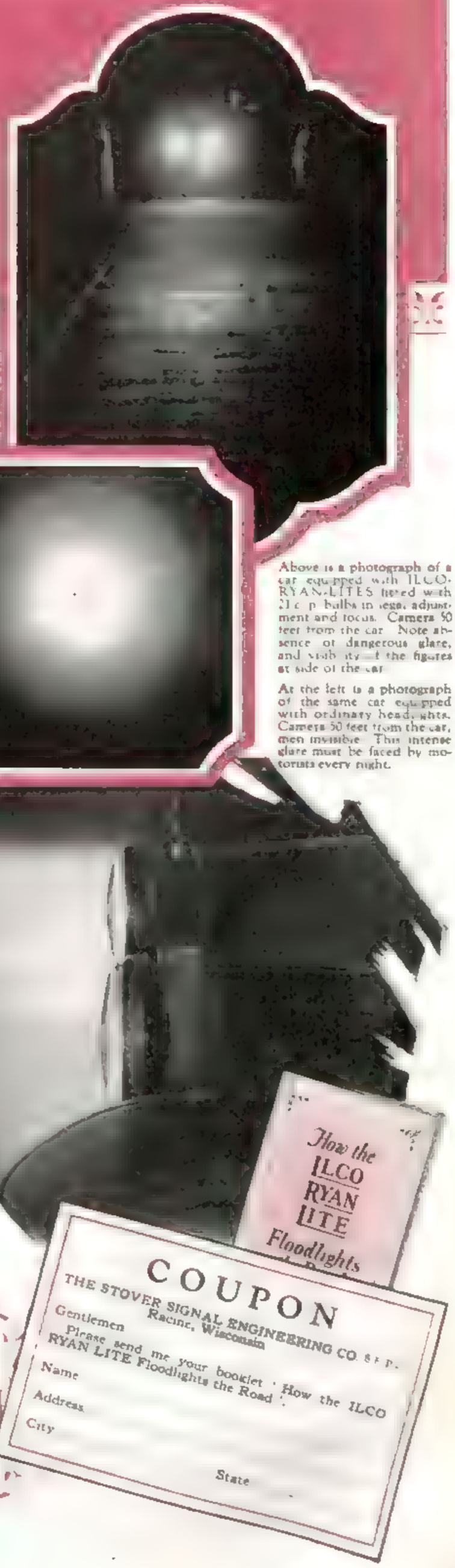
Approaching motorists are not blinded by dangerous glare. While always providing ample illumination for your safety the

ILCO -the Headlight

Copyright 1927, Indiana Lamp Corporation, Connersville, Indiana

that Floodlights the Road

of Road and Roadside without Dangerous Glare



Above is a photograph of a car equipped with ILCO-RYAN-LITES fitted with 21 c p bulbs in focal adjustment and focus. Camera 50 feet from the car. Note absence of dangerous glare, and visibility of the figures at side of the car.

At the left is a photograph of the same car equipped with ordinary headlights. Camera 50 feet from the car, men invisible. This intense glare must be faced by motorists every night.

New Headlight Good Dealers-EVERYWHERE

ILCO-RYAN-LITE actually grows dimmer to the approaching driver.

For the sake of safety to yourself, your car and to the driving public you should equip your car with ILCO-RYAN-LITES. Ask your dealer to demonstrate. You will be thoroughly convinced that at last a perfect headlight has been developed for motor cars.

The ILCO-RYAN-LITE is available for all cars. There are two sizes —11¾ and 9¾ inches in diameter; two finishes, black and nickel, and all nickel, and two styles, a plain and decorative plume design back. The prices range from $22.50 to $40.00 per pair complete. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

The coupon will bring you an interesting and easily understood booklet on automobile headlighting. It is entitled "How the ILCO-RYAN-LITE Floodlights the Road". Send for it.

Exclusive Manufacturing and Sales Rights for the U. S. Owned by

INDIANA LAMP CORPORATION
Connersville Indiana
Distributed to the Wholesale Trade by
THE STOVER SIGNAL ENGINEERING CO.
Racine, Wisconsin

The soft, opalescent glow from the ILCO-RYAN LITE lens creates a very pleasing and attractive effect.

RYAN-LITE

that Floodlights the Road

5,000 ENGINEERS AND PURCHASING AGENTS BUY BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS

The reasons for the widespread use of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings go straight to the fundamental bearing problems of all divisions of mechanical industry. 5000 engineers and purchasing agents buy Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings because

A Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearing affords a full bearing surface, thus giving stability and efficiency to the machine.

Bronze is the oldest and best known anti-friction bearing metal in metallurgical history. Nothing better has ever been discovered. More bearing bronze is used today than ever before

The lower cost of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings and the lower cost of installing them have squarely met the ever increasing need for economy in the building and maintenance of automotive vehicles and machinery.

Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings are *physically*, *chemically* and *mechanically* right. They have the *staying quality* which most successfully resists wear.

Bunting service and responsibility make Bunting Bushing Bearings easily accessible to every user, large and small.

Special Designs and Sizes — ***360 Standard Sizes in Stock*** — ***341 Sizes of Automotive Replacement Bushings*** — ***88 Stock Sizes of Phosphor Bronze Cored and Solid Bars***

Completely machined and finished — *In the Rough*

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK — CHICAGO, 2015 S. Michigan Ave., Calumet 6850-6851 — PHILADELPHIA, 1330 Arch St., Spruce 5396 — SAN FRANCISCO, 198 Second St., Douglas 6245 — BOSTON, 36 Oliver St., Hancock 0154 — EXPORT DEPT., 245 West 55th St., New York

BUNTING PHOSPHOR BRONZE BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

(Continued from Page 116)

An overdressed woman with a terrible scratch across her face was dragged in, amidst a flood of vile words, aimed at the matron in attendance. Then a sort of walking worm came down the aisle and made an only request to go Jeanie's bail. Even behind her bars she had the moral power to brush him away.

Finally a sergeant, practical, pleasant, gray, stopped at her cage and said, "See here, lady. Who's going your bail?"

"Bail?" she asked faintly.

"Sure. Y'oughtn't to stay here all night, if you can help it. If you've got a friend that'll go your bail you'd better phone him." Then with that deference which the others had shown her: "You might catch cold here."

She thought an instant. The sergeant's suggestion had merit. Already she was beginning to shiver between the walls from which winter never seemed to thaw.

"May I telephone?" she asked.

"Sure." He unlocked the gate and led her down the corridor to a tomblike square whose only bit of furniture seemed to be a nickel-in-the-slot telephone. She called up Cousin Barbara's boarding house—at first it had been her thought to summon her maiden relative to her relief. Feeny's voice came over the wire, and in that twinkling Eugenie changed her mind.

"Feeny," she said hurriedly, "this is Miss Meldo."

"Oh" a negro's secretive note—"Mistah Semple been lookin' fuh yew."

"Is he there now, Feeny?"

"Dunno, Miss Meldo. He done put on his coat ——" A rapid silence; then, in a heavy, nasal basso: "Oh, hello, Jeanie."

"I'm so glad you're home, Cale. I wanted to see you."

"Really?"—the word had a song in it. "Where are you now?"

"In jail," she said breathlessly.

"In what?"

"Jail. The policeman's been very nice and asked me to call up a friend to help get me out."

He didn't stop to ask for particulars—and that was somehow like her probing, inquisitive Cale.

"What jail?" That was all. She told him. "I'll be down in fifteen minutes." His voice was as choppy as the stroke of the receiver on the hook.

Cale was slow in coming, and during the increasingly unpleasant wait—they had brought in another woman who fought her way down the aisle—Jeanie had more callers. A pimply young reporter with a sorry-looking overcoat pleaded for an interview and a chance to take her picture. He represented the Evening Pep, another more violent tab. Unguardedly she told a little, then reluctantly she refused him more, and turned away a bulbous rival who followed. She was saving her story for Cale. She had given herself, a human sacrifice, to his front page, and it should have her.

It was in a fainting rapture that she saw Cale at last. He came swinging in and the assembled policemen said "Hello, Cale," in the voice all men had for him. His shepherd's plaid overcoat and lop-brimmed gray hat seemed to express the boldness, the handsome independence of the man within them.

He paused an instant at the desk, looked over a book, led the sergeant around the corner of the aisle, then came back, all wreathed in smiles.

"Well, Jeanie"—and his face was like a smiling sun over a cold dawn—"we've got a girl sob writer on our paper who had herself locked up all night, just for the story. I guess we can't afford another like it. Sullivan says you've got to go home."

"I'm perfectly willing to stay," she lied, out of pride and defiance. She didn't quite fancy his tone: she was wasting away for sympathy, and here he was laughing at her.

"But Sullivan's awfully strict about this place," her knight persisted. "He'll take some people, and others he won't stand."

Sullivan himself, smiling his admiration, was coming down the aisle. He opened the cell and Jeanie, despite her protestations, lost no time in following the man who, spontaneously, out of nothing, seemed to have grown into the proportions of a lover. She shook hands with Sullivan he had been so kind—and when they were pausing in the vestibule by the outer door she found herself alone with Cale.

"I've been saving this story for you," she whispered, thrilled at the thought of a secret between them.

"For me?"

"Yes. Reporters from a couple of other tabs have been in."

"We're not going to use it."

"Cale, you know why I've done this! You know ——"

"Yes, I know. But our front page isn't the place for you I've told you that before. If you'll let me I can keep this out of the papers, I can square you with the judge, I can "

"You can spoil everything." Why would this god of hers be so contrary?

"Well, I won't be a party to it."

They were coming out of the door, and on the instant two dull-sounding, blinding flashes dazzled them from either side—photographers. Perversely she took off her shoe and flourished it over her head. Again the flashes.

"Well," said Cale patiently, "that's that."

When they were in a taxi together, rolling toward Madison Avenue, she waited a long time for him to speak.

"I gummed the game," she confessed mournfully.

"Sort of," he admitted. "You know, Jeanie, I'd worked out a plan for you. It wouldn't have got you in Dutch or anything. We're going to dedicate an elephant."

"An elephant?"

"It's part of our children's playground campaign. I'd fixed it with one of those numerologists—science-of-numbers stuff, you know—and she was going to name the elephant Jeanie Meldo, because the letters are lucky. Then I was going to find you. Lucky Elephant Double of Beautiful Southern Girl. That would have been good for the front page and quite a number of special write-ups."

"I'm sorry," she sighed.

"That's all right," he said. "I'll take off my hat to you. What you pulled was certainly news. Now the thing to do is to get you off. You appear before Judge Silk tomorrow morning."

"I'm going to defend myself," she explained enthusiastically. "I'm thinking up a speech to make. 'Your Honor, before the sentence is delivered, I should like to ask if a woman's love of beauty and of—of daintiness is not to be considered. Shall we be driven by chauffeurs with dirty hands and faces, whose every line offends us ——'"

"That would land you in the crazy department, Bellevue Hospital," he decided. "But just leave that to me ——"

"It isn't fair that you shouldn't get credit for the news," she persisted. "Your editor might be right offended. You might lose your position ——"

"I'm quitting next Thursday," he said in a dead voice. "The unbreakable-glass combination has got me."

Silence for a block.

"Jeanie."

"Yes, Cale."

Both looking away.

"If that fellow—you know—that Bobbie reads the news ——"

"He'll come to me, I suppose."

At Miss Huddleston's door he let her in with his pass-key. The hall light, with its queer globe, like tapioca pudding, showered down on their two pale faces. He followed her up to the top of the stairs.

"Good night," she said, and it seemed inevitable that she should have been drawn into his arms, felt herself crushed against him, known herself to be lost in his strength. She didn't resist. It was so natural that she should belong to him.

"Jeanie," she heard him whisper; then suddenly she came to her senses and thrust him away.

"Go and let me alone!" the words came from her sweetly, like a blessing.

"Won't you ever ——" This followed her like a note of music as she tore away from him and went into her room.

V

NEXT morning Cale, dressed in neutral colors, as for the funeral of a distant unloved relative, escorted her politely down to the police court. He was noncommittal, cheerful, self-contained and professional. Jeanie was rehearsing her speech: "Your Honor, I appear not alone for myself, but for the cause of woman ——" It sounded terribly tame and ridiculous.

Like all public appearances, her performance in Judge Silk's court was disappointing. She had the impression of Cale Semple managing affairs. A somewhat puny fellow in a black robe sat in a high box, listening to policemen, lawyers and vagrants as they surrounded him, speaking confidentially. The bailiff, bored, and the clerk of the court, bored, called stereotyped names and brought down rubber stamps. Sketchy young men—probably reporters—walked up to Judge Silk and breathed witticisms into his ear. Still laughing, he would turn to a culprit and smile: "Thirty days."

Suddenly the bailiff said something which might have been Finnish but contained Jeanie's full name. There was a pause. Cale Semple, standing by the judge's high box, had brought His Honor's ear down to a speaking level. An instant of this embrace. Then the bailiff led Jeanie forward into a flood of sunshine. She was well under the judicial nose and the important man was smiling down on her.

"You should be careful," he said, "in choosing your taxicabs."

Surprising enough. "Feodor Gowlich," requested the bailiff, and the taxi man, humbled and drooping, but dramatized by the dirty bandage around his forehead, shrank forward.

"Gowlich," roared His Honor, "were you under the influence of liquor last night at the hour of seven?"

"Well, Your Honor," Gowlich was stumbling. He stood there, a crushed, maimed thing, like Lucifer fallen.

"Yes or no." Judge Silk was impatient.

"Yes, but ——"

"Twenty dollars fine or twenty days in the workhouse." It came smoothly through Judge Silk's pleasant, plastic lips.

A pause. Jeanie opened her hand bag and found two twenty-dollar bills in the mess of her remaining fortune. These she slipped into the chauffeur's trembling hands and smiled coquettishly up at the court. Judge Silk's smile was winning: he was bald but bonny.

"How do you do it?" asked Jeanie as she passed out to freedom.

"How do you?" inquired Cale, looking moodily at the throng assembled around the steps.

Newsboys were shouting. Cale rather disdainfully bought copies of the Evening Pep and the Evening Trifle. Jeanie smiling triumphantly and waving her shoe, was on the front page of both. Cinderella Uses Shoe on Taxi Bandit—perfection. The other one, too, was good. Hammer Heel Girl Tells All—Didn't Like Taxi Man's Face. Her name, her address, her home town were featured under both photographs.

"I bet your boss will be wild," she said, for in buying a copy of the Evening Gripper she found that its front page had been given over to the loathsome furnace murder which was then bringing New Jersey into the very center of the American scene.

Cale wasn't listening. A sternness and a melancholy she had never before seen in his face had transfigured him, given him an importance which pushed everything else out of her life. Suddenly it distressed her to feel that she had gone against his better judgment, deliberately planned an escapade which had lowered her in his esteem. She wanted to talk, but instead she slipped her small gloved hand into the big bare one

Comes like a *Thief* in the night

CRACKS in the plaster! Suddenly they appear—robbing your home of its beauty, stealing away from its resale value, destroying the whole effect of your interior decorations . . . all because you failed to take a simple precaution. You lock and protect your home against other kinds of invasion—why not protect your walls and ceilings against these ugly cracks that mar and deface? You have only to insist on Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath to secure plastered surfaces in your home that will remain permanently smooth and free from cracks—safe, too, against fire Write today for *your* sample of the greatest of metal laths It is so superior to any other plaster base that we want you to *see* it Mail the coupon and your sample will go to you at once.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING BUILDING PRODUCTS
YOUNGSTOWN OHIO
Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Fireproof Building Products and Waterproofing and Preservative Products
Branches in all Principal Cities Dealers Everywhere

GF
Herringbone
Doublemesh
Metal Lath

BETTER PLASTERING ON METAL LATH

The General Fireproofing Building Products
Youngstown Ohio
Gentlemen — Please send me Free Sample of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath
Name
Address
City

Do You Care For Your Dog *Properly?*

The pleasure you get out of having a dog depends largely upon the kind of care you give him. His requirements are almost the same as a human's. He must be kept clean and healthy. A clean, glossy coat, a skin free from infection and a healthy condition will make you proud of him.

Every dog requires medicines from time to time. People who know how to care properly for dogs always insist on Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines.

Get Our Free Book

Tells important things you should know about the Feeding, Care, Symptoms and Treatment of your dog.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

are standardized prescriptions of the well known specialist on animal diseases—Dr. H. Clay Glover, V. S., who for over 20 years was Veterinarian of the world-famous Westminster Kennel Club. Glover's Imperial Medicines have been used for over 50 years by leading Veterinarians, Breeders and Fanciers. They are reliable, safe and effective.

Get these Medicines for Your Dog

When he is sick, prompt aid is as important to him as it is to a human being.

Listed below are a few Medicines every dog lover should have handy.

Glover's Worm Capsules
Glover's Vermifuge
Glover's Condition Pills
Glover's Diarrhea Medicine
Glover's Distemper Medicine
Glover's Digestive Pills
Glover's Cough Medicine

When sending for the FREE book, address Dep't S. E. P. 83

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Send for special Booklet on Glover's treatment for the human scalp

next to her. He held on so tightly that it hurt, then feeling her twinge, he somewhat relaxed his grip.

"Jeanie," he said after a long time, "we don't know much about each other. Only I feel that—damn it all, Jeanie, you know I love you, and you—and you ——"

She looked up and saw that his eyes were bright with tears. She didn't think that a strong sure person like Cale could cry. Impulsively she drew his head against her breast.

"I love you, too, Cale," she whispered. "Don't you make any mistake about it."

"I know you do"—no conceit in that. Only a part of his self-confidence, his will to win. He sat up stiffly, almost coldly, and said, "It isn't a question of what I can do, Jeanie. I'm on the upgrade. We can beat the world together, you and I——"

"Beat the world." She looked ahead of her, firmly smiling. But her lips had turned pale.

"Will you, Jeanie—will you take the chance with me?" His eyes were warm now, enthusiastic with the power of a new idea.

"But, Cale, we've got to ——"

"Got to what?"

"It's so complicated, Cale, dear."

Complicated? Who but Jeanie Meldo had complicated it? The question brought them to the brownstone stoop of Miss Huddleston's boarding house. Cale cleared his throat as if to say something more, then turned curtly toward the driver; a certain grimness shadowing his face sent Jeanie to the steps, which she ascended laggingly, her heels invisibly weighted.

Feeny answered the bell; high excitement had turned her face a brilliant yellow. "Ge'l'man a-waitin' fo yew, Miss Meldo. Been a-waitin' mos' a hour."

Eugenie saw the slight silhouette of a man huddled against the tall parlor curtains—a drooping, insignificant shadow. Walking stiffly, she went in and greeted Bobbie Newbirch. His hair was shaggy, his nails dark, his blue collar showed signs of other wearings.

"Jeanie!" With the eagerness of a lost child found he ran to her. She should have kissed him, but her disobedient lips just brushed his cheek.

"I've been trying to find you"—she made her voice casual, but her thoughts were darting like frightened fish—"find you—to say I'm sorry for what I said."

"I knew you'd be sorry"—rather matter-of-fact. Now, possibly for the first time, she saw his overdeveloped forehead, his little jaws, the childish eyes behind his thick glasses. "I wish I could tell you how much I've suffered, Jeanie. But it was good for me. It gave me a chance to be myself."

"I've searched the town for you." She held him at arm's length, gravely studying him.

"I saw that awful—terrible picture in the paper." His weak eyes showed annoyance. "How could you have got yourself in such a mess? I—I couldn't think of you ——"

"But you did come to me, didn't you?"—with one of her hopeful smiles.

"Yes. Yes"—absent-mindedly.

"That was so sweet of you, Bobbie"—a poor speech, she knew. Dazedly she sat down. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've done splendidly." His face took on color. "I'm playing second trombone in the Hickory Nut Theater. You know, it's an art movement. The musicians are non-union. Oh, Jeanie, if you knew"—he was glowing now—"what a joy it is to do your work without interference. No conventions. This is my atmosphere, Jeanie——"

"I'm so glad." Dully she arose.

"Every day I've been going to write to you to tell you I've made good. I've wanted your advice. If you knew how I've needed you ——" To her this sounded dry, with Cale's deep notes still in her ears.

"It's splendid!" she pumped enthusiasm to say, but a cruel despair was wrenching her heart. "You can go on, can't you, now you've found the way?"

"Not without you, Jeanie." How pitifully inadequate he looked, suddenly pale, his mouth cracking open. "You mustn't leave me again. It's been terrible—terrible to my pride, the way you treated me. Don't be cruel again, Jeanie. Remember, we're engaged. We're promised ——"

That was the stark truth. She must see this adventure through. She had wounded the poor creature, and even her hard-purchased apology did not make amends. Fighting an instinct to draw away her skirts, she took his narrow shoulders between her hands, held him up firmly.

"Really, truly, do you still want to marry me?" she asked.

"Jeanie! How can you ask such a thing? How could I get along? You—you mean life to me"—this last rather pompously. "And I've been waiting for you, Jean. Waiting."

Waiting for her. She cleared her throat, then pulled roughly away from him.

"You're in my work, Jeanie. You're everything—everything ——"

He had clutched out at her, but she had pulled roughly away. "Just let me go a minute, Bobbie. Only a minute."

She had an impression of him, drooping weak, rather ignoble, as she broke and ran up the stairs. She caught a whiff of smoke and saw the glow of Cale's cigarette around a corner of the first landing. It was all so shadowy and vague, that flying to him. For an instant she was in his arms, then standing back, she said, "He's found me, Cale."

"Sure"—deep, possessive, taciturn. "Did you deliver your apology?"

"Yes. Cale, please understand me. I've been silly with myself, and with you, Cale. I don't want you to go away thinking that I don't -don't love you."

"What's this all about?" She felt his unseen gaze.

"It's got to be that, Cale. He needs me. He's so weak, Cale. He couldn't ever go on his own. His life depends on me, my dear. Yours doesn't. You always know where you're going. You don't need a guide. Honey, he'd be lost, so lost. You'd hunch through with your big shoulders—Bobbie hasn't got any shoulders. Cale, I'm the only one who knows how to take care of him." She realized that he was standing there like a mountain, casting a shadow across her. "I'm not going to die for the lack of you," she wailed, "nor you for the lack of me. We're the kind that can stand alone. And you'll make some woman very, very lucky."

Because he was still silent, she reached out faintly toward his hand. "Good-by, Cale."

How it happened she never knew. Something bearlike had gathered her up. There were laughter and confidence in the growl. "You're the lucky woman, honey. And you won't do anything foolish. I won't let you. That's all right, dear." She was struggling a little. "I'm taking care of you from now on. Just let me do the worrying for you."

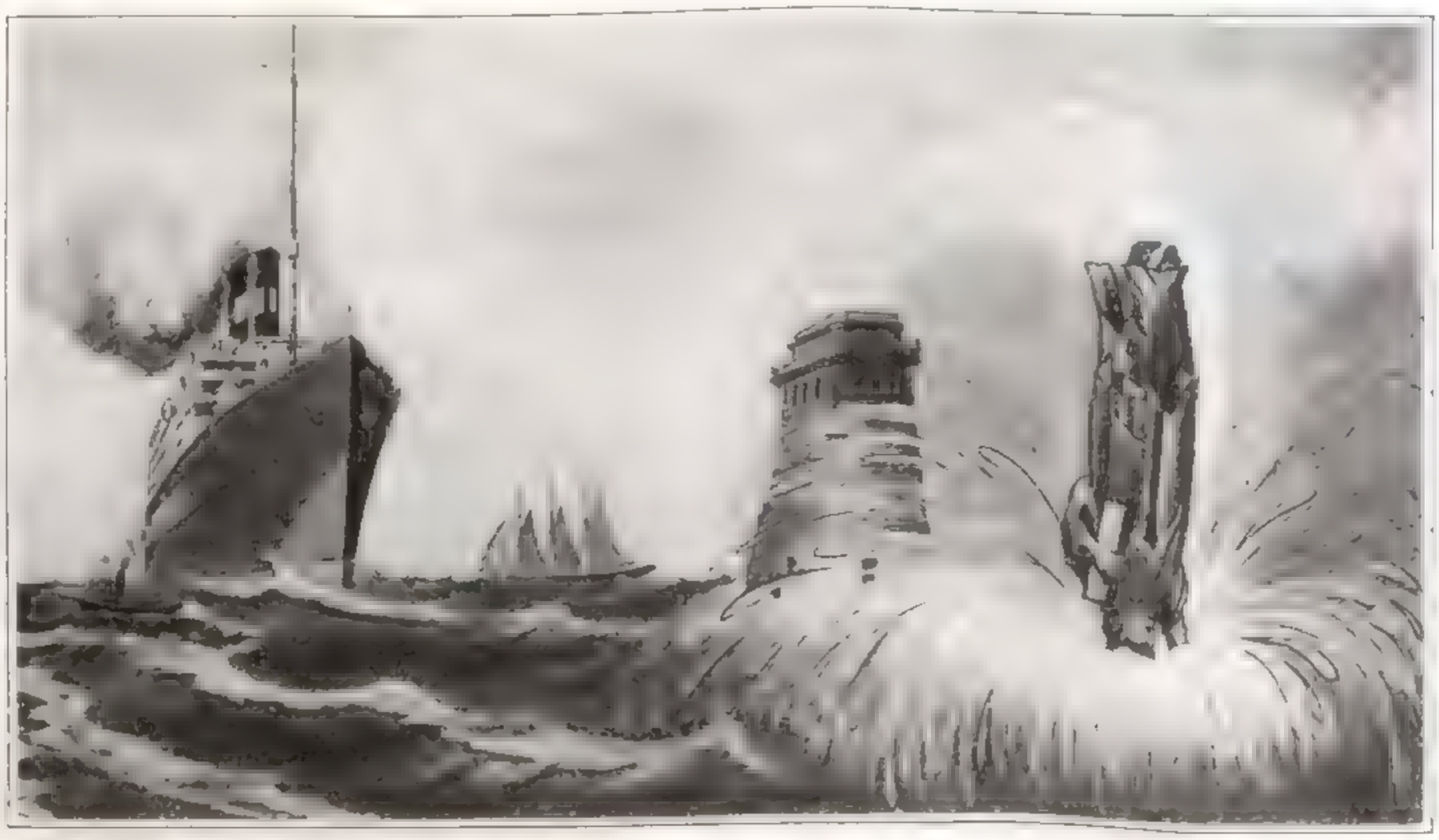
"Cale, let me go." She was suffocating in his arms, her will was turning to water. "He's come all this way to find me. He's ——"

"Yeah. I dug him up and brought him here." Again the growling laugh.

"But he says ——"

"Is he worth quoting? Leave him be, Jeanie. He doesn't know what he wants—let me tell him. No hurry. He can wait. He's got more time than we have. Let him play his trombone. But we—we've got to get married."

Both her arms went around his neck and the feeling of his rough chin against her cheek gave her a blessed sense of peace and rightness. "I'm afraid we have, Cale," she whispered.



DRAWN BY PAUL REILLY

Peculiar Antic of the Statue of Liberty Upon the Homecoming of Some Apologetic Americans

Day and night, a ceaseless stream of products pours forth from the huge Certain-teed plants, to the four quarters of the globe. From sturdy rolls of roofing to smooth, enduring paints; from charming linoleum rugs to sheer building-blocks—each product has to undergo a series of scientific tests before it leaves its plant.

Certain-teed products must give more than usual wear and service! From the first to the last operation of manufacture, expert chemists inspect each process, making sure that the extra quality is there. For, out in the field—in actual use—these products have earned a reputation that the plants must uphold.

The whole world is the laboratory for the great test of use. Certain-teed products are proving their value in all climates and conditions. You will find them in the finest public structures, office buildings, hotels and private homes. And you will find always the same report: Certain-teed products justify their reputation of extra quality, extra value and extra service.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (rug base)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 40)

But Knuckles was not satisfied: it was stubbornness. From the beginning he had known Walter to be in it. The idea never had occurred to him that possibly Walter might be exactly what he seemed—a middle-aged, rather bald, round-faced, unsociable incompetent. And though he had played with the notion that James might be the directing mind, he had doubted it. But that James and James alone was the malign agent he had not even imagined.

James! James had been on the scene when Warren Cross was injured. James had sent Latzo away, obviously to remove from the scene an accomplice who might become a witness. James this and James that and now James was sole owner of the People's Lumber Company. It meant a complete revision of Knuckles' plans and estimates, and a fresh commencement along a new road of attack. Knuckles was disappointed. He had wanted to get Walter; even though James was a Perrigo, he had not been personally offensive. Knuckles, in his dry way, had rather approved of James. And James, if he were as the facts seemed to show him, was to Knuckles' mind a dozen times more dangerous than Walter. Walter might cower and shrink from some overt act; James was a cat of another color.

He drove on into town and, as he passed the bank, an idea occurred to him. It was a thousand-to-one chance, but why not go in and see? He walked to the window behind which Henry Bridge was wont to face the world and nodded. "'Mornin', Henry."

"'Mornin', Ab."

"Busy?"

"Not's you could notice. I'm gettin' thin eatin' to the hotel. Kitty's livin' most of the time up to Crosses'."

"Hear any news of him? How's he makin' it?"

"Kitty's kind of encouraged, seems as though."

"Um—Aunt Hat there yet?"

"Try and drive her away," said Henry. "Gosh, I hope it turns out all right! I downright liked that feller. Yes, sir, I liked him. Hope this don't take him away from town."

"His wife don't act like Barchester was the apple of her eye."

"Oh, wimmin," said Henry. "Mis' Cross is all right as soon's she catches onto us. You watch."

"Hope so. . . . Happen to know a man by the name of Latzo?"

"Uh-huh. Works down to the mill. Cashes his pay checks here. Sure I remember him. He ——" Henry bit off the end of that sentence and glanced sharply at Knuckles.

"He what?" Knuckles said.

"Interested in him special?"

"Extry special," said Knuckles.

"Business deal?"

"Kind of"

"Wa-al"—Henry's voice was hesitant—"I dunno's there's any harm sayin'. He hain't a depositor."

"'N' he won't be," said Knuckles.

"It kind of surprised me, him a laborin' man and all."

"What surprised you, Henry?"

"Why, him cashin' a big check."

"Cashed it here, did he?" Knuckles said, pretending to more knowledge than he had.

"Thousand dollars, it was. He took it in hundreds."

"Call to mind whose check it was?"

"That was a kind of a surprise too. Didn't know he had anythin' to do with a business in Boston."

"Didn't you? People's Lumber Company, wan't it?"

"Looks like you know," said Henry.

"And signed by James Perrigo?"

"Yeah—James."

"Um—got it yet?"

"Might have. We ain't always as prompt sendin' through as city banks. If it didn't go down last night, we got it."

"Look," said Knuckles.

Henry investigated, returning presently with a canceled check in his hands. "There she be."

Knuckles nodded. "Hang onto it, Henry. I'll be responsible. Satisfact'ry?"

"What's goin' on, Ab?"

"Friend of Cross, hain't you?"

"Yes"

"Then keep that check locked up where you can lay hands on it."

"'Tain't bankin'," said Henry.

"What," demanded Knuckles, "is a little bankin' between friends?"

"I'll go you once," Henry said, "if I never see the back of my neck."

Knuckles went out to his car, but before he got in he paused, frowned and kicked the running board. "Dog-gone!" he said under his breath.

He had recollected the events of the night before. Why, in view of all this evidence piling up against James, had Latzo sneaked out of concealment to carry away a trunk for Walter? And what was in the trunk?

Knuckles did not enter his car, but swung across the street to his father's office. The old squire was alone. The young man sprawled in a chair and tapped on his knee with sinewy fingers.

"I don't know but what I'm flummoxed," he said.

"Time you was less headstrong," said the old gentleman through lips which scarcely moved. "Lately you been gittin' too big for your bigness."

"I'm sizin' down this mornin'. . . . Mebby you can make head or tail out of this."

He marshaled his facts while the old justice listened impassively, making no comment until the end: "So, seems as though, Walter hain't in it and James's got both feet in the trough."

"Looks so."

"Um I been a-listenin' to evidence all my life, and weighin' it and jedgin' the credibility of witnesses. The's times when you got to look deeper'n witnesses and oaths and what kin be seen with the eye."

"Mebby," said Knuckles.

"If this here James was sent to the penitentiary," said the old man, "Walter wouldn't suffer none by it." Knuckles looked up quickly. "Walter'd have the handlin' of James' share," said his father. "Um—I dunno's I'd jump to no conclusions so early in the mornin'. The way you got things sized up, they turn out better for Walter than any other you kin think up."

"Yes," said Knuckles.

The old man cleared his throat. "The Young Doc's a all-fired talkative feller," said the justice, changing the subject. "Seems like he's cal'latin' to git folks down on him. Uh-huh. Kind of overestimates cases, seems as though. Allus implyin' he was jest called in the nick of time. Blows his own horn consid'able." Knuckles nodded. He was not interested in the Young Doc. "Goes around displayin' how much he knows," said Squire Knuckles, "and if he hain't careful he'll use it all up some mornin' and have nothin' to gas about afternoons"

"Folks say he's smart."

"He cal'lates to be," Squire Knuckles said dryly. "I heard him holdin' forth las' night. Him and a few was a-standin' out there, spittin' and swappin' stories, and then Young Doc he got the floor and give quite a talk. Walter Perrigo was amongst 'em"

Knuckles straightened up with sudden interest.

"It sounded like the doc was volunteerin' information, but the way I heard it, it was led up to. Kind of a word pushed in here and another shoved in there. Primin' the pump, like. They started off talkin' about how to set a fractured leg, and that somehow led 'em on to morphine to quiet the pain. Young Doc was mighty interestin' on morphine."

Knuckles nodded.

"And then," said the squire, "he got to discoursin' on other drugs and sich-like, till he come to strychnine. Seems like he knows all about strychnine. Different ones asked him questions."

"I bet you," said Knuckles.

"And one question kind of led up to another, and so on. And in the end the Young Doc was gittin' right down to how much and how often. Yes, sir, he killed off cats and he killed off skunks and he killed off hosses. Kind of a slaughterin' mood. He got most interestin', though, when he got around to not killin' off. Somehow he was got to describe jest how much a body'd have to take to make him tarnation sick, but so's he'd git over it."

"Who asked that question?"

"'Twan't Walter," said the justice; "but Walter he asked one a couple of questions back that led up to it."

"It ain't evidence," said Knuckles.

"But," said the old man, "it's illuminatin'. I got to supposin'. And I supposed what if two folks was p'isoned side by side, out of the same dish, as you might say. And one of 'em died of it, but the other got well after consid'able of an effort. Um—'tain't in nature to suspect a body of p'isonin' himself"

"No, don't seem so."

"But if the' was a third one there, and he didn't git p'isoned or anything, he'd have to do consid'able explainin'. And if the' was other damagin' facts to come out on top of it ——"

"Con-sarn!" exclaimed Knuckles.

"And then," said Squire Knuckles, "one 'ud be dead and one in the penitentiary for life—and one down with a stummick ache. But when he got up ag'in and his stummick didn't gripe no more, he'd be what the' was left, wouldn't he?"

"Anybody can get strychnine."

"The conclusion I come to," said the old man dryly, "is that young men hain't allus amarter'n their fathers."

"I came here, didn't I?"

"Might 'a' come sooner with profit. . . . And another conclusion I come to was that if I was a young feller and would ruther go to her weddin' than her funeral, I'd take steps."

"I cal'late to," said Knuckles.

"I been considerin' her—and things," said the squire. Knuckles paused in the door and turned his head. "And the's times," went on his father, "when a body has to revise his notions."

Knuckles understood, and was relieved. The subject of Eunice Perrigo never would be brought up between them again, no matter how things turned out. But, by some process of reasoning, Eunice had been absolved of the crime of possessing Perrigo blood.

XXIII

WALTER PERRIGO returned from New York—he had been in New York—by taking a train to the little city twenty miles away and by driving thence to Barchester in his car. He was well satisfied with himself, for the end of his labors was in view—a gratifyingly successful end. He had met with Mr. Woodson of the Consolidated Lumber Corporation, and then with the assembled board of directors. To them he had made his proposition—a proposition advantageous to one who had sold a mill for an excellent price and would buy it back at one less excellent. But it is the modern method of business to minimize losses. These astute gentlemen of the board considered it cheaper to take a moderate loss in a lump than to hang on with the prospect of meeting with a string of annual deficits. The matter was closed, Walter paid a substantial sum to bind the bargain, and now was returning to Barchester to await the drafting of the final papers of transfer.

"What about Cross?" Woodson had asked the board.

"Tell him not to worry. No blame attaches to him. His old position will be waiting for him when he is able to take it. Will you give him that assurance, Mr. Perrigo?"

"It will be a pleasure," said Walter.

Now he was almost at home again. One more step remained to complete his success, and that step must be taxen at once. He had no doubt of its efficacy or apprehension of danger to himself. And then he, and he alone, would be in possession of the Perrigo fortune, and the world would be his oyster. Another twelve hours—another eight hours, possibly—and the thing would be done!

He drove his car into the garage, entered the house, announced his presence to the housekeeper and went to his room. Presently the supper bell rang, and he went down to the dining room, where James already sat at table. Walter nodded, peered at James' hands, which were thickly bandaged, and drawing up his chair asked, "What you been doing to yourself?"

"Skinned my knuckles," said James.

The housekeeper came in with steaming soup. Walter spoke to her. "Fix up a tray for Eunice," he said; "I'll take it up. Haven't seen her since I came in. How is she?" he asked casually, turning to James.

James shrugged his shoulders in answer and applied himself to his dish. The doorbell rang and the housekeeper answered. In a moment she appeared, flustered, in the dining-room door with Knuckles at her heels.

"He come right in," she said. "He jest pushed right in."

"Wanted to be sure of gettin' in," said Knuckles.

"Now that you are in, what d'ye want?" Walter asked shortly.

"Wanted to see you. Waited till you got back. Come right up so's time wouldn't be lost."

"What's your business?" Walter demanded.

"Go right ahead and eat. I'll talk while you're eatin'." He pulled a chair to the table, and sat, leaning his elbows on the cloth. Walter glowered, James eyed him passively.

"It's about the mill," said Knuckles.

"What about the mill? I don't see as the mill's any of your affair."

"I cal'late to tell you—you hold your horses," said Knuckles. "Don't let me upset your appetite."

The pantry door opened and the housekeeper appeared with a tray, advancing to Walter's chair. "Here's Eunice's supper," she said. Walter hesitated the fraction of a second, then arose and took it from her. Omitting the graciousness of asking to be excused he stepped to and through the door and disappeared into the hall. Knuckles stiffened, sat erect, then leaped to his feet and followed. James did not stir; he appeared not to be interested.

At the foot of the curved stairway Knuckles overtook Walter. "I'm in a hurry," he said. "I cal'late Eunice can wait a few minutes."

Walter halted, his eyes furtive, and made as if to push his way upward. Knuckles reached out and lifted the tray from Walter's hands, the sheer surprise of the man making it possible.

"You can take this up after a while," Knuckles said, and returned to the dining room, where he placed the tray within arm's reach, quietly seating himself again.

"You get to thunder out of here," Walter blustered. "Coming into a man's house and snatching trays out of his hands! For a cent we'd throw you out on your ear." He looked to James for support, but James seemed to be paying no attention whatever. "Say your say and get out," Walter finished lamely.

(Continued on Page 129)

Now ~ There's No Excuse for Shabby Tops

Save money, save worry, save your top — and beautify it, too — with Duro Gloss

IT USED TO BE that dull, dead tops were just as inevitable as death and taxes. No matter how hard you tried to keep a top looking new and lustrous, it just couldn't be done. There was nothing to do with it... But today, it's different—the dull, dead top is a *neglected* top. For now with *Duro Gloss* Top Finish tops can be kept like new, both in appearance and service.

Duro Gloss transforms shabby tops overnight to sparkling, lustrous beauty—and protects them from destruction. It is not a dressing, but a *finish*—the same finish used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material.

Duro Gloss is easily applied with a brush, is impervious to heat and cold—and never gives a "done-over" appearance.

Nearly every garage, accessory store or trim shop has *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, in convenient cans, and you can easily apply it yourself. Or, if you prefer, any good trim shop, paint shop or service station will apply it for you. If your dealer does not have *Duro Gloss*, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Canadian Representatives: Colonial Traders, Ltd., Chatham, Ontario

Other *Duro Gloss* Products

Duro Gloss
Guaranteed Top Material
—If your top is so far gone that *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, cannot restore it—then you need a new top. Specify *Duro Gloss* Top Material, *guaranteed* to give complete satisfaction. Your trimmer can get it readily from his jobber. If material *should* fail to give satisfaction, we will replace the top at our expense.

Duro Gloss Top Patching
—for torn automobile tops.

Duro Gloss
Rubber Raincoat Fabric
—dependable quality in smart, attractive colors. Look for the *Duro Gloss* label in your next raincoat.

Duro Gloss
The Top Finish

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *DURO GLOSS TOP MATERIAL*

The Moto Meter Company *Inc.*

Announces

An amazing new motor

Hot, intensive spark for easy starting. Spark gap set cold at 15 thousandths; gap gauge, exactly 15 thousandths thick, furnished with every Moto Meter Spark Plug.

Ordinary spark plug has no self-adjusting gap feature; its fixed gap is necessarily a compromise, unvarying for starting and running.

Heat-responsive, bi-metal strip used exclusively on Moto Meter Spark Plugs opens spark gap instantly to 30 thousandths, proper running gap.

the MOTO METER SPARK PLUG

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

principle in ignition . . .

. . . *A Spark Plug with a self-adjusting spark gap*

For years, it has been the dream of automotive engineers to produce a spark plug embracing the principle of a variable spark gap; ignition specialists have long appreciated the advantage of a *short gap for starting* and a *wide gap for running*. In an attempt to meet both conditions, spark gaps have been set at a mean average—a compromise. Naturally, with but one fixed spark gap, two varying conditions—running and starting—cannot be similarly treated.

The Moto Meter Company, Inc., pioneers in the development and perfection of motor heat indicators, now offers the most significant contribution to motor ignition since the invention of the self-starter—the Moto Meter Spark Plug. With its self-adjusting spark gap, new process insulator, and many other distinctive features, it represents the greatest advance in spark plug design in *20 years*.

Engine performance is directly dependent upon spark plugs—with Moto Meter Spark Plugs you get a super-ignition service at a cost virtually that of ordinary plugs. Install a set of Moto Meter Spark Plugs—make your own tests and comparisons—we know you will agree it is a *real* achievement. And remember—the Moto Meter Spark Plug is designed, built and tested with the same care that has helped create public confidence in the Boyce Moto Meter and all Moto Meter products.

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., Long Island City, N. Y.
THE MOTO METER CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ont.

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this company

Factories also in England, France, Australia and Germany

Makers of the Boyce Moto Meter

TODAY ON THE RADIATOR CAPS OF MORE THAN 10,000,000 MOTOR CARS

Quick, Easy Starting

Whether your motor is stone cold, or just stopped—the 15 thousandths spark gap gives a hot, intensive spark and starts the engine the minute you press your foot on the starter. Its performance is unfailing.

Added Running Power

When your engine starts and before you can throw the clutch into low gear, the spark gap opens from 15 thousandths to 30 thousandths, thus doubling the length of the spark and giving a fat, strong spark for smooth running. This increased gap is constant while the motor is in operation.

Stops Draining of Battery

When you press your foot on the starter, a great amount of current is being used to turn the engine; as a consequence, very little finds its way through the ignition coil that supplies the current to jump the spark gap. In starting, a battery may lose 40% of its efficiency—a reduced voltage just when most needed. Logically, with such a condition a small spark gap is desirable, to insure quick ignition and prevent drain on the battery.

More Perfect Combustion

A rich mixture, such as is had when the choke is pulled for starting, is slow burning and requires an intensive spark to ignite; with a weak spark, the spark plugs are either wet from condensed gasoline or fouled with carbon from a few weak explosions of a rich, sooty mixture. The Moto Meter Plug, with its hot, intensive starting spark, ignites the mixture instantly; then the gap opens to 30 thousandths, insuring perfect combustion. You get every last ounce of power from the gas—speedier pick-up, more punch and *it can be throttled down*.

For All Makes of Cars

Moto Meter Spark Plug is made in twelve different combinations of thread sizes and firing pin lengths. Dealers know the proper plugs for various cars. Terminal posts have two continuous thread sizes; can be used with any type of terminal nut.

CONVINCE YOURSELF BY THIS SIMPLE TEST

Take a lighted match, or candle, and hold the thermostatic electrode in the flame—you can actually see the heat-responsive action of the bi-metal electrode open the gap to 30 thousandths. The spark gap is never open above 30 thousandths regardless of quantity of heat applied. When you consider the intense heat of an engine that is developed instantly, you can appreciate the quick action of the heat-responsive element used in the Moto Meter Spark Plug.

Batteries are the best supply unit for delivering a pure, non-pulsating direct current, which is essential to better reception. There are no gaps in the flow of such current.

For Better Radio Reception

RADIO engineers agree that for the best reception the "B" power unit should have as little internal resistance as possible.

Otherwise signals are liable to be distorted in amplifying and the music will sound unnatural. Leading engineers have also discovered that no other "B" power units possess as little internal resistance as Ray-O-Vac batteries. By actual tests, they show only from 1/6 to 1/3 as much internal resistance as other "B" batteries.

That is why Ray-O-Vacs are the choice of radio experts and of people who want undistorted reception.

BUT all radio owners who have used Ray-O-Vac batteries have noticed that they are inexpensive, too—because of their unusual *staying power*. Ray-O-Vacs have always shown exceptional endurance under heavy duty, and their electrical leakage when idle is almost negligible. After using, they begin rapidly to rebuild their strength the instant the current is turned off.

Now a new type of construction has been worked out by the Ray-O-Vac engineers that adds from 10% to 15% *still more staying power* to these long-life batteries.

The old-style battery did not always give all its strength in service. With the first break in a cell, a short circuit was likely to occur which would drain the current whether the battery was in use or not. The battery wasted its strength.

EACH individual cell is now housed in a waterproofed carton that checks the escape of the electrolyte and its consequent contact with other cells. Hence short circuits are less apt to occur, and the battery gives all its strength in service. The electrolyte and zinc in each cell are more completely used up and the life of the battery is therefore increased by from 10% to 15%.

WITH *low internal resistance* insuring better reception and increased *staying power* radically cutting down operating costs, Ray-O-Vac batteries represent unequalled quality and economy. Hundreds of thousands of radio owners know it, too, *for twice as many of these batteries are in use today as there were one year ago!*

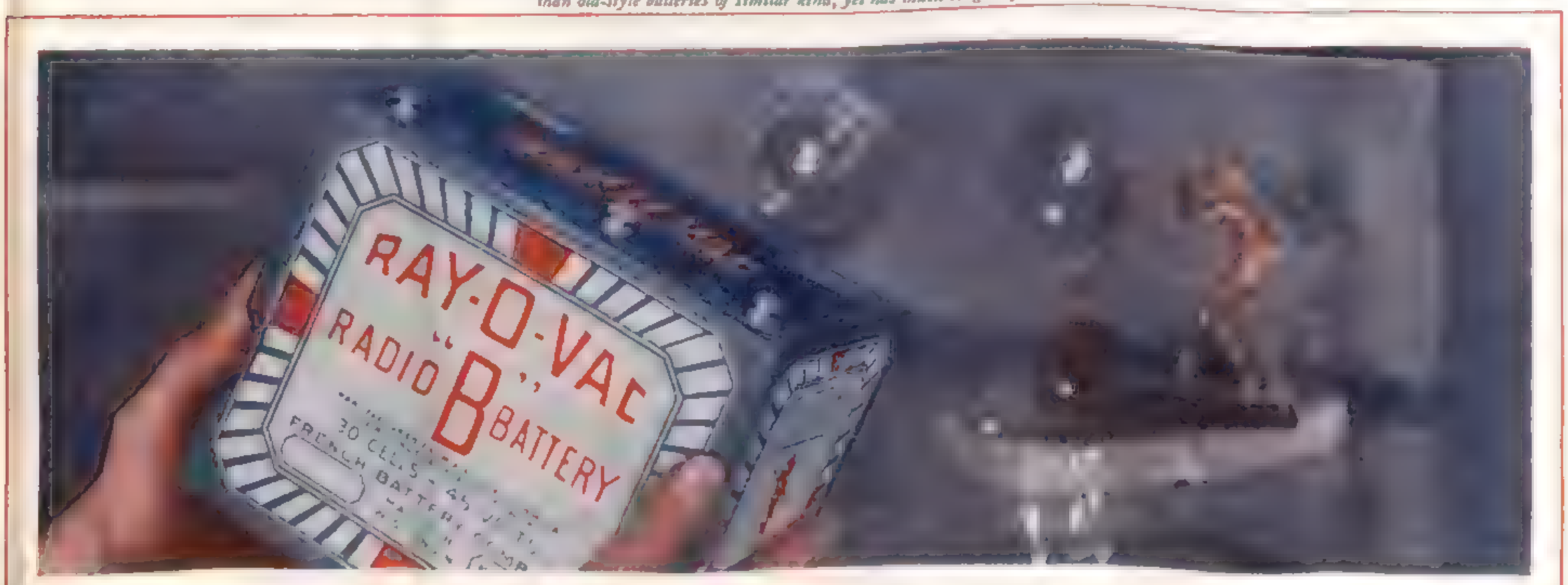
But the internal resistance and staying power in a radio battery are something that your voltmeter cannot tell you. Your only assurance is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs by name and to find the Ray-O-Vac label on the battery itself (see illustration).

These better batteries are sold everywhere by the leading dealers in radio supplies. If you have any difficulty in getting them, write us.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Makers of Ray-O-Vac "A," "B" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries.

Below is the famous Master Ray-O-Vac 45-volt "B" battery No. 9303 especially recommended for sets with four or more tubes. Note the pitchless top—the result of a new type of construction. This battery weighs four pounds less than old-style batteries of similar kind, yet has much longer life!



(Continued from Page 124)

"I'm in charge down to the mill," Knuckles said.

"What?"

"There's my authority," Knuckles said, tossing across the paper. Walter read it and sneered.

"Not much good," he said.

"It'll do till something better turns up. And so I came up to talk things over and see if maybe we couldn't get to the root. I don't want to take any unwarranted action."

"Such as?" Walter demanded, feeling the ground more secure under his feet.

"You and James getting through," said Knuckles.

Walter smiled unpleasantly. "I cal'late to do what hiring and firing is done," he said. "Cross doesn't count—not now. I bought the mill last night. The deal's closed."

"Um—mebby," said Knuckles. "Anyhow we got to talk. There's the People's Lumber Company in Boston."

"What's that?"

"I wondered if you knew. It's a company that James owns. Retail lumber. Uh-huh. James holds all the stock in his name."

"What's this?" Walter said, swinging to his brother; but James continued to address himself to his soup.

"You ran high to Number 3 Common," said Knuckles. "We kind of got to the reason for it. The mill was shipping prime stuff to James' company and billing it as low-grade. Kind of profitable, seems as though."

Walter frowned; he frowned at James. "You imply that my brother has been ——"

"—— swindlin' the company. Looks so, Walter. . . . And then Cross got hurt. Kind of timely. And James was right on the spot, and Latzo was on top of the pile. And then Latzo up and disappears after James has a talk with him. Makes things look black for James."

"James —— You can't get away with this kind of talk, Knuckles. I know you and your father hate us. Don't sit there like a bump on a log, James, and let him practically accuse you of—trying to kill Cross."

"Better listen, I guess," James said imperturbably.

"Then there was the check—signed with James' name—that paid Latzo for whatever it paid him for. A thousand dollars."

Walter was staring at his brother now—staring at him and drawing back from him a little. "James—you didn't—this is a pack of lies, isn't it? Say something. Can't you say something?"

"Not to speak of," said James.

"You—you're not admitting it!"

"Let's keep on listenin'," said James.

"It looks pretty black for James," Knuckles said, "but I got to have it made clear James was in it alone."

"You don't imply that I——"

"I don't imply anythin'—only I was wonderin' why folks in Boston, when they were shown James' picture, didn't recognize him—even folks in his own office. And why, when they were shown your picture, they kept on insistin' it was James."

Walter gripped the arms of his chair; his eyes glowed now with an unpleasant fire; his round cheeks seemed suddenly to have lost their rotundity and to have taken on an unsightly color between white and gray.

"Which," said Knuckles, "would make that check to Latzo from the People's Lumber Company come from you, and not James."

Knuckles glanced at James now; that young man's brown eyes were dark now, and troubled; but there was no alarm in them, only something which seemed to Knuckles like grief.

"If," said Knuckles, "James got convicted of somethin' and sent off, you 'n' Eunice would be all the' was left. But Eunice made one too many, even then."

"You—you're crazy. I don't know what James has done, but I—you can't ——"

"Wa-al," said Knuckles, "I can prove what you egged the Young Doc to talk about 'tother night. I can prove how interested you was in poison."

James drew a breath and leaned sharply forward.

"I can prove you was curious to find out how much would kill a person, and how much another person could take—and come through alive. . . . Listenin', James? Seems as though you ought to."

"I'm listening."

"Now if three folks are in a house, and two of 'em are poisoned, and one dies and one gets well, why, it's the third one gets suspected. Wouldn't you say so?"

"I would say so," said James gravely.

"And if there was outside evidence he was a crook, and tried to kill Warren Cross, and all, it would make it look bad for him."

"Pretty bad," said James.

"But the last isn't going to happen. Two folks aren't going to be poisoned—not while I keep within reach of this tray. You can eat your own dish if you got appetite for it, Walter, but I cal'late to keep this tray by me till the chemist finds strychnine in it. And that's that. What you cal'late to do, Walter?"

Walter sat mouthing, glaring, gripping the arms of his chair in a terror that made him voiceless. The thing had come too suddenly, been too complete; and where solid ground had sustained him, now opened a bottomless abyss. He made sounds.

James leaned across the table. "Officer of the law?" he asked.

"No," said Knuckles.

"Killing a man," said James, "isn't the worst crime—even poisoning. Stealing and cheating—they hardly seem to count. But it's pretty bad when a brother goes to lay such crimes on a brother—and just for money." Knuckles was silent. "But, just the same, he's my brother—half of him. He's got the same name. And it would be sort of terrible for a girl having folks know she had that kind of a brother."

"Seems as though," said Knuckles.

"You got to the finish of it before I did," said James. "But I had double work. It was almost more than anybody could manage to undo what he did—and protect him too. I couldn't give up my brother, could I?"

"I cal'late you get it from your mother's side," said Knuckles. "I hear tell she was a fine woman."

"Cross won't die," said James.

"No."

"He's stopped from doing more."

"Yes."

"Then what'll satisfy you? Seeing you're no sworn officer of the law ——"

"Stoppin' ain't enough. He's got to give back."

"I'll see to that."

"Seems like he ought to be punished some."

"What if he was to be given a night of time—till morning, say—and a thousand dollars to help him on his way? Walter loves money. Having none will be a sore hurt."

"There's the mill," said Knuckles.

"He will assign the papers to you."

"Kind of in trust till we look around," said Knuckles.

"And he wouldn't come back—or use our name—or make himself remembered to us—ever. That would have to be part of it. Does it satisfy you?"

"I'm satisfied."

James leaned across the table. "Walter," he said in a quiet voice, but one which Knuckles never would forget, "you are going away. You are going to do all I have said. You are never coming back. Not for fear of the law, Walter, but for fear of me. I've endured past enduring. If ever you set foot within a hundred miles of me, or write me, or let me hear of you—then I'll find you, Walter, and, brother or no brother, I'll kill you with my hands."

Walter glanced from one to the other wolfishly. It was the end; he was caught and there was no escape; but it was better than he had dared to hope—better than they knew. Money! He sneered an inward secret sneer. Turn him loose in the world with no name and a thousand dollars to see him on his way! He gritted his teeth to hold back the elation which might have sown suspicion had it appeared on his face. . . . They didn't know! The trunk—the trunk Latzo guarded ignorant of its content. And its content was a fortune in untraceable currency.

He struggled to his feet. "Then—I can go?" he said with difficulty.

What must be done by way of signing and signatures was completed. Walter moved toward the door. James turned his back and stared through a window at the blackness of the night.

"I suppose," Walter said, unable to keep a sneer from his voice, "I can have my own car to travel in"

"Take everything," James said without turning, "which will remind us you ever lived."

When James faced the room again Walter was gone. Knuckles stood staring at the floor, nor did he lift his eyes as James stepped toward him and touched his arm.

"We're obliged—Eunice and I," he said. That was all.

As for Walter, he backed out his car, and driving recklessly as he had never driven before, as it had never been in him to drive, he sped to the covered bridge. There he took to his feet and stumbled through the darkness of the forest for what seemed to him torturing, interminable hours, until he breasted the hill upon which stood abandoned Camp 6. Panting and exhausted he threw open the door and called, "Latzo! Latzo!"

The lumberjack stirred in his bunk, rolled savagely to his feet and struck a light. "What you doin' here?"

"I came for my trunk. I've got to go away. Help me to the car with my trunk."

"Huh! Kind of a hurry!" Latzo held the lamp so it shone upon Walter's features, and needed no man to tell him Walter was a fugitive, hunted, bewildered. "They ketched ye, eh? And you and your trunk! Wa-al, I got money comin'. If you're runnin' I got to run too."

"You'll get yours when we make the car. It's there. Where's the trunk?"

"There hain't no trunk," said Latzo.

"What?" The word was shrill, almost a screech. Walter clawed at Latzo's arm.

"Look me over," Latzo said. "Think I look this way nat'ral? That wildcat brother of yourn done it—and he's got the trunk."

Reason departed from Walter; he mouthed and cursed; he clawed at Latzo, who pushed him off with a snarl; he uttered words which had better have been left unuttered, and among them were these:

"They cheated me! James knew—and he sent me off with a thousand dollars—to live, and with a thousand dollars! Every cent! Me—with a thousand dollars!" He laughed terribly and slapped his pocket. "A thousand dollars!"

Latzo blinked. "Thousand dollars, eh? Better'n a b'ile on the neck." And he grinned.

When the man Latzo came out of the door, dawn was beginning to break in the east. There was sufficient light so that he could pause to count the roll of bills which his hand clutched.

A thousand dollars! He turned away to the southward, beating into the woods which he was well able to traverse, and vanished.

No second man came through the door. . . . Dawn became morning and morning became noon—and the door did not open. Night descended, and it was very still, dreadfully still.

XXIV

JAMES and Knuckles stood in the dining room, nor did they speak again until the sound of Walter's car had disappeared in the distance. Then Knuckles lifted his eyes. "Eunice," he said.

Continued on Page 131

The HOOKLESS FASTENER REPLACES

buttons
snaps
laces
buckles
hooks & eyes

THIS modern, quick, sure method of fastening saves time and temper and overcomes the annoyance of lost buttons, torn-out buttonholes, broken buckles, straps and laces and bent or insecure snaps, hooks and eyes.

The HOOKLESS Fastener is especially adapted for use on overshoes and hunting boots, union suits and overalls, children's leggings and play-suits, sweaters and athletic wear, luggage and hand-bags, gloves, golf-bags, tobacco pouches, garment-bags and dozens of other articles in everyday use.

It ALWAYS WORKS—just an easy pull to open or close—and it fastens securely. Flexible, durable and absolutely rustproof, it launders with perfect safety.

The HOOKLESS trademark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

Write us for information regarding any article using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville, Pennsylvania
In Canada:
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD.,
St Catharines, Ontario

The HOOKLESS registered trademark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes.

Best gift of the "Electric 'Twenties"

The KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

You will surely rank it *first* amongst all the labor-saving conveniences which, in these "Electric 'Twenties," have given new leisure, health and happiness to millions of American women.

It is the sink that washes the dishes for you—electrically, easily, swiftly, perfectly! Surely there are few material things which offer so much that is worth having. A *three-times-a-day blessing*—that is the Kohler Electric Sink.

It is not solely the gift of effortless dishwashing that sets apart this modern sink. Many long-awaited improvements in the sink proper testify that this fixture was designed, from first to last, to please the women who will use it.

You may choose the Kohler Electric Sink for your home from among several sizes and types. Convenient partial payments make possible the satisfaction of *immediate* possession.

Ask your plumber about the Kohler Electric Sink—and about other Kohler Plumbing Fixtures, quite as admirable in their way, for the bathroom, kitchen, and laundry. And mail the coupon below.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. • *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send descriptive literature as checked.
☐ Kohler Electric Sink
☐ Other Kohler Plumbing Fixtures
Name _____
Address _____

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 129)

"Upstairs," said James. "Her disposition ain't so good. No. Too kind of reckless, she was, and she'd found out something, and—we just had to keep her quiet."

"I wouldn't have been so uneasy," Knuckles said, "if I'd known about you."

James shot a quick glance at Knuckles' face. "Uneasy?" he asked.

Knuckles returned the look directly. "I want Eunice," he said. "Object?"

"No," said James. And then: "I hated to do it—she don't forgive easily—but I couldn't have her runnin' around."

"She'd have told me what she knew—next time," said Knuckles.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," James said. "What she knew is at the Cross house. I'll come there at nine; there's things to arrange. . . . Want to see Eunice?"

"Hain't ready—yet," said Knuckles. "'Night."

At nine o'clock they met in the Cross parlor. James had arrived first and was in significant talk with Sarah when Knuckles arrived. She spoke to Knuckles, let her hand brush James' shoulder as she stood up and left the room, and Knuckles smiled comprehendingly.

"Um," he said.

"That was on my mind, too," James said. "Kind of crowded, seems as though. . . . I put it in the hall closet. Just a moment."

He appeared presently bearing the little trunk. "Eunice saw into this—that's why," he said. "Walter took the keys. We'll have to pry it open."

It was accomplished with as little sound as possible, and Knuckles stood with puckered brow, looking down at the contents.

"How's this fit in?"

"It's what Walter made out of the People's Lumber Company—and more besides. Gouged here and there from Eunice and me. It makes things easy. One of us'll have to go settle with the Consolidated. I guess an audit of the books in Boston'll show how much is theirs. I want they should be paid every penny."

"I'll go," said Knuckles. "Um—what about the mill?"

They eyed each other in silence. "I can't run a mill," James said. "Not the business or the manufacturing end. It isn't my work. I couldn't bear bein' shut up. But ——"

"I could," said Knuckles. "Um—a Perrigo and a Knuckles! . . . Manufacturin' end. . . . But there's Cross."

"I was thinking about him. How's he fixed?"

"No idea. But he'd be handy. Run the office and the sales and the business end. Maybe we could rig up a deal."

"We'll put it up to him. And anyhow you and I can go ahead and buy. . . . You better do the dickering."

"I'll go to New York tomorrow," Knuckles said.

"Maybe the Cross family won't want to stay here."

"One of 'em will," said Knuckles, with a brightness in his eye, "if I'm any judge."

"Sarah stays," said James. "We better get that trunk to the bank. . . . Um—here comes Eunice." He glanced sidewise at Knuckles. "I'm goin' to find Sarah."

Eunice flung out of the car and ran up the steps; at sight of Knuckles she paused and frowned.

"I'm keeping house," he said gravely. "Step right in."

"Ah," she said a little tremulously, "what is it all about? What does everything mean?" Her eyes opened wide. "Oh, there's the trunk."

"There's the trunk," he said flatly.

"And where—where is Walter?"

"Walter—Walter kind of decided to go away. Um—he won't be back. . . . You look here, Eunice, it's just as well if you don't know everything—mebby some better—so long's you know everythin's all right."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

"And James?"

"James and I," said Knuckles, "cal'late to be business partners. I don't know a man I'd trust farther than James."

"I'm so glad," she said, and dropped her eyes. "I—I wanted one honest brother."

A brief silence fell. Knuckles was searching for words, and words did not come easy to him. "You've always disliked me sort of special," he said.

"Well ——"

"And you've been plain-spoken about it."

"That was before ——" She lifted eyes, which for once were serious, neither reckless nor angry nor jeering.

"I never disliked you," said Knuckles.

"No?"

"I don't believe in goin' at a thing haphazard, nor slapdash."

"You wouldn't," she said, with a smile not innocent of mischief.

"That's why I'm kind of leadin' up."

"Leadin' up to what?"

"To askin' if I could come and see you."

"And call? You —— Why, yes."

"And take you out ridin'?"

She wrinkled her eyes and pursed her lips. "Ah Knuckles, what are you trying to get at?"

"What I'm gettin' at is," he said very awkwardly indeed, "that I'd like to come pretty often, and all."

"You want to keep steady company with me?" she asked, her eyes overrunning with laughter.

"Somethin' like that."

She nodded. "Object matrimony?"

Knuckles' ears grew red and redder. "Wa-al, it's kind of premature to talk about that," he said, "but I own up it's what I had in mind."

She pretended to consider it judiciously. "I'll tell you," she said; "suppose you come around tonight and we'll try it out. And I'll go riding with you tomorrow."

"I got to go to New York," he interrupted.

"Then I won't go riding with you tomorrow, but when you can spare me the time."

He scented irony in this, but did not know exactly where it lay. "Why," he said, "I cal'late to spare you a lot of time—if you'll put up with me."

"Ah," she said, touching his sleeve lightly with her fingers, "something tells me I'm going to be able to put up with you quite comfortably. . . . And there's Sarah and James."

Warren Cross continued to improve rapidly; in a week he was allowed out for a drive, and his progress was made pleasant by the greetings of Barchester. People he did not know smiled at him pleasantly, mere acquaintances congratulated him and shook his hand.

His appearance was a public event. He could not but be aware of the good will which showered upon him; nor could Janet, as she sat by his side.

"They act as if they were really glad to see me out," Warren said happily.

"They—everybody has been awfully kind."

"See the hills," he said, "with the sun on them. I can almost smell them. I wish I could drive near enough to the mill to smell sawdust."

"There's Henry Bridge. We must stop. He's —— I don't know what I'd have done without Kitty. And Henry's just living for the day when he can give you what he calls your coming-out party."

Warren smiled and shook his bandaged head. "Good folks. . . . Something about them." His voice dragged off into comfortable silence. Again and again Janet saw his eyes brighten as hands waved to him; there was Doc Lowrie and Mandy Hewitt and Larry Fox and fat old Mrs. Paget, whom he did not know at all, but who waved wildly a red parasol.

"Who's that?"

"Some kind of an aunt of our cook's," Janet said, with a smile which was not condescending. "Widow of the bank president."

"Gosh!" said Warren.

Presently they came home again, and saw on the front stoop James Perrigo and Knuckles, who arose and came down to the car to open the door and help Warren out.

"Old Doc said we could talk business today," said Knuckles.

"The way I feel," said Warren, "you could talk theosophy. Go ahead."

"It's about the mill," Knuckles said, when Warren was made comfortable on the sofa. "Got any plans?"

Warren's face fell; he glanced at Janet and then turned his eyes away. "I suppose I'll be going back. The firm is holding my old job for me." He put on a cheerful smile. "Yes, I'll be going back soon now. Then you can ride all day on a Subway train, Janet."

"Um—James and I have bought the mill."

"No! I heard it was to be sold back. I'm glad—that's fine."

"James'll run the woods end and I'm going to make a fist of the manufacturing, but that kind of leaves the office and sales and that part danglin'."

"Oh, you'll manage that."

"We thought maybe you'd manage that," said Knuckles.

"Me?"

"To be sure. We don't want to pry into your business any, but the three of us as partners, ownin' share and share alike ——"

"What?"

"Be good money in it for everybody. . . . But I cal'late you'll be wantin' to get back to New York."

"But—a third share! How much? I haven't a great deal of money—only twelve or fifteen thousand I've scrimped and saved."

"And that twenty-five thousand of mine," said Janet, and bit her lip.

"What?"

"Let's see. That's forty thousand. Um—balance could be fixed up at the bank, all right. But, as you say, you don't want to stay here ——"

Warren looked at Janet and as quickly withdrew his eyes. She stood up and walked to Warren's side and let her hand touch his forehead. "I—I don't want to go back," she said. "I—I want to stay here." Warren moistened his lips and stared. "I —— Oh, there's Aunt Hat and the Old Doc and—and Kitty and Edna Fox and—and everybody that kept sending in things and being so—so good. They're all here. And if we went back there wouldn't be—be anybody but ambulances and—and hospitals like barracks and cut flowers with a card in the box! I—I don't care what anybody says—I don't care—I want to stay here!"

Warren's eyes glowed; he lifted himself on his elbow and his face was radiant. "But the theaters and the shops and—and everything."

"I—I want to stay here," Janet said, and then added another phrase: "With folks."

Warren was erect now.

"Boys," he said eagerly—"boys, if we can pull it off—if the bank is willing—it's a deal."

James spoke for the first time. "Kind of a family deal," he said diffidently. "There's Sarah and I ——"

"What?"

"Sarah was—was goin' to stay here anyhow," he said.

"I'll—be—darned! Sarah, of all folks!" He waggled his head. "She's a—a flapper!"

James' brown eyes twinkled. "And Knuckles here—he's hangin' around our front stoop so much I use the back door. And Eunice don't even make a motion to drive him off."

"Gosh," said Warren, "what a set of brothers-in-law!"

Knuckles cleared his throat. "Um," he said, and then, resembling his father in that his lips scarcely moved as he spoke: "This all's come out full better'n I looked for in the commencement."

(THE END)

Build this Supercedar Storage Closet in your attic!

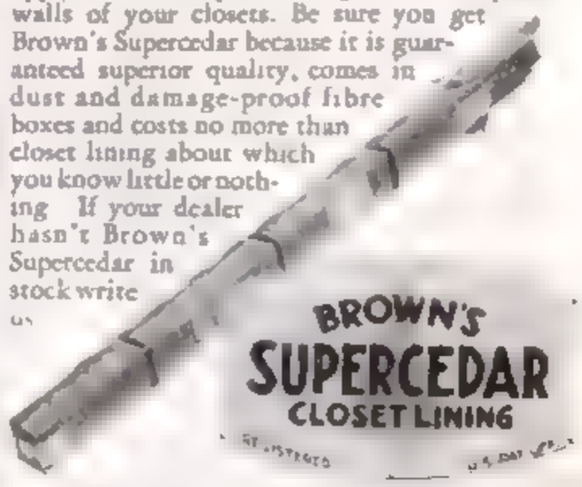
Plans and specifications sent FREE

Thousands of families now have cedar storage closets in their attics. The cost of building one is within the means of every household—moths can cost you a great deal more in a single season. We will send you the plans and specifications drawn by a leading firm of architects, your lumber dealer can furnish the Supercedar closet lining and other materials; any good carpenter can build it quickly; and thereafter you are assured maximum protection against the moth

Brown's Supercedar closet lining is made of genuine "Tennessee" aromatic red cedar by the world's largest manufacturer of that most wonderful wood. The aroma of Supercedar, so pleasant to you, suffocates the moth worm that would devour your woolens, silks and furs.

PROTECT YOUR HOME AGAINST THE HUNGRY MOTH!!

If you do not build a Supercedar storage closet in the attic you should at least have one or more of your bedroom closets lined with Supercedar at once. Don't take chances. The moth comes uninvited, lays its eggs in woolen garments, silks and furs so that when the larvae (worms) hatch out they will have food at hand. One moth worm can utterly ruin a fifty dollar overcoat in a week! Call your lumber dealer at once; have him tell you how easy it is to apply Brown's Supercedar right over the present walls of your closets. Be sure you get Brown's Supercedar because it is guaranteed superior quality, comes in dust and damage-proof fibre boxes and costs no more than closet lining about which you know little or nothing. If your dealer hasn't Brown's Supercedar in stock write us.



Do you want these Books & Circulars?

We have booklets and pamphlets that will tell you all about Supercedar and will gladly send them if you will indicate whether you are a home owner, architect, builder, carpenter or dealer.

Please Address

GEORGE C. BROWN & CO., Inc.
Supercedar Department MEMPHIS, TENN
Largest Manufacturers of Tennessee Aromatic Red Cedar in the World

Two Thin Lead
BLAISDELLS
For one thin dime
Means a revelation
For you
And a convert
For us—
First you get the
Samples,
Then you get
The habit!

SEND 10¢ for mailing costs on booklet, "Efficiency Uses for Colored Pencils" and two instant-sharpening, non-wasting Thin Lead Blaisdells (one Red, one Blue). Ideal for fine line checking and writing with the strongest, smoothest, thin, colored leads made.

Blaisdell Pencil Co.
Dept. P12, Phila., Pa.

Blaisdell
PAPER PENCILS
In Thick and Thin Leads

"Everything has been attended to"—

will YOU hear these comforting words wherever you travel in Europe?

Will you spend most of your time on your coming trip to Europe worrying about railroad tickets, hotel reservations, etc., or will you *enjoy every minute of the trip* and leave these details to the experienced guidance of American Express escorts?

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Escorted Tours—$330 to $2030

—and the cost can be regulated to approximate the amount you wish to spend. Even the most expensive trip assures the constant ever-ready high-grade and courteous service that is characteristic of the American Express, at an all-inclusive price.

The five booklets listed below describe these interesting tours in detail—total expense guaranteed and all accommodations clearly shown. Fill out coupon for one or all today.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Department
65 Broadway, New York

Always Carry American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Foreign Conducted Tours, Dept. B
New York, N. Y.

Please send booklets giving details of tours as checked below.

☐ Limited Expense Tours—Summer Months $330 up
☐ Special Summer Tours—$712 to $1200
☐ Six Weeks Vacation Tours—$712. *Fast express steamers*
☐ Quality Tours, Spring and Summer—$1200 up
☐ Scandinavian Tour—North Cape Cruise—$1200 up

Name

Address

City *State*

THE MARINE AND MARGARET

(Continued from Page 11)

to wipe it off, then threw it away, muttering something about smoke going down the wrong way—rope—cabbage—never buy another of that brand, and so forth.

"Little strong for yeh?" inquired the clerk. "Got some other brands if you'd like to change. . . . Yes, as I was sayin', she owns the bank. Owns most o' the town too. Her father died and left her some of it, and she wriggled around an' bought here an' sold there, and first thing a man knew, she had the rest of it. Smart girl. There's talk she'll sue the oil company. If she does, it'll cost 'em a pretty penny."

Mr. Purtle made his excuses and abruptly took his departure. He walked across the square, scuffing the piles of fallen leaves. He looked into the fountain and watched the great fat pampered fish sluggishly swimming there. Meanwhile his mind feverishly revolved the facts of the case: Liability, unquestioned. Truck cases always were bad ones anyway. Witnesses, hostile, also plentiful. A farmer jury with a big corporation defending. Oh, man! And a twenty-thousand-dollar limit on the policy! It was his job to settle this case, to go to the injured person and by some magic power induce her to sign a release absolving the oil company from all further trouble and expense, in consideration of the payment of a sum equal to her hospital and doctor's bills. It was all very well for McClusky to sit in his den like a bear with a sore paw, and growl out orders to go out and sign up this one or that one for a couple of postage stamps and a paper of pins! Let him come into this neck of the woods, with everyone in town an eyewitness, and try to sew up a truck case, involving a fracture and deformity, with the injured person the owner of the bank! Purtle groaned, and leaning over the rail, looked hopelessly into the fountain again. His image there looked back at him.

Purtle looked again. H'm! He straightened up, rearranged his necktie and, removing his hat, smoothed down his hair. Miss Margaret Weatherbee, age twenty-eight. She owned the bank, did she? He looked at his cuffs. Immaculate, for he had changed his shirt that morning. His trousers were well pressed and his shoes glittered. Service in the marines had taught him to care for his clothes, and the habit of turning out for liberty all shined and polished had not yet worn off. Margaret Weatherbee, spinster, age twenty-eight. Well, well! He left the fountain and strolled up and down the street a few times. This was not a bad town, after all. A man could spend his life here very comfortably, especially if his wife owned half of it. And where could Margaret Weatherbee find a better man to share her—no, "share" wasn't the word—to manage her property for her? A young, strong, handsome man, active, alert, alive to all the tricks and subterfuges of a naughty world—he never could hold a job as a claim adjuster otherwise—a fighting veteran of the late war, and above all a marine! A soldier of the sea!

First ashore, first a-swimmin'!
First in the hearts of his country-wimmen!

There was no small-town girl ever born that could stand the combination! And no city girl either. He again removed his hat and smoothed down his hair. This thing was beginning to get good! He walked out of town as far as the high school, then went back the other way as far as the cemetery, and each time he passed the bank he paused and gave it a thorough inspection. It was a solid, well-built brick structure on the corner of two streets. The big plate-glass window bore the inscription, Bolterstown National Bank, and in the corner, in neat gold lettering, Safe Deposit Vaults, Commercial and Savings Accounts. Founded 1878. He stepped back a few paces and regarded it with his head slightly on one side. How well "Henry J. Purtle, President," would look there!

As Mr. Purtle had feared, they had roast beef and boiled potatoes for dinner at the hotel, but he would have eaten bully beef with gusto. He had had another thought. He could get away with a running start in this matter by telling the girl about her case. He would undertake to pay his own marriage portion with it. No, sir, he would not go to this girl empty-handed! First, a telegram to Sign-'Em-Up: "To hell with you! I've married the plaintiff." Next, slap a hundred-thousand-dollar suit on 'em. Then prepare the case for the plaintiff with all the care and skill with which he had prepared many a one for the defendant—a signed, ironclad statement from every witness, the ground measured, photographs taken, the mechanic from the garage to swear the brakes were faulty, and he had often said so, the chief of police to say the driver was a notorious speeder and had often been warned about his reckless driving ——

Oh, that case was in the bag already! A twenty-thousand limit on the policy and a rich corporation that could pay if the verdict ran over! And he, the husband of the plaintiff—he had a right of action too. His wife, she would be, with a crooked arm! He would walk across the court room, after the jury had brought in their verdict for the plaintiff for two hundred thou or so, and say to old Manning, the company's chief counsel, "Remember me, Mr. Manning? I used to work for your company. You bawled me out once for smoking in the elevator. Threatened to have me fired. I'm president of the bank here now." Ah, boy! Aha!

They had soggy apple pie for dessert, but Purtle ate it all and gave the waitress a quarter—a really generous thing, for he did not put it on the expense account. What should he, a bank president, have to do with padding swindle sheets? He bought three cigars after dinner and gave the clerk two, nor did he even write them down in the little book. He read the paper, went upstairs and changed his necktie, put his best silk handkerchief in his breast pocket, brushed his coat for the fifteenth time and took the road for the home of Margaret Weatherbee, spinster. He'd fix that spinster stuff!

The house, he had found by judicious inquiry, was just a short distance up Central Street. It was one of those wooden, three-story-and-a-half, cream-colored horrors of the last century, sharp-roofed, with an attempt at a tower on one corner and huge curved windows of plate glass. Miss Weatherbee lived here in lonely solitude, with an aunt of uncertain age, and a state girl to do the housework. The good claim adjuster, before he proceeds with the adjustment of a case, goes into all such little details. Purtle had discovered in addition, during the time between his first conference with the clerk and the present moment, that Miss Weatherbee was very partial to steak and was a never-failing attendant at the local movie house.

"Ah," muttered Purtle, "romantic, you see. Likes red meat and action films." He regretted that he could not appear before her in uniform.

The state girl answered the bell, and to his inquiry as to whether Miss Weatherbee was at home or not, gazed at him transfixed.

"Is Miss Weatherbee at home, and if she is, could I see her?" repeated Purtle.

The state girl made scratchy noises in her throat. The young man before her was a stranger, yet his neatly pressed suit, his faultlessly tied necktie, new gloves, silk handkerchief and glossy, curly, golden hair, marked him as above the book agent, sewing-machine salesman and life-insurance-solicitor class, and these gentry did not call on a Sunday either. She finally nodded her head dumbly and stood aside so that Purtle might enter. He went in, and by the time the state girl had shut the door she had recovered her speech, for she was able to lead Purtle into a side room.

"Hev a seat," she invited, then went in search of her mistress. Purtle knew that she inspected him long and earnestly through the crack in the door, but he paid

(Continued on Page 137)

"She Owns the Bank Here, You Know." "Huh?" Gasped Mr. Purtle

His Gift to you

This Handy Brush of 100 USES—

It saves you time and labor in many different ways. Keep it always handy. As it serves you, remember it is more than a brush. It is an expression of the Fuller Man's interest in helping you solve your many cleaning problems. He will give you one each time he calls. If he has not called lately, phone the Fuller office in your city, or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark

Fuller

Look for both!

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

© THE F B CO.

Beauty's Castile

a toilet soap that adds new virtues to the ancient goodness of Castile

WHAT woman who knows Castile has not longed for a Castile with the modern touch, a dainty, generously-lathering feminine toilet soap with all the matchless virtue of old Castile? And here it is; Doña Castile, the loveliest of all toilet soaps today.

COSTLIEST OF ALL SOAPS TO MAKE

WE COULD REPRODUCE THE FINEST OF IMPORTED CASTILE SOAP FOR CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN IT COSTS TO MAKE DOÑA CASTILE. TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE DOÑA IS THE COSTLIEST TO MAKE OF ALL PURE, UNSCENTED TOILET SOAPS

You will find Doña Castile infinitely bland and soothing to your skin, be it ever so delicate. Infinitely more sympathetic than any toilet soap you have ever used! There is nothing in Doña that is the least irritating—no artificial scent even, nothing but vegetable oil. The fragrance you love in Doña comes only from its pure ingredients.

And there is nothing in the world like olive oil to softly cleanse a woman's skin! And this is the secret of Castile; it is the reason why Castile has always been—and has always been acknowledged—the most beneficial toilet soap in the world. For six centuries this has been true—in fact since Castile was first made, in the province of Castilla in northern Spain.

Is there a woman who doesn't know it? Witness the fact that a woman rarely thinks of using anything else for the tender skin of her baby! True, she may not have used it for herself. Not because she questioned the virtue of Castile; but there were objections to it for her! For one thing, the old-fashioned Castile did not give generous quick lather—as Doña does, even in cold water! (Doña rinses instantly, too!) And again, Castile came in such weird, unattractive shapes—whereas Doña is beautifully molded for her hand, and "hard-milled" too, to make it last longer, which the old Castile never was.

So today millions of women are using Doña as a beauty soap, which, of course, is exactly what it is; and as a toilet soap for the whole household. For nobody who has once used Doña willingly uses anything else! Buy Doña wherever you buy your toilet soap. It costs ten cents. Armour, U. S. A.

Doña

Pronounced Don-ya

Castile was first made in Castilla, in northern Spain, six hundred years ago. It has been used ever since by the beauties of Spain, possessors of the most gorgeous complexions in Europe; and by the aristocracy of the whole world.

CASTILE

PURE OLIVE OIL GIVES DOÑA CASTILE ITS COLOR
FRAGRANCE AND DELICIOUS BLANDNESS FOR DELICATE SKINS

The BLUEBLOOD of the BLUES

BLUE is the elected Spring color. Blue that is debonair. Blue that is gay. Blue that harmonizes with Easter skies. Blue that is as becoming to every man as a smile. Blue is the color. Middishade is the name.

Middishade has styled blue in a way to make blue the style. Middishade is the authentic blue. Middishade is the great "buy" in blue. Middishade is the specialized blue--created by the world's "sergical specialists"--operating on blue serge suits only. Because "Every Middishade is a blue suit, but every blue suit isn't a Middishade," you'd better see that the label is there. Middistripe, too--same wonderful serge suit with a neat silk stripe.

Wouldn't you like to have the style pictures and name of nearest Middishade shop? Write!

The MIDDISHADE CO., *Inc.*
PHILADELPHIA

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

(Continued from Page 132)

no heed, being used to that sort of thing in his profession. When he was the master of that house, though, one of his first acts would be to return Flatface to the state that had loaned her.

There was a long wait. Feet moved upstairs, doors opened and shut, then silence.

"By the smell," thought Purtle, sniffing, "they had roast turk for dinner. They must be good feeders here." He thought regretfully of the pallid roast beef at the hotel. After all, a single man led a dog's life. A man was made to marry and have a home of his own.

There was a step on the stairs, the rustle of skirts in the hall, and a lady entered the room. Mr. Purtle rose.

"I wonder if I could see Miss Weatherbee for a minute," he said smilingly. "She doesn't know me, of course, but I think she will be glad to listen to me after I have explained the object of my visit. I'm not trying to sell anything, nor to collect money or anything like that."

"I am Miss Weatherbee," said the newcomer.

"Ah," thought Purtle, "this is the old-maid aunt. Of course her name is Weatherbee, and naturally she won't let her little cushy dove that owns half the town come down to see every cake-eater that comes ringing the doorbell. But seeing people that don't want to be seen, or that someone else doesn't want to be seen, is a daily part of the claim adjuster's duty. Slip the old girl a subtle compliment, a sugar-coated knock-out drop. Try that first."

"Yes, of course," said Purtle, smiling even more. "You are Miss Margaret Weatherbee. I've never met you, but I recognized you at once from the description."

"Now she'll grin and now she'll simper," thought Purtle, "and then she'll say, 'Oh, it's my niece you mean!'"

"Yes," agreed the newcomer, "I am Margaret Weatherbee. . . . Won't you sit down? What did you want to see me about?"

"No!" gasped Purtle, still clutching at straws. "But are you the Margaret Weatherbee that was run over by the truck?"

"I am," said Miss Weatherbee. "Do sit down."

Mr. Purtle groped behind him for the chair and sat down. In that one second all his bright dream was destroyed. Were she endowed with all the riches of the Indies, no man would marry Miss Weatherbee. Undoubtedly at one time she had been twenty-eight, but that must have been long ago. There was no trace of beauty in her face—even of comeliness. Even in the bloom of youth, and viewed with all charity and kindliness, she must have been very plain; and now she was even more so. She had brindle hair, drawn tightly back about her head and gathered into a pug; she wore an old-fashioned shirt waist with a high collar under her chin, held upright with strips of whalebone, and some kind of scratchy, rustling silk dress that dragged on the ground as she walked. Hence Purtle had at once assumed that she was the old-maid aunt.

But even as the ruins of his dream castle tumbled about his ears, he was thinking rapidly. His mind had lately been trained in a hard school, where he had had to keep his head and make his decisions with the shells hooting in his ears and the breeze from bullets stirring the hair on his head. Three-four seconds of panic and he had made his decision. He was a bank president no longer, but a claim adjuster, and here was a case that was going to take all his experience and cleverness to settle.

"You'll pardon my confusion," began Mr. Purtle, "but I am not used to breaking into people's houses this way. The fact is I am here on my vacation. I was passing through. I like Vermont, and at this time of year it's very beautiful; don't you think so? Well, in conversation at the hotel I learned that there had been an accident here in the summer and that you were injured. It's really none of my business, but as I am in some way—through relatives—interested in certain oil companies, I wondered if it was one of our trucks that was responsible."

"If you will go to the library here," said Miss Weatherbee, "they can find you a file of the local newspaper with the details in it."

"Yes, I realize that," smiled Purtle, "but that wouldn't do me any good. I don't want to read about these things in the papers, but I want to interview the people concerned. Was it the Asiatic Oil Company? It was? I feared it was. Now that's the company in which I am interested. We're starting out in a small way, competing with the big combines and having very hard sledding of it. How are we going to get along if our drivers go tearing about the country injuring people and antagonizing everyone? This is the thing that disquiets me, and that I'm going to bring to the attention of our directors."

"Well, I should think you'd better," said Miss Weatherbee. "This man that ran into me had been notorious around here for his reckless driving and a great many people had complained about it. Of course, now he's had his license taken away and doesn't drive any more, but the new one they had was almost as bad. I certainly stay indoors the day he goes through. It's only once in ten days now, instead of every two or three, as it is in summer, thank goodness."

"Now that's just the thing I'm interested in," said Purtle eagerly. "Now then tell me, did it seem to you that the brakes of this truck were faulty? Here, just let me write this down so that I won't forget it." He made a great show of hunting through his pockets for a piece of paper, and at last brought out some statement paper that the good adjuster carries always with him, as a good cop does his gun and badge.

Miss Weatherbee began to talk about the accident; she told all the details she could remember—where she first saw the truck and where she was then, how fast it was coming, did the driver blow a horn, what she did next and what the truck driver did next. Miss Weatherbee had not a very clear idea of anything. The truck, she said, seemed to leap on her like a lion on a lamb. That was all she remembered.

"We'll see about this sort of thing," said Purtle indignantly. "I promise you that when I return to Boston the fur will fly." He abruptly changed the subject. He had a good statement—unsigned, of course—but he was too good an adjuster to try to get this woman to sign a statement. It would take all his eloquence to get her to sign her name just once, and that once he wanted to be on a blue sheet of paper entitled, Release and Settlement of Claim.

He conversed some more about the weather, the Vermont scenery, the condition of the roads, and whether the boom in granite, the town's chief industry, would continue.

"I doubt it," said Miss Weatherbee. "It's temporary. The influenza epidemic quadrupled the demand for gravestones, but once that particular inflation has passed, the market will return to normal—even slump. The money in this town is in the farms. Food is high and will be higher. It's a market that's becoming less crowded every day. An increasing demand, no cut-throat competition and a product generally in use. People can do without tombstones and ornamented public buildings, but not without food. Then here in Vermont, you see, we have a winter crop that is highly valuable—our sugar. If we could only get some of these farmers to try a few modern methods of merchandising, Vermont, for her area, would be the richest state in the Union."

"She's begun to thaw," exulted Purtle. "Now if I can keep her going awhile——" Aloud he said, "Well, that's certainly interesting. But what do you mean by modern methods of merchandising? Coöperative selling, or something like that? I'm wondering perhaps if it wouldn't be a good place for me to invest a little spare money. I'd never thought of it before. Land and projects connected with the soil are the safest bets, I think."

Here was a subject that Miss Weatherbee could discourse on by the hour, and Purtle had guessed as much. He knew, as his vocation required him to, a little about everything. Sign-'Em-Up McClusky required that his adjusters should be qualified to talk with a farmer about his farm, a banker about his bank and a ragpicker about his rags. There is no surer way to a man's heart and a signed release than through conversation about the subject that a man likes best to talk upon. As for Purtle having any money to invest, he had just enough to keep him from one pay day to the day before the next one.

They talked for some time. After all, Miss Weatherbee did not see many strangers, especially young and handsome ones; and although she was rather old, she was not too old to miss the thrill of conversation with a member of the opposite sex, and he young and exceedingly attractive to a female eye. But just as he guessed that she was wishing he would stay longer, Purtle arose to go.

"I have enjoyed this afternoon very much," said he. "It has been very interesting. I really wish I could spend more time in the town. But I fear I shall have to move on tomorrow. . . . By the way, this is Sunday night. I'd like very much to go to church. Do they have services here?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Weatherbee. She mentioned the name of the church that she attended, which happened to be—what a coincidence!—the one that Purtle also attended.

"Now just where is the church located?" asked Purtle. "I always shrink, somehow, from going to a strange church. I don't know why I should. Perhaps it's because I always get in the wrong place, especially at night. I land in the Sunday-school room or the choir loft, or stand in the hall until everyone is in and the service begun; then I hate to go in, because everyone looks at me."

Miss Weatherbee made no sign, but held the room door open; then on opening the house door she coughed, it seemed nervously, several times. Purtle, however, had said good-by and passed out onto the porch before she managed to speak in a stifled voice and a little hurriedly.

"Perhaps, as you are a stranger in town, and as we both go to the same church, you would care to go with me this evening. If you wouldn't, please say so frankly. I offer only as I would to any stranger; but you said just now—that is, I was led to believe that you felt some hesitation in a strange church."

"Why, thank you so much!" exclaimed Purtle. "I would be delighted to accompany you. It's more than good of you to offer. Now at what time shall I call for you?"

She told him the time in a very stifled voice and Purtle then took his departure in earnest. He went directly to the hotel, and filling out a release form, all but the amount to be paid, folded it and put it in his pocket with the statement paper. From now on until that release was signed he would have it with him every waking moment. He then sat down and indited a letter to Sign-'Em-Up, in which he stated in substance that the marines had landed and had the situation well in hand.

Purtle went with Miss Weatherbee to church and remarked that she did not seem displeased at the many looks of astonishment she received from her fellow parishioners. Purtle accompanied her to her door afterward, and when he left her he had her acceptance of an invitation to drive out the next day and look over some of the better farms. They went; then he let things rest for a day; then he invited her to go to Barre with him and have supper. She accepted. After all, Purtle was a very entertaining talker; he was a city dweller, apparently a man of affairs, and he had not waited very long to tell her that he had

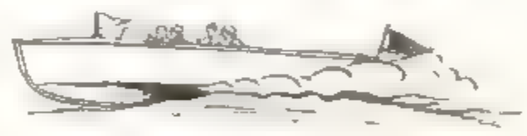
HAPPINESS Can BE BOUGHT

Jaded Nerves? Need exercise and fresh air? Very well.

In purchasing a Dodge Watercar you are buying youth. A Watercar brings health, companionship, freedom from business cares. It gives you, your family and guests the privilege of enjoying thousands of beautiful waterways. No dust, no congestion.

Experts consider the Dodge Watercar the best boat of its class regardless of price. Fast, reliable, safe, easy to drive. Designed by the world's most famous naval architect. Built by automobile quality-standardization methods with African mahogany, Virginia oak, bronze bolts, 7000 brass screws.

An ideal family boat; perfect for racing, fishing, picnics, errands, transportation at waterside home, yacht-club or summer camp.



Write for "The Book of the Dodge Watercar" and learn how you can buy happiness for yourself and your family.

The Dodge Watercar
The Boat of a Thousand Uses

Standard Models

22½ ft., 20 mi. an hour	26 ft., 33 mi. an hour
5-7 pass. $2195	9-12 pass. $3265
22½ ft., 35 mi. an hour	30 ft., 45 mi. an hour
5-7 pass. $2765	14 pass. $7200

Some desirable territory open for high-class representatives. Liberal discounts. Write for details.

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT WORKS, INC.
578 Lycaste Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Telltale Arteries

"I wonder how old she really is. I don't believe she is as young as she looks

© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

A NOTED physician said recently, "The woman who conceals her age is a public benefactor. Through her determination to stay young—even to the point of denying the calendar—she has set up higher health standards. Age is not a matter of years but of tissue changes. While she keeps her body and spirit young, she is young."

* * * *

If you have associated with persons past 50 or 60, you may have listened to much solemn talk about arteries—well intended, but mostly untrue. For example, "old as your arteries," "old as you look," "old as you feel," being part-truths, are swallowed whole or rejected entirely, depending upon casual experience or observation.

That arteries which become thick and brittle may bring an abrupt ending to life through ruptured blood vessels is generally known. But it is not generally known that either defective arteries or high blood pressure may be directly responsible for serious changes which occur in heart, kidneys and brain.

High blood pressure is not a disease. It is a definite indication that something is wrong somewhere in the body. What causes the trouble can oftentimes be immediately discovered by a competent doctor. Again, the cause can be determined only by patient, intelligent study and observation.

Here is the message to everybody, old or young, sick or well: Your doctor can find out in a few minutes whether or not your blood pressure is normal for your age—whether or not your arteries are healthy. There is no way for you to judge your condition. At the beginning of trouble there is seldom pain or warning of any kind. The fact that one's blood pressure shows fluctuation or is temporarily high is no proof that anything is radically wrong.

Thanks to sound advice of physicians, thousands and thousands of men and women have been saved from acute or chronic trouble by removing the cause. Others, who have found the cause past correction—as it sometimes is—have lived to old age with hardened arteries, high blood pressure, or both, because they learned how to live—eating, working, exercising wisely and in *moderation*.

Sometimes high blood pressure and diseased arteries are caused by focal infection in head or body; sometimes by poisons—the left-overs of previous infectious disease which were neglected and never completely eliminated; sometimes by overweight or overwork or unhappy mental conditions—worry, fear, anger, hate, anxiety.

Above all, know the truth. Have your blood pressure read once a year at least. Keep well, keep happy, keep young.

Among 16,700 Metropolitan policyholders recently examined, 2,150 were found to be more than 20 per cent overweight; 6,900 had defective teeth with suspected focal infection; 4,370 had enlarged, septic or buried tonsils; 1,190 had high blood pressure which might have been attributed to one or more of the above, or to other causes.

It was found that the number of overweight persons who showed a blood pressure above normal was more than twice that of persons of approximately average weight.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail you, without cost, its booklets "Overweight" which tells how to reduce weight safely, and "Blood Pressure" which gives interesting information regarding the simplicity and meaning of a blood pressure test. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new insurance each year

been a marine and that the line of his enemy dead stretched from Belleau Woods to beyond Blanc Mont, even as far as St.-Etienne.

The week advanced and the moment to produce the release was no nearer than it had been the first night. They went to the movies by night and drove about the country in a livery-stable rig by day. Purtle wired for more money Friday, and Saturday announced in an offhand way that it was shameful that the company had let this thing go so long without reimbursing her for medical expense. He added that he had taken it up with the president, who had given him authority by letter to take such steps as he saw fit.

Miss Weatherbee went into her shell like a startled snail, and when she spoke again it was on another subject. On Sunday they went to church, morning and evening, Purtle dining at the Weatherbee house with the old-maid aunt and Margaret, served by the flat-faced state girl. They were, indeed, good feeders, but he ate little. A week of heavy attendance on Miss Weatherbee was destroying his appetite. On Monday Purtle received a telegram, which he showed to Miss Weatherbee that night. "Come home," it said, and was signed, "McClusky." She did not seem to be disturbed.

Throughout the performance Purtle's mind worked furiously. Was this the end? Had he spent this week of horror in this neck of the woods, dancing attendance on this terrible old maid, and it all for naught? Was the Globe and Anchor for the first time in history to sink in defeat? McClusky's telegram he dared not defy. There was one more thing that he could do—one last assault of the position. He determined to do it.

They stood, several hours later, before the door of the Weatherbee mansion and Purtle said good night for the last time.

"I have become very interested in your accident since I have been here," he said, "and I had hoped very much that I could have reimbursed you for your expense and returned to Boston with this thing off my mind. It will bother me for a long time, but I won't talk about it any more. I have enjoyed my stay immensely. Good-by."

Now then, ammunition carts to the fore, a hundred rounds to every man, fix bayonets, trench knives between the teeth, and on for the glory of the corps! Mr. Purtle seized her and implanted a burning kiss on her faded lips.

The next morning, as Mr. Purtle sadly ate his breakfast and thought on his failure, a boy entered, and coming to his table, said that Miss Weatherbee would like to see him at the bank before he left town.

"Ah," cried Purtle, "it worked! It worked! Oh, curse the hand that made this country dry! Man, what a party I owe myself!"

To the bank forthwith he went, where Miss Weatherbee, her manner alternately formal and blushingly confused, signed the release for her medical expense, twelve hundred dollars, and the cashier witnessed it.

In the offices of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company there was no stir of excitement, no storm of congratulation over the work done by Purtle on the case. Mr. Purtle once again took up the daily grind of investigating and adjusting cases such as "Employe stuck splinter under nail"; "Truck delivering coal damaged cement driveway"; and "Customer claims he cut mouth on bits of glass in sliced pineapple." As for Bolterstown, he did his best to forget it, together with the lady who owned the bank and half the town thereof.

Three weeks after the case of Margaret Weatherbee had been laid away to rest forever in the files, one Jim Cullan, chief clerk, appeared at the door of McClusky's office.

"Who handled that Bolterstown case?" demanded the chief clerk.

"What Bolterstown case? Whaddyuh mean—case? There's four hundred a week go through here. Go ask the girl to hunt you up the folder an' then I'll tell yuh."

"I got the folder," said the chief clerk. He tossed it onto McClusky's desk. "The draft ain't come back yet on it an' it's three weeks out."

McClusky seized the folder, gave it one look and roared, "Purtle!"

Mr. Purtle, at the far end of the floor, shut off the dictating machine into which he was pouring a long alibi as to the nonlocation of an important witness and presented himself before the chief adjuster.

"This here Bolterstown case," choked Sign-'Em-Up—"the draft ain't come back on it." Purtle remained mute. "The draft ain't come back," resumed McClusky, "an' it's three weeks since it went out. What's that mean? It means that this case is back right where it started—only worse. I suppose you got brains enough and have been in the game long enough to know that this release ain't worth the seals on it until the draft is cashed. O' course, it never occurred to you that in a case like this the thing to do is to wire for the money and turn it over in cash! No, that would require a little thought. Now where are we?" He read over Purtle's final report. "Yeh, yuh see she's a cagy old bird!" he cried. "Why didn't yuh go to the bank with her and make her cash the draft?"

"It was her bank," said Purtle.

"Oh, it was her bank! Well, all the more reason. You guys are all the same. You go out on a case an' think you're so clever sewin' it up, an' yuh sew everything but just one little hole and the whole thing is in the soup! I know just what she did. She goes to a lawyer and talks it over before she cashes the draft, an' he says not to cash it. Sure! What else would he say? And now it'll go to trial." He pressed his hands to his temples. "This'll clean us," he moaned. "Well, I can always get a job choppin' tickets or flaggin' cross-overs."

"Wait now," said the chief clerk. "Why can't yuh write her an' ask why won't she cash the check?"

"Huh?" McClusky looked up and his eyes narrowed. "H'm—why not? We'll try it, at that. On plain paper an' all. She bein' in the bankin' business an' all, will realize, an' so forth, how we like to keep our books straight. Would she mind cashin' the draft, or if she has lost it, please advise —— Miss Clancy, take a letter. Anyway, we'll know where we stand when she answers."

The letter went out, and the Saturday following, as Mr. Purtle was moving toward the library to smoke a cigarette, he was summoned to the chief adjuster's office. There was the Weatherbee folder on McClusky's desk, and on the outside was fastened a letter and an envelope with the postmark "Bolterstown." McClusky looked up, and seeing Purtle, raised one corner of his mouth in what might be a sneer or a snarl or an expression of pain.

"Read that!" said he, tossing the case over. Mr. Purtle read:

Gentlemen: Replying to your favor of even date. Your use of plain paper, of unmarked checks, and a policy of subterfuge and deceit, has not succeeded in blinding my eyes to the fact that I have had to do with an insurance company. It possibly did not occur to you that the driver of the truck that figured in the accident would announce that the truck was insured and display a card in proof thereof, containing not only the name of the company but the addresses of all its offices.

It was at my instigation that the hospital bill was forwarded to you, and surely anyone of any intelligence whatever would assume that a stranger "very interested in the accident," arriving within forty-eight hours after the dispatch of the bill, might possibly be connected with the insurance company in question. I have been, since childhood, accustomed to fight my own battles, and to weigh men for what they were worth, while they, on their part, not finding in me either natural attractiveness or artificial lure, have been willing to treat me as they would one of their own sex encountered in business. Yet your Mr. Purtle ——"

The typewriting stopped here and the letter looked as if it had been violently torn from the machine. There were two round spots on the paper, as though water had fallen on it, then in ink, and in a very hurried and shaken hand, was written:

If you will send back Mr. Purtle to give me one more round of pleasure, you can have back your draft.

Right this minute, do you really know the true condition of your automobile storage battery? It may have started your engine this morning—but tomorrow morning it may be dead!

Remember—a dying battery is a dangerous thing. Dying batteries have stalled people on railroad tracks, in traffic jams, in floods, in storms. Can you afford to take a chance?

Is Your Battery Dying?

Get the Long-Life, Healthy PHILCO

DIAMOND GRID

Super-Power Battery

Philco Drynamic Batteries are made DRY and SHIPPED DRY, BUT CHARGED. Their life does not start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. When you buy a Philco Drynamic, you NEVER get a stale battery

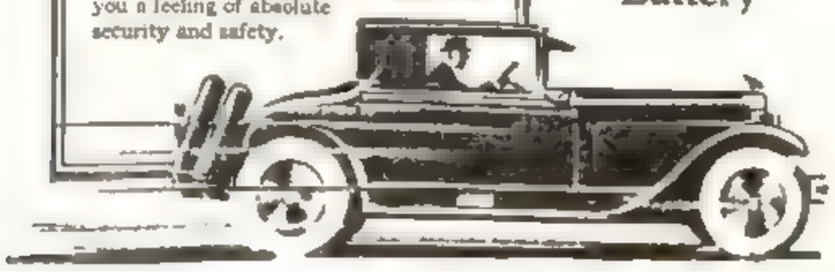
Ironclad Guarantee

When you buy the Philco, you not only get the famous Diamond Grid Plates and Philco Retainers, but each and every Philco Drynamic Battery is covered by an Ironclad GUARANTEE, backed by both factory and dealer.

Philco Batteries are positively guaranteed in every respect against defects in material and workmanship. This guarantee, together with Philco's world-wide reputation for quality construction and efficiency of design, gives you a feeling of absolute security and safety.

And then he got His PHILCO

Costs No More Than an Ordinary Battery



© H H B.

Symptoms That Warn You

A dying battery has its symptoms—signals of sickness that you can easily see and recognize. LOOK FOR THEM!

When your automobile lights flicker, your battery is sick. When the lights dim at normal speed or standing still, your battery is low. Perhaps the starter turns over slowly in the morning, and then after a few hours' traveling turns over faster—another frequent symptom.

Your Safeguard!

Avoid the dozens of diseases that overtake batteries—sulphation, buckling, corroded grids, granulated negatives, rotting positives, clogged pores, broken terminals, fractured cells, etc. The Philco dealer recognizes them instantly. He will tell you honestly if your battery is in perfect condition or if it is not. *Don't delay until trouble overtakes you.*

Free Inspection!

Ask Any Philco Dealer Anywhere

Yes, any Philco dealer anywhere will gladly inspect your Automobile Battery ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST TO YOU. It makes no difference what make of battery you have; whether a well-known make or a home-made battery; or whether original equipment on your automobile, Philco dealers are glad to give you the FREE inspection. This is a national Philco policy that builds good-will.

Send Coupon for Courtesy Card

Merely fill in the coupon and mail it to us. We will gladly send you, without cost, a COURTESY CARD which entitles you to a FREE inspection at any Philco Battery Service Station.

The Marvelous Philco Super-Power Battery

The Philco Drynamic Starting Battery is even more than just an "exceptionally good" battery. It stands out in the automobile industry like Four-Wheel Brakes and Balloon Tires. It is an achievement with world-wide recognition.

Philco's rugged, shock-proof construction, tremendous power and over-size capacity have brought many a motorist safely through what might otherwise have been a dangerous situation.

IT COSTS NO MORE THAN AN ORDINARY BATTERY

Yours On Easy Terms

It's a fact! You can purchase the Philco Diamond Grid Battery on EASY PAYMENTS from any Philco dealer anywhere. You pay a small sum as first payment when the Philco is installed in your automobile, and then you can pay the balance in easy monthly installments. Philco's durability and dependable service make this liberal offer possible.

Liberal Trade-in Allowance

Any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will give you a liberal trade-in allowance for your old, worn-out, broken-down automobile battery on the purchase of a brand new PHILCO DIAMOND GRID. Your old battery, regardless of condition or make, has some value. That is why all Philco dealers have joined us in this policy of making every car owner a LIBERAL trade-in allowance.

PHILCO Batteries are NOT sold to Automobile Manufacturers as Original Equipment.

There is a Philco Drynamic Battery for every kind and make of Automobile

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company

Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia, *Dept. 1223*

Mail this Coupon—NOW

For the FREE Inspection Courtesy Card

That is all you need to do. Merely fill in coupon and mail it to us. We will then send you your 1927 COURTESY CARD, the card that entitles you to FREE Battery inspection from any Philco dealer anywhere. It also entitles you to a liberal Trade-in Allowance on your old battery whenever you buy the famous Philco Drynamic.

THE COUPON DOES NOT OBLIGATE YOU IN ANY WAY. MAIL IT TODAY.

FREE COUPON

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Ontario & C Streets, Philadelphia, *Dept. 1223*

Kindly send, without cost to me, a COURTESY CARD entitling me to Free Battery Inspection by any Philco dealer. I also understand that this card, during the year of 1927, entitles me to a liberal trade-in allowance for my old starting battery whenever I may decide to buy a Philco.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE

Continued from Page 21

Mr. Herman Kochensparger upon the wall, and back to Emory again. With something of the dauntless expression of those who would sever all family ties, if necessary, in order to rescue the perishing, she said abruptly: "You don't want this land."

Emory bolted halfway up. "And that I do."

"You ain't knowing what for land it is, then."

Emory bolted all the way up. "And that I do."

Miss Elma's disillusionment now took a leap past the incipient stage; but her missionary zeal kept grim pace with it. She glanced once more at the threatening spikes of the crayon mustache, then brought forth the family skeleton and held it up unflinchingly to Emory's gaze.

"It's that dumb land where pop's brother Conrad inherited to him fifteen years back a'ready. He inherited it to him for the reason that he hated him. Yes, that's the squeezing truth. And if pop wouldn't have been a man that's funny that way about holding onto whatever he comes into possessions of, he would have let it long a'ready, for it ain't worth the taxes it takes to keep it by him."

Emory was watching an interesting and pleasing phenomenon. Miss Elma had the sort of skin which does not flush easily; yet now bright bits of earnest color were pulsing here and there through the cream pallor. He smiled faintly.

"You can laugh if you want to!" And now the bright bits flew to challenging conference under her cheek bones and remained there. "But you won't be laughing for long if you saddle yourself with that dumb land. It was one of Uncle Conrad's wicked jokes, that land. Listen and leave me tell you. Uncle Conrad was making always his onchristian jokes and he come off out here to California, and when he up and died if he ain't made a will to pop with this two hunert acres at. And pop says, 'Well, he's converted hisself behind his death, anyway,' he says. And then come such a paper where the taxes was owing to that land fur near five years and if the five years got up and out, by the laws according it would be going back into the state. So then pop says, 'Well, he ain't so much converted as what I thought'—yes, I was six years aged at the time, but I mind yet of him saying that and of making hurry to the post office with him for to mail off the letter with the four hunert and sixty-five dollars in—yes, if it wasn't, for the interest onto the taxes had been confounding itself all them years. And then when we finally got shut of the grocery and come out here and pop seen the land what it was, he says, 'He wasn't converted at all,' he says; and och, my, the awful spited he was to think that Uncle Conrad could keep on playing off his sinful jokes onto him after his death even. And for fifteens years now," concluded Miss Kochensparger with something of awe, "it is just like Uncle Conrad was a-pulling at my pop's pocket yet, when it comes the tax times. So it ain't so wonderful, mebbe, that pop would take up with most any kind of a queer way to drive off Uncle Conrad and his taxes." She sighed. "I only hope it's Scriptural anyhow."

"To be sure it's Scriptural," said Emory stoutly. "It's nothing in the Word to command against passing out a test of intelligence." He had known all the history which Miss Elma had so conscientiously recounted, for his father, a gentle, wide-eyed writer of tracts, had been the only purchaser of Uncle Conrad's legacy, but it had been most pleasant to repose in the forbidden Eden and to absorb without interruption the fruity flow of her forbidden voice.

But presumably there can be no Eden without a serpent. Something akin to the rattle of a serpent was heard at this moment upon the front steps. The front door burst open.

Miss Elma thrust the test of intelligence into Emory's hand. "Pack it and burn it," she commanded, and hurried to the hall.

"Well, how's that for a little job of life-saving? That's me. It was me jumped the fence over and cut that rope."

"I ain't hearing no belling on the door," Miss Elma tersely reproved.

"You ain't got nothing on me. I ain't either."

"And so far forth as saving my life goes, you cut the rope and loosened the thing onto me. If some such others wouldn't have quick ketched onto it, what do you conceit would anyhow have happened me? No, it was Emory Schnepp where up with the picket and near pulled hisself into two for me."

The well-oiled young man who was sliding noiselessly over the floor behind her, slipped a slate-colored glance toward Emory. "Yes, I know Shep. He leaves us use his road. Howdy-do, Shep. Got your breath yet? I guess you wouldn't have ever got it if I wouldn't have cut that rope. You'd have been in two pieces lookin' around for your own legs if I hadn't skun that fence. But that's me. Always on the job. Where's pa?"

Miss Elma's shoulder hoisted coldly. "I don't know where your pa is."

The visitor threw back his strange, narrow head in a noiseless laugh. "You got nothing on me. I don't either. But, honest, ain't Kochensparger got here yet? He says 'Come ahead up and eat your dinner along,' he says, 'and tell me what fur luck you had,' he says. Well, I had luck all right. I went a-fishin' and ketched four more suckers this morning. That's me. Always lucky. There he is now. What did I tell you? Told the truth, huh?"

He had told the truth. Mr. Kochensparger's large flat tread was audible in the rear. He puffed in at the door.

According to the law of consistency, Mr. Kochensparger's tread could not well have been anything but large and flat, for he was an exceedingly large, flat person. An imaginative individual, indeed, might have assumed that in his early infancy he had been rolled out thin and flat by his mother with a rolling pin and that he had never quite got his breath from the experiment; one was always conscious of his bronchial processes.

He drew his breath more noisily than usual as his flat eyes focused upon Emory. "Heh! What are you doin' here? What do you mean, anyhow, drivin' your swanged stock acrost my premises? And what do you mean a-bustin' in here and a-settin' yourself onto that sofy ag'in?"

"Och, pop!" pleaded Miss Elma.

Emory rose from the forbidden sofa and sat down upon a chair. He extended the paper in his hand.

"This here is my intelligence," he said.

"Och, Emory!" pleaded Miss Elma.

Young Mr. Schiefley formed the monosyllable "Five!" noiselessly and licked his upper lip with his pointed tongue.

Mr. Kochensparger expelled his breath, sat down and opened the paper. "Well, to be sure, if it's somepun in the matters of business ——" he murmured incredulously.

It is not to be presumed from the foregoing brief presentation of Mr. Kochensparger that he was a man of one mood and that a militant one. After considerable repetitive inquiry in regard to Emory's intentions, Mr. Kochensparger even afforded him what might be termed a private exhibition of some eight of his large flat teeth. The fact that the teeth were false is not to be taken as derogatory of Mr. Kochensparger himself; he had not grown them.

The exhibition was even enlarged to ten of the dentist's art as Mr. Kochensparger remarked confidentially, "Of course, I guess you know, now, the person where gets the gift of one of them free acres has got to pay a slight charge fur the necessary papers at."

"I know all that," said Emory. "Fifty dollars. Lawyer Pewterbaugh gits twenty and you git the rest part."

Mr. Kochensparger promptly closed the exhibition; slammed the door upon it, after a manner of speaking. "It is now wonderful how a body's priwate affairs gits publicked around. But just to make everything plain on the surface now; this here land lays a little onto the hill."

"I know all that," said Emory. "Onto the top of the hill a'ready. I want the acre where joins onto the hind top of mine."

"Well, of course," remarked the landowner with dignity, "we ain't usually leaving folks to be picky and choosy."

"I ain't wanting no other," stated Emory.

"Well, in a case like this we could make an exceptions, I guess," put in Mr. Schiefley quickly. With an agile forefinger he limned in the air the presentment of Emory's zigzag road for his partner's personal interpretation. "And tell Mr. Shep now about our extry accommodation to our pattrons."

"And that is somepun, now, wery extry accommodating," said Mr. Kochensparger impressively. "To each and every where is lucky enough to git a free acre we give them dare to exchange it fur an acre of my wineyard where ain't laying so high onto the hill. In other words to say, you pay the fifty fur them -ah—papers we was having reference to and then you pay us just only ten dollars per the month fur one year and you git free to yourself in exchange one acre of my planted wineyard. And it's only fair to you to say that all twenty-six of our lucky intelligence testers has up to date took adwantage and made the exchange. But what's a use of enlarging on that there to you? You know my nice wineyard, ain't?"

"Yes, I know it," said Emory. "It's got the hardpan under."

Mr. Kochensparger did now flatten back as though the breath had been biffed from him. "I suppose you ain't insinooating we ain't giving full value or anything, was you?" He eyed Emory with something of his former bitter distaste.

"No," said Emory. "Fur I conceit it will be two years or some such till the grape roots hits onto the hardpan. And your buyers had ought to git their money out if the falling weather don't ketch them wrong with the grapes."

"So, of course," slipped in young Schiefley, "knowing the full advantages of the vineyard land, you'll be wanting to exchange fur it, too, like all them other intelligent persons."

"I want the acre where joins to the hind top of mine," stated Emory.

Mr. Kochensparger argued. Young Schiefley argued. But Emory was firm. "The one where my road you been using leads onto," he observed quietly at last.

"Well, then," growled Mr. Kochensparger, "where is your fifty anyhow? Fur it's got to be paid by the lump, mind, not by any such time."

"It's in the bull yet." Emory rose.

Miss Elma sprang from her chair. "You ain't even looked on his intelligence test," she accused her father.

"What's a matter of you?" thrummed Mr. Kochensparger. "To be sure, he is wery intelligent. This test reads wery intelligent."

"It's two mistakes in the spelling," insisted his daughter desperately. "He never could spell good. In his schooldays even he couldn't spell good. And a body where couldn't spell couldn't be passing no intelligence test, now that's fur sure. And furthersomemore he makes an answer 'woman' where he'd ought to make it 'female.'"

"Shut up and be quiet! Who give you dare to butten in here? Ain't a woman a female anyhow? They're too much female, if you ask me."

"And I give two corrected answers to that other one," pleaded the sorely puzzled Emory. "I put it both 'cat' and both 'rat.' Wouldn't that extry one make it up, mebbe, if I ain't gitting this here one just so right!"

"To be sure, it would," decreed Mr. Kochensparger. "Git along back now and make that dinner. I will tend to you later fur this here ignorant interruptions. And you now, you git your fifty and pack it to the tract office insides of two hours. Fur I might as well put it out plain to you now—this business transactions ain't fetching with it no priwileges of sofy settin'."

It was not what might be called an encouraging remark. The entire interview, indeed, had had its puzzling moments. Emory was still dazed by Miss Elma's violent attack upon his intelligence. He gazed at the door through which, without a word or a glance of farewell, she had hastily departed; then he went slowly from the house. But as he passed the large syringa bush at the foot of the steps a phantom hand suddenly thrust toward him from the perfumed branches and impressed into his palm a bit of wrapping paper. Upon it had been hastily written: "The woodshed is backed in under of my window most any night."

It was further apparent during that afternoon, though Emory was not present to see it, that his answers to the ten easy questions had not produced as dazzling an impression in his favor as he had expected. The newly incorporated firm of Kochensparger and Schiefley gazed after his retreating back with a slow incorporated smile.

"I guess that stock of his will show some bones till a month or so, ain't?" surmised Mr. Kochensparger.

"You lost your bet anyhow." Mr. Schiefley slid his five dollars of the Holstein fifty into a sleek purse. "You said we wouldn't ever land no Dutchman onto that sagebrush, fur the reason that the Dutch know always the good land."

"Oh, well—him," Mr. Kochensparger consigned Emory to the limbo of the negligible with a slight gesture of his wrist. "I wasn't having reference toward such as haven't got either heads or brains. And to think that the swanged idiot would show some intentions towards my girl."

Mr. Schiefley threw back his head and for one of the few times in his life emitted a sound of laughter.

"He don't know that the intentions in that direction has been all bought and paid fur a'ready," he observed with a wink of pleasantry. "But it is now wonderful the contrasts to be had in this here world. Take me now. Who else, I ask you, would have cocked their eye up there onto your hilltop and says to theirselves 'Now right here's the place to put into practice that little scheme I got onto up in Los Angeles when I was drivin' fur them real estaters'? You could have been settin' there still counting out the hundreds of dollars you spent a'ready at the taxes, and nothing fur to balance it with."

"I kin set here still a-counting them," remarked Mr. Kochensparger with some choler, "fur I ain't yet beginning to feel no balance under me."

Mr. Schiefley leaned forward and tapped his partner upon the knee. "You do oncet what I been at you to do and the balance so quick will swing the other way that you will get dizzy from it. Leave me take the fifty the dumb Dutchman surprised you with and stick a snappy ad in the Frisco papers. Listen oncet how I have got it all thoughtened out:

THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE
HAVE COME AGAIN
DO YOU WANT A FREE CLAIM?
IF SO, SHOW SOME SPEED
AND BEAT IT
FOR A
FREE PAY STREAK
WITHIN DRIVING DISTANCE OF
LOS ANGELES

(Continued on Page 145)

When March winds and fire sirens blow

On the nation's fire records, listed among the partly preventable causes of fire, appears the word "Exposure". Against it is written a staggering total in millions of dollars, representing the property lost as a result of fire originating on adjoining properties or in different parts of the same property.

Flying sparks and swirling embers plead most effectively for fireproof construction. A non-inflammable roof is less expensive than the ruin of a home. Writing fire prevention into building plans costs far less than rebuilding after a fire.

The North America Agent can secure for you practical advice on safeguarding your home against the menace of fire from within and without.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS
RED
SWP
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO
EVERY OUNCE IS QUALITY
COVERS 360 SQ. FT. PER GALLON 2 COATS
A TRADE MARK THAT SPEAKS IN EVERY TONGUE
DRIES TO A DURABLE ELASTIC GLOSS FINISH

Prepared House Paint—*at its best*

Don't be fooled on House Paint!

"Cheap" paint isn't cheap at all!

WHEN you buy paint to dress up and protect your house, don't let a "low price" blind your good sense. Thousands of home owners are bewailing a "cheap" paint job this very minute and are paying a heavy penalty in hard cash and regrets

"Cheap" paint is made of cheap or skimpy materials. How else could it be sold at a low price in our highly competitive markets?

Cheap or skimpy materials make a poor, weak grade of paint. That's only sense. It may *look* like paint and *smell* like paint *in the can*. But on the brush and on your house—the poor quality shrieks so all can hear it.

If you are tempted to use a "low price" house paint—one that is claimed, even guaranteed and warranted, to be "just as good as SWP,"—*GO SLOW!!* Remember that *low price* and *low quality* go hand in hand. You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear.

Compare the "cheap" formula with SWP!

Make the formula test! Insist upon seeing the formula of the "cheap" paint, either on the label or in the literature of the company.

Compare the materials used in making the "cheap" paint with the ingredients of fine old SWP House Paint—as shown in the formula which is plainly printed on every SWP can. Take Outside Gloss White for example.

Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in SWP Outside Gloss White. White lead should be the basic ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

Zinc oxide, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of

THE ACCEPTED STANDARD THE WORLD OVER . . .

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT

SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

More than 90 per cent of the pigment content of SWP Outside Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will find only 50 per cent *and in some instances even less.*

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives it such remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "*balanced formula*" of SWP is even more important. Naturally, these dark colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors. That is why SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated pure linseed oil—made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

360 square feet per gallon or only 250—which?

Some people think that SWP House Paint is an expensive paint because it costs more per gallon. That is not so.

Ask your painter to use SWP—*for best results.*

As a matter of fact, SWP is the least expensive house paint *on the wall*—on the market. And here is why:

A gallon of SWP will properly beautify and protect three hundred and sixty square feet of your house—two coats to the gallon.

Will a "cheap," low price, inferior quality of house paint do that? No!

The best you can get from a gallon of the average "cheap" paint is two hundred and fifty square feet!—two coats

Right there, in that *forty-four per cent greater coverage*—in the fewer gallons of SWP needed—the difference in price per gallon is nullified.

On the wall—in actual gallons needed to paint your house—Sherwin-Williams House Paint costs no more and often *less* than the cheap, low price kind.

And remember this: It costs no more to put on good paint than to put on "cheap" paint. Which would you rather have?

Once your house has been painted with SWP House Paint *your saving has only begun.* A beautiful SWP job outlasts the average "cheap" paint by several years. This is widely known.

You get more years of service, too

It dries to a firm, elastic, glossy surface. It weathers slowly. There's no cracking or chipping or peeling—if properly applied.

Long after a "cheap" paint job has taken on the appearance of a pair of faded overalls, you can wash the dust off an SWP job with plain soap and water, and the colors will come up fresh and bright.

You save repainting expense

And when repainting is needed it can be done easily, quickly and with much less paint, *because the SWP surface is in perfect condition.*

Compare that with a "cheap" paint job that fades out and wears out quickly—that cracks and chips and peels—that has to be repainted often—and that costs more to repaint because it has to be burnt off, or scraped off, at every repainting.

* * *

SWP House Paint is sold by leading paint merchants everywhere. And each of these dealers is "Paint Headquarters" in his district. One of them is no doubt located near you.

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money.

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy—see your local SWP dealer. He will estimate your requirements in SWP.

Compare the SWP estimate with what a "cheap" paint will cost. Then remember the greater durability of SWP—the exquisite colors that do not fade. Then specify the paint you think will give you best results.

If you do not recall "Paint Headquarters" in your locality, write us for the dealer's name. If you want expert help on a color scheme, our literature, color cards, or the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide—just write. There is no obligation.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

SWP GUARANTY *of Satisfaction*

SWP House Paint, when thoroughly stirred and applied according to directions, is hereby guaranteed to cover more surface, to look better, to last longer and cost less per job and per year than any house paint on the market.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT. . . LESS PER JOB . . . LESS PER YEAR

BRIGGS BODIES

Because they possess conspicuous beauty, matchless durability and supreme comfort, Briggs Bodies are more and more becoming the industry's undisputed standard of comparison.

Therefore, it is most fitting that many of the world's leading motor cars come equipped with this leading product. Look for the emblem—Briggs Body—on the next car you select.

Briggs Manufacturing Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 140)

And so on, and so on, with the same punch. California's lousy with them something-fur-nothings. They ain't born one a minute; in this state they're born twins and triplets every minute."

Mr. Kochensparger clutched his trousers pocket; but oil is a slick substance. Through Mr. Schiefley's adroit manipulation a portion of what he had pleaded for eventually slipped from the pocket and leaked into large type upon the page of a Los Angeles daily.

Nor was this all. During the process of assimilation into a hundred thousand homes some of the oil became mysteriously refined into gasoline. Mr. Schiefley had spoken truth. Mr. Kochensparger did indeed become dizzy during the following weeks, as the forty-niners swept down upon him, demanding immediate appraisal of their intelligence and immediate receipt of a free deed therefor.

Some, indeed, came to scoff when they surveyed the pathless heights to which their intelligence entitled them; but most remained to pay their first installment for a slice of the vineyard, budding now in the luxurious verdure of spring. The ladies with nude stockings and the gentlemen with nude minds gazed down into the little valley, calico-printed with its patterns of yellow poppies and its blue lupines, and all without exception chanted the great California pæan that it was a fine view.

Mr. Schiefley withdrew the expensive advertising. The forty-niners withdrew their inexpensive automobiles. Remained untouched only the sagebrush heights above the vineyard and Mr. Kochensparger seated before a complicated bookkeeping ledger. Mr. Kochensparger was not entirely untouched however. He became more and more touched by baffled wrath as the summer months progressed and the ledger became each month more and more complicated. For more and more of the forty-niners, in conformity with their blithe paternal traditions, had flitted off upon their gasoline pack trains to other pay streaks, and had taken their ten-dollar payments with them. After the autumn harvesting of the debilitated grapes, fewer still of the intelligent community remained. Mr. Kochensparger began to wear the aspect of one who would have preferred to bear the ills that he had, rather than to have flown to those that he had known not of.

"I would never have believed that the Government could turn out so many postage stamps as what I have got to use; nor neither I wouldn't have believed that they could cost so expensive," he groaned one day, as that versatile promoter, Mr. Osie Schiefley, stepped briskly into the dismantled tract office. "And what do they fetch me? Nothing! A fine pack of slinkers you loosed onto me. Till another month I could be in the loony house from the worry ower them."

Mr. Schiefley, who was now temporarily promoting soda water over the counter at the drug store, flicked from his white apron a bibulous fly which was absorbing through its own straw a damp of sarsaparilla. "Say, you're hard to suit. Some like your daughter that way." His fingers strayed to his cheek in reminiscent twinge. "Here I pull you out of all them taxes—every dollar now you get in easy money—and yet you—but that ain't what I come to talk about. I come to remind you I ain't yet got all my pay. Fur you want to remember you promised I was to git somepun—to put it delicate—asides money. Well, the time fur action has come. When a feller gits a crack on the jaw fur what you might call, now, slight advances, it's time fur them where promised to deliver the goods to—well, to deliver what you might call the goods."

Mr. Kochensparger's feet jerked nervously, as though his shoes had begun to pinch. "You ain't got writings to no effect."

"No, but I got a darn good tongue in my head"—the visitor here licked his upper lip with that pointed member—"and in a little place like this here, if a body loses oncet their reputation I guess they could go looking fur it all their lives and they wouldn't be finding it."

Mr. Kochensparger's eyes, rocketing around his office like imprisoned insects, lit once more upon the ledger. "Easy money, he says it!" he digressed noisily. "If any one them dollars in this swanged ledger is easy money, then I quick go eat me that rusty stovepipe. And taxes—you get me out of the taxes, you say. What about them hunert acres on the top of that hill? Who is going to pay me them taxes, I ask you? And here's somepun else ag'in. You git me to sell off that wineyard in such a darn-fool quick hurry, but you ain't handy enough with your brains to see that you ain't leaving me no right of way to them hunert acres on the top. And where does that leave me, heh? It leaves me shut off from my own land if that Dutch boy would oncet take it into his dumb head fur to shut me off. That was some smart, now, ain't it? Yes, I would guess anyhow."

If Mr. Kochensparger's purpose had been to quench his visitor's flow of speech, he had accomplished it. Even so, there was something vaguely alarming in the unexpected silence which ensued. Mr. Schiefley's tongue weaved slowly and meditatively across his upper lip; his pointed finger sought soothingly a circumscribed portion of his brow, as though a thought of penetrating caliber had lit thereupon and was wedging its way within. Without further speech he turned his back and betook himself across the street.

The week, however, was destined to bear among its leaden hours one of welcome surprise to Mr. Kochensparger; for in it he was to have his answer to that apparently unanswerable rhetorical question of his as to who was to pay his taxes upon the hundred acres.

Emory Schnepp descended from his hilltop. He visited the post office. He visited the bank. He visited Lawyer Pewterbaugh. He sat upon a keg of pickles in the store and consumed a lunch of crackers, salt pork and cheese. He conversed briefly with Mr. Osie Schiefley over a free glass of root beer which that young gentleman amazingly set forth. And he conversed at length with Mr. Kochensparger over the top of his harassed ledger.

He said he wanted a lease on all the pasturage rights upon the hundred acres. He took from his pocket a legal document to that effect which Lawyer Pewterbaugh had made out. He wanted the lease for five years and he said he would pay twenty-five dollars a year.

Mr. Kochensparger drew several noisy breaths of invigorating oxygen into his system; then cautiously decided that he was not sufficiently invigorated to sign so incredible a document. In his extremity he buffeted across the street to the astute young man who had been his erstwhile partner.

"Could it be anything, just to say, underneath in this here?"

Mr. Schiefley was not in the best of humor; but he had, at least, the decision necessary in the crisis. He cast a dour eye over the paper and said tersely, "Sure, sign it off, and sting him for all you can."

Mr. Kochensparger went back and stung him for fifty dollars. But Emory, having had to do with bees in his time, was apparently immune to stings. He looked at Mr. Kochensparger with his wide stare and shook his head. They compromised for thirty-five and signed. Mr. Kochensparger sealed the transaction with pleasantry: "I guess, then, you have found a new kind of stock, if you can keep them alive on the sagebrush."

"They're alive," said Emory.

"But ain't they showing no bones at?" insisted Mr. Kochensparger.

"I ain't seeing no bones," said Emory with equal solemnity.

Mr. Kochensparger sat alone in his office and communed with his sense of humor. His sense of humor told him that the whole transaction was about as ludicrous as anything could possibly be. That this staring boy would come down from the sagebrush and hand over thirty-five dollars for something which he already had, something which nobody else wanted or would even take as a gift—and that he would bind himself to it for five years ——

The joke grew too large for that small office. When Mr. Kochensparger saw stepping briskly down the street Mr. Horace Heibeck, who was the vice president, cashier, receiving clerk and paying teller of the bank, he hurried out to intercept him and to tickle his ears with the merry jest.

Mr. Heibeck's ears did not betray the slightest evidence of being tickled. He grabbed Mr. Kochensparger's arm and demanded, "But you ain't signed up, was you?"

"Do you think I am a fool or whatever? To be sure, I signed plenty quick and I got my thirty-five in pocket."

Mr. Heibeck loosed his arm and eyed him with acute distaste. "I was just coming to see you. I'd have given you twicet as much." He took a paper from his pocket and fingered it limply. "If you can get out of it any which way, I've got a lease off of Pewterbaugh all ready for your signature."

"But what do you want it fur?" demanded Mr. Kochensparger in a voice which seemed to resound hollowly from his own sagebrush.

Mr. Heibeck's gaze wandered down the street. "Well—it's got such a nice view."

Mr. Kochensparger went back to his office and supported his head upon one hand.

He was still in this penitential attitude when Mr. Rudolph Boechenhauser, who was the postmaster, the grocer, the meat market and the gasoline station, sidled in. Mr. Boechenhauser was a mild individual who always sat upon the edge of his chair, as though unwilling to exact too much of it.

"I just been happening to think about that hilltop of yourn," he began, "and I don't know but what I might help you a little out on them taxes. I might mebbe be willing to lease it off you."

Mr. Kochensparger gazed at him glassedly.

Mr. Boechenhauser reached his hand into his pocket with what was for him a persuasive gesture. "I just happened to speak to Pewterbaugh about it and he said I might just as well have a lease by me. I would be willing to write into it, mebbe, fifty per the year."

Mr. Kochensparger eyed the paper and something of its color reflected upward upon his visage. "What did you want it fur?" he demanded pallidly.

Mr. Boechenhauser's mild eyes escaped by way of the door. "Well, it just happens that I have fond always for a nice view."

Mr. Kochensparger supported his head upon both hands.

As he trod largely and flatly homeward he allowed his soul a single vent. He thrust his mottled visage in at the door of the drug store and emitted: "Swanged idiot! I have a minds to be sicking the sheriff onto you. A-corruptin' this community with your filthy advices!"

The next morning he announced that he was going to journey to the top of his hill.

"I will go with," offered his daughter brightly. "I think—well, it's such a fine day for a view."

Her father swung upon her with murderous glint in his eye. "If I am hearing you speak that confoundered word out of your mouth ag'in, I am packing you right aways back to Pennsylwania."

It was not an easy trip for a large flat gentleman with pulmonary obstructions. Mr. Kochensparger had not ventured upon it for three years and he was laboring like an engine with a defective exhaust by the time he achieved the lower edge of the sagebrush. But he labored like an engine with no exhaust at all when he finally stood upon the top of the hill. He thought he had been struck color-blind, for the sagebrush looked rather blue than gray.

"The bees have fond always fur the blue," explained Emory Schnepp, who had popped up among his cerulean beehives

All Dragged Out

and her shopping not half done

Why suffer agonizing foot pains caused by weak or fallen arches? There's a simple, comfortable remedy—LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions.

Insert a pair in the shoes you are now wearing. The result is quick relief. LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions build up the foot to normal position, and Nature restores the weakened muscles to health.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are made of spongy cellular rubber, covered with soft, pliable leather. They follow every movement of the foot, giving free muscular action.

Don't suffer any longer—go to your nearest doctor, chiropodist, shoe dealer, or write us for information.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., INC.
218 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I., U. S. A.

Lynco EASY-WEAR FOOT AIDS

Sousa Endorses the Harmonica

"I am a great advocate of the Harmonica," says Lieut. Commander John Philip Sousa, famous bandmaster, "and especially endorse the Harmonica bands which are winning sweeping popularity. This instrument is a foundation for a musical career; and many boys and girls who are now learning music on the harmonica will step into the great symphony orchestras and bands of our country some day."

You can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner "Marine Band" today and ask for the free book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept 195, 114 East 16th Street, New York City

HOHNER Harmonicas

FACTORY-TO-RIDER 1927 Models now ready. Re-markable new prices and terms. Shipped on approval and 30 days' Free Trial. Easy payments $5 a month. Write today for big catalog and marvelous special offer.

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. B-55 CHICAGO

At $3.50— Tip-Top, *the wrist-watch,* is a revelation of value

TROUT fishing! Singing reel—straining rod—flash of silver as you land your first catch of the season! Fishing time is almost here. You'll want a wrist-watch you can depend on to take with you on your trip!

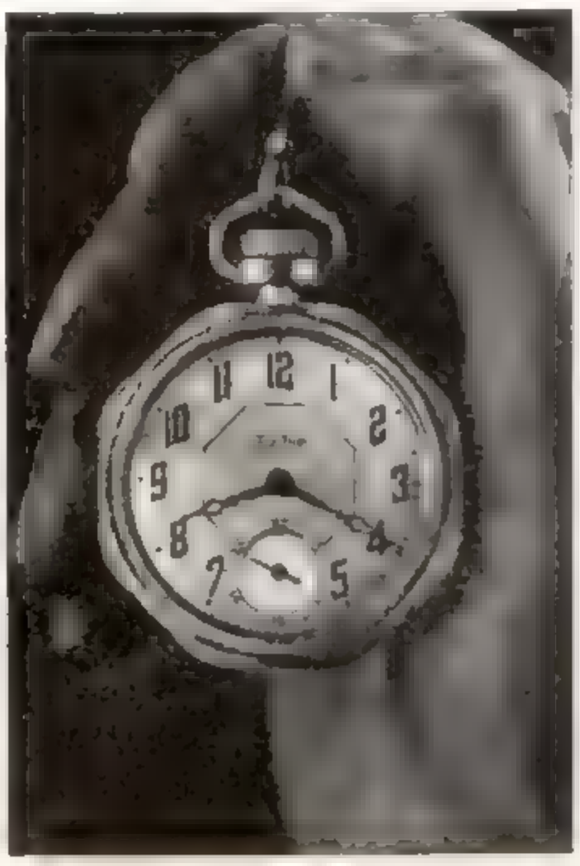
Tip-Top is the watch you're looking for! Through the most strenuous outdoor sports, its accuracy doesn't falter. Wear it in the most critical company, and you'll be complimented on its appearance.

When you *see* Tip-Top, you'll find it easy to understand its popularity! You'll like its smart, thin *octagon* case—its detachable genuine pig-skin strap—its beveled crystal, open hands, cubist numerals and sunk second dial.

The silver-dialed Tip-Top is $3.50. Radium, $4.00. See also Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch*—another True Time Teller. As outstanding as the wrist-watch. Pocket-sized. Silver dial, $1.50. Radium, $2.25. Slightly higher in Canada.

TO DEALERS: *To help you sell more True Time Tellers, we have originated an attractive metal display. Write for details of this unusual watch-sales aid.*

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations



Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch,* is of the same outstanding quality at $1.50

with the startled curious expression of one of the sagebrush rabbits.

"What was you trying to do anyhow? Git all the bees in creation?"

"I wouldn't have objections of it," said Emory.

"This here is your stock then!" cried his landlord.

"Where don't show their bones," added Emory.

Mr. Kochensparger looked at him sharply, but Emory was not smiling. The girl laughed.

"I ain't coming up here fur no foolish jokes," panted Mr. Kochensparger with dignity. "I'm a man of business and I come up here fur business. What will you take fur that lease now? I changed off my mind on that there."

Emory would not take anything for it, it seemed. He stood listening to Mr. Kochensparger and looking at the daughter.

"Here I could git twicet ower what you are paying me," blurted the tormented landowner at last. "Have you got a heart by you or ain't you?"

"I had afraid they would be after you," remarked Emory. "They showed too plenty of interest when I put my eleven hunert in bank."

"Eleven hunert! You ain't meaning these here swanged insects have fetched you eleven hunert dollars?"

"That ain't so much, seeing it's the white-sage honey," protested Emory. "Till next year when I git me my extry hives it will give twicet or either three times that much. Yes, you done good fur us when you put off that twenty acres onto pop."

Mr. Kochensparger backed into a beehive; but the mild Italian bees, with eyes as wide as Emory's own, showed no rancor.

"To be sure, I done good fur him," recovered the visitor with dignity. "Ain't I always? But what do you mean now by this sage honey or what it is?"

"White sage," corrected Emory. "It's as white as water yet and it ain't ever turning into sugar. Fur always you can keep it and it ain't ever sugaring itself. That's the reason the fancy stores will pay always the awful prices at. And then ag'in, it reads in the bee book where the white-sage patches is middling scarce."

Mr. Kochensparger was a gentleman who by nature preferred to give information rather than to receive it. He found these large chunks particularly hard to digest; and, in fact, remained silent for some moments, rubbing a perturbed palm across his digestive tract.

Likewise, he was by nature, as his daughter had once remarked, extremely averse to yielding up anything he had once had possession of. He stood now looking about him at the hundred acres he had allowed to slip from his grasp, and he looked at the young man into whose grasp they had slipped. He looked below him at the steep roadway, the only roadway from the valley to his vineyard and to these heights, and he looked at the young man who controlled it.

There was a way by which he could still keep it in the family—and only one way—but what about that pointed tongue down there in the valley? It was a cool day in late autumn, but Mr. Kochensparger began to sweat.

"Anyhow, that road now," he said bluntly, "I guess you wouldn't have no objections of postscripting it into the lease where me and my heirs and designs forever could always have a free use of it. That ain't too much to ask, seeing it don't cost you nothing."

"It ain't necessary," said Emory. "I ain't that stripe. If I would have been I could have went into a proposition where was made to me yesterday after. A proposition to squeeze you fur the rent of this hunert acres and then diwide it up with the fellah where made the thought."

Mr. Kochensparger jumped as though all the mild Italians in the hive behind him were unsheathing their daggers in belated vengeance.

"I know the fellah where made that thought! I should guess I do! It ain't only one fellah in the town where would empty such a slinky notion onto his tongue. I will twist him that tongue off of its roots fur him—yes, I anyhow will—the white-bellied shad!" He stopped suddenly and his flat eyes almost bulged. After a moment he added quietly, "Yes, I have got the handle onto him now."

When he finally turned to go he afforded Emory an uninterrupted view of all ten of the dentist's art. "Well, we would say you good-by then, Brother Schnepp. But when you're downtown that way, drop in and eat a meal along. You ain't been there fur long a'ready; and you might, now, be furgetting just how good that, now, sofy sets."

Emory laughed. The girl laughed. She said, "It will set easier ain't, than the rooft to the woodshed?"

"What's that now?" demanded her father.

"I was just giving him a test of intelligence," dimpled Miss Elma.

Mr. Kochensparger descended the hill with the air of one who had always manipulated life to sure and certain ends, was doing so now and would so continue. He even paused as he reached the lower edge of his vineyard, swept a far-seeing eye about and remarked absently:

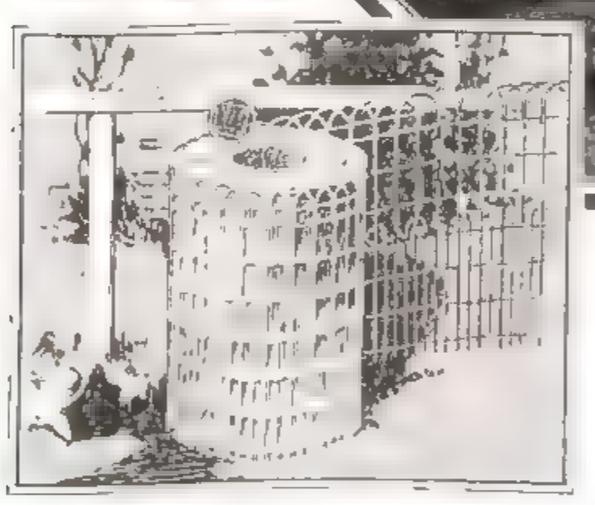
"It does give, now, a fine view."

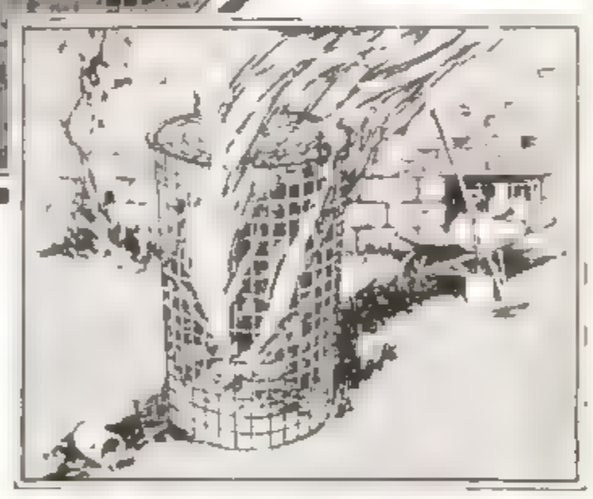
Sunset, at Bradenton, Florida

Cyclone Lawn Fence

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CYCLONE PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS





Privacy in your back yard

The "Red Tag," the Mark of Quality

A Cyclone Fence enclosure makes your back yard strictly your own. Your children can play there unmolested by intruders and safe from traffic dangers. Your freshly washed clothes on the line will be undisturbed. Your garden will be protected and the beauty of your lawn, shrubs and flowers will be preserved. Cyclone Fence makes your home truly private.

Enclose your yard with Cyclone Lawn Fence this Spring The cost is only a few cents a foot—for genuine Cyclone rust-resisting. Copper Bearing fabric in attractive ornamental designs.

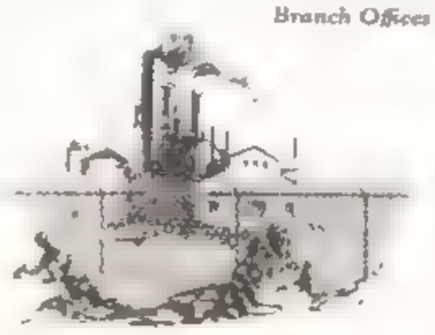
Cyclone Lawn Fence is sold in rolls, any length, for front and back yards, division, garden and other fencing purposes. Erected on wood posts and 2x4 top rail, or steel posts. Gates to match. Cyclone "Complete Fence" is specially built to fit your premises and furnished complete with fabric, gates, steel framework, and fittings.

See your hardware dealer. He carries a full line of Cyclone "Red Tag" products including Cyclone Lawn Fence, gates, trellis, flower bed border.

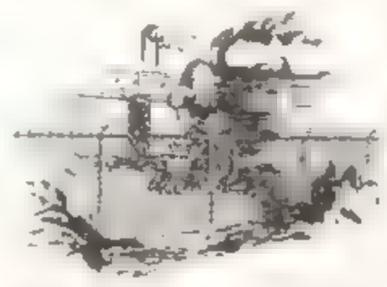
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY, *Main Offices*, Waukegan, Illinois

Works and Offices: North Chicago, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas.
Pacific Coast Distributors: Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif., Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.
Branch Offices in All Principal Cities

FOR COUNTRY HOMES AND ESTATES



FOR INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY



FOR RAILROAD PROPERTY

FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE GROUNDS

USE "Red Tag" WIRE

LOOK FOR THE "Red Tag" ON CYCLONE LAWN FENCE AND GATES

After three years of study and preparation . . . . we announce

A great step forward *in the* selling of Hosiery

Nine of the leading wholesalers of the country now give you in the new Ser-val line:—

New low prices
Styles correct to the moment
A wide range of qualities for men, women and children.

NINE of the leading wholesalers of the country have taken three years of study and preparation to launch an important new plan. At last we can announce it to you—a plan of selling hosiery that means important economies to you as a buyer.

The nine companies, located at central distributing points throughout the United States, and themselves among the largest distributors of hosiery in the country, have for the first time united their experience and knowledge in this great work. The result: A new line, Ser-val Hosiery, representing the highest quality *at new low prices*. This new Ser-val Hosiery covers the widest range of styles, colors and sizes for men, women, and children of all ages

How the new method operates to give you better values

Large buying power is the secret of Ser-val values. Each season a special style committee selects and plans each model in the line. Every detail is considered—the quality of the thread, the number of twists to each inch of thread, the character of the stitch, the colors and kind of dye.

What no individual wholesaler has ever before been able to offer

With these specifications, orders are placed, representing the needs of the nine great firms. Thus, instead of each individual firm having its own brand of hosiery manufactured on a wasteful small scale, the nine together secure all the advantages of large-scale operations.

These savings are handed on to you in the form of very unusual values

Moreover, so flexible is the whole method of operation that the Ser-val line can always embody the last word in style. A permanent style headquarters is maintained in New York

Ask your retail merchant to show you the new Ser-val Hosiery. You will be astonished at the fine quality and correctness of style which you can obtain for even *less money* than you may be spending today. Remember, each pair of Ser-val carries the special Ser-val Multiple Guarantee.

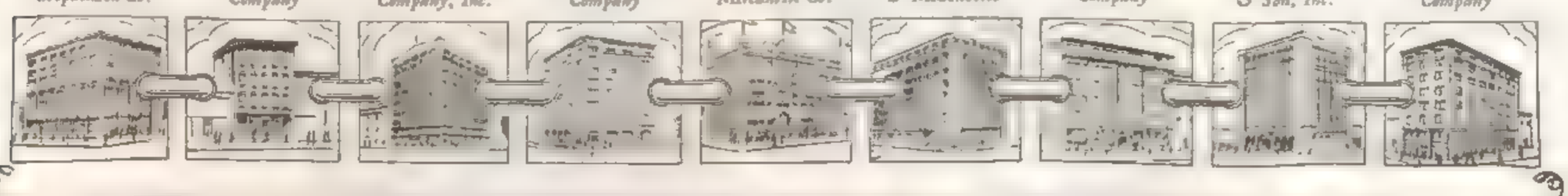
NATIONAL TEXTILE DISTRIBUTORS CORPORATION

Service Value
SER-VAL
Reg. U. S Pat Off.

Ser-val Hosiery

Sold exclusively to retail merchants by the following licensees:

PITTSBURGH	NASHVILLE	DETROIT	SAN ANTONIO	ST. JOSEPH	ST. PAUL	BALTIMORE	LOS ANGELES	CINCINNATI
Arbuthnot-Stephenson Co.	*J. S. Reeves & Company*	*A. Krolik & Company, Inc.*	*A. B. Frank Company*	*Wheeler & Matter Mercantile Co.*	*Finch, Van Slyck & McConville*	*Daniel Miller Company*	*Milton G. Cooper & Son, Inc.*	*The Louis Stix Company*



CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from Page 27)

Not since I had appeared months before as a page in Paolo and Francesca—with Florence Turner as Francesca and Robert Gaillord as Paolo—which was my first experience in tights—had my knees trembled together so annoyingly. I was very conscious of my skinny legs, especially since I had been teased about them, and even the privilege of carrying her train, when Florence Turner played Francesca, failed to allay my nervous embarrassment.

Speaking of this Stephen Phillips classic, it is amusing to recall that Florence Turner wrote the screen adaptation in two and a half hours, and without rime or reason, in one of the sequences, Maurice Costello returned from the battlefield gorgeously arrayed in immaculate black velvet. Such a mere detail as to how or when he changed from war regalia was not regarded as important. Maurice and Florence had to strut across a beautiful marble foyer—a much-admired set—the floor of which was covered with heavy linen painted and varnished to imitate marble, but when the picture was assembled several wrinkles were observed in the marble floor. Francesca da Rimini, to which Paolo and Francesca was the sequel, was made before my advent to Vitagraph, and years before Florence Turner appeared in the rôle of Francesca her mother had played the part on the stage with Lawrence Barrett as Paolo.

Genuine Salt-Water Tears

I was much more at ease in In Neighboring Kingdoms, when disguised as the peasant girl, for I could step all over the webbed feet of the geese without any serious consequences, although there were plenty of cackling protests.

It was rumored around the studio that Bill Humphrey was a hard taskmaster. The mere mention of his name terrified Buggs—as we called Lillian Walker—Leah Baird and myself. Humphrey was more stern than most of the directors, and insisted upon rehearsing over and over again until each bit of action was entirely to his liking. But if he yelled at us he got results, as we younger players were just a group of carefree, giggling girls and he was one of the first to impress upon us the necessity of intensity and earnestness if we were ever to get anywhere. There were no glycerin tears in Bill's pictures. He always managed to inspire the genuine article.

Dorothy Kelley was the only one who had no fear of Bill, and once, when Leah refused to continue under his direction, Dorothy amazed us all by asking Mr. Blackton to be made the leading lady in Humphrey pictures. That really gave Dorothy her start, and she soon became very popular. She retired several years ago.

As for myself, after In Neighboring Kingdoms, Mr. Humphrey's verdict was "Looks and personality, but not much of an actress." I wept bitter tears over that criticism of my first ingénue lead.

Again Mrs. Breuill came to my rescue and tried to make matters easier by excusing me to Mr. Smith because of my extreme youth and inexperience. They decided to give me one more chance.

The next rôle of any importance I played was in another picture under Mr. Humphrey's direction—The Tale of Two Cities—which was released as a Vitagraph special, owing to the fact that it was in three reels, presented one reel at a time on feature nights. Often the neighborhood theaters would have an all Biograph program or an all Vitagraph program, advertised as Biograph Night or Vitagraph Night. We talk a lot about our all-star casts today, but the list of names of those who played in this second Vitagraph three reeler—Uncle Tom's Cabin having been the first—would compare favorably with the cast of any superproduction of modern times. It included Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, Charles Kent, William Shea, Ralph Ince, Tefft Johnson, Ed Thomas, Frank A. Lyon, John Bunny, James Woods Morrison, Robert Gaillord, Mrs. Ben Clinton and Bessie Humphrey, wife of the director, with Mr. Humphrey playing the Marquis St. Evrémonde. Little Kenneth Casey appeared as Charles Darnay, the child, and the grown-up Darnay was played by Leo Delaney. His mother was Julia Swayne Gordon, and it was myself in the part of Mimi, the little seamstress who rode in the tumbril with Sydney Carton—Costello—to the guillotine. I became so excited in the jostling cart that I forgot some of my business, and Mr. Humphrey chided: "You don't have to put that much realism into it, Norma; you are only supposed to lose your head!"

Playing Back Front

During the making of The Tale of Two Cities, Miss Turner became ill in the midst of an important sequence and was carried off the set in a dead faint to a couch in Mr. Blackton's office. As it was unheard of to wait another day until the leading woman recovered, it was decided to have me double for Florence by keeping my back to the camera. I was sent into the office to get her long blue cape and blond wig. I stood gazing at the semiconscious Florence Turner, almost afraid to speak. At last she opened her beautiful eyes and tried to smile.

"I hate to disturb you, Miss Turner, but they sent me to get your wig and cape. I am to play you."

This was my first experience in doubling. The following day Florence recovered and I went on with my regular part. Peg and Constance came to see me ride in the tumbril. I do not recall that Peg participated in the picture, nor was there any appropriate sequence in which to use her fur cape. But the cape worked in many pictures before and after The Tale of Two Cities. It was a sort of mink, and whenever there was an occasion to depict a rôle of a woman whose fur wrap indicated wealth or social standing, Peg's mink was mustered into service.

After The Tale of Two Cities the great Maurice Costello, most popular idol of the hour, also began to take an interest in me. I remember how proud I was when he told

(Continued on Page 153)

SAYVILLE

CORRECT shoes for young men and . . . for those who feel young. Rugged . . . serviceable . . . quietly stylish. Priced moderately at $7.50 to $10.00 the pair.

Write for name of nearest dealer

LEWIS A. CROSSETT COMPANY
North Abington, Mass.

CROSSETT
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

Dorothy Gish, Seena Owen, Norma Talmadge, Robert Harron, Harry Aitken, Sir Herbert Tree, Owen Moore, Wilfred Lucas, Douglas Fairbanks, Bessie Love, Constance Talmadge, Constance Collier, Lillian Gish, Fay Tincher and De Wolf Hopper

Watch the pipe smokers

and count the Locktites as they fill their pipes. It's the convenient, comfortable way to carry tobacco.

$1.00 and up

wherever smokers' articles are sold. Made with the Hookless Fastener.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "Locktite"

Tobacco Pouch

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
Gloversville, N. Y.

A contrast so startling that it compels the choice of the Chrysler "50"

Full-sized, with ample seating capacity for five adult passengers.

Mohair plush upholstery.

50 miles and more an hour.

5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds.

25 miles to the gallon.

Special spring front engine mounting.

Chrysler smartness and beauty of line.

Low-swung bodies.

Smaller wheels, full balloon tires.

CHRYSLER "50" PRICES

Coupe $750 • Coach $780 • Roadster (*Rumble Seat*) $795
Sedan $830 • Landau Sedan $885.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler attractive plans

"50"
COACH
$780

The enthusiastic demand for Chrysler "50" quality and value has obviously added swift impetus to that popular esteem which has thrust Chrysler ahead from 27th to 4th place—*in three years.*

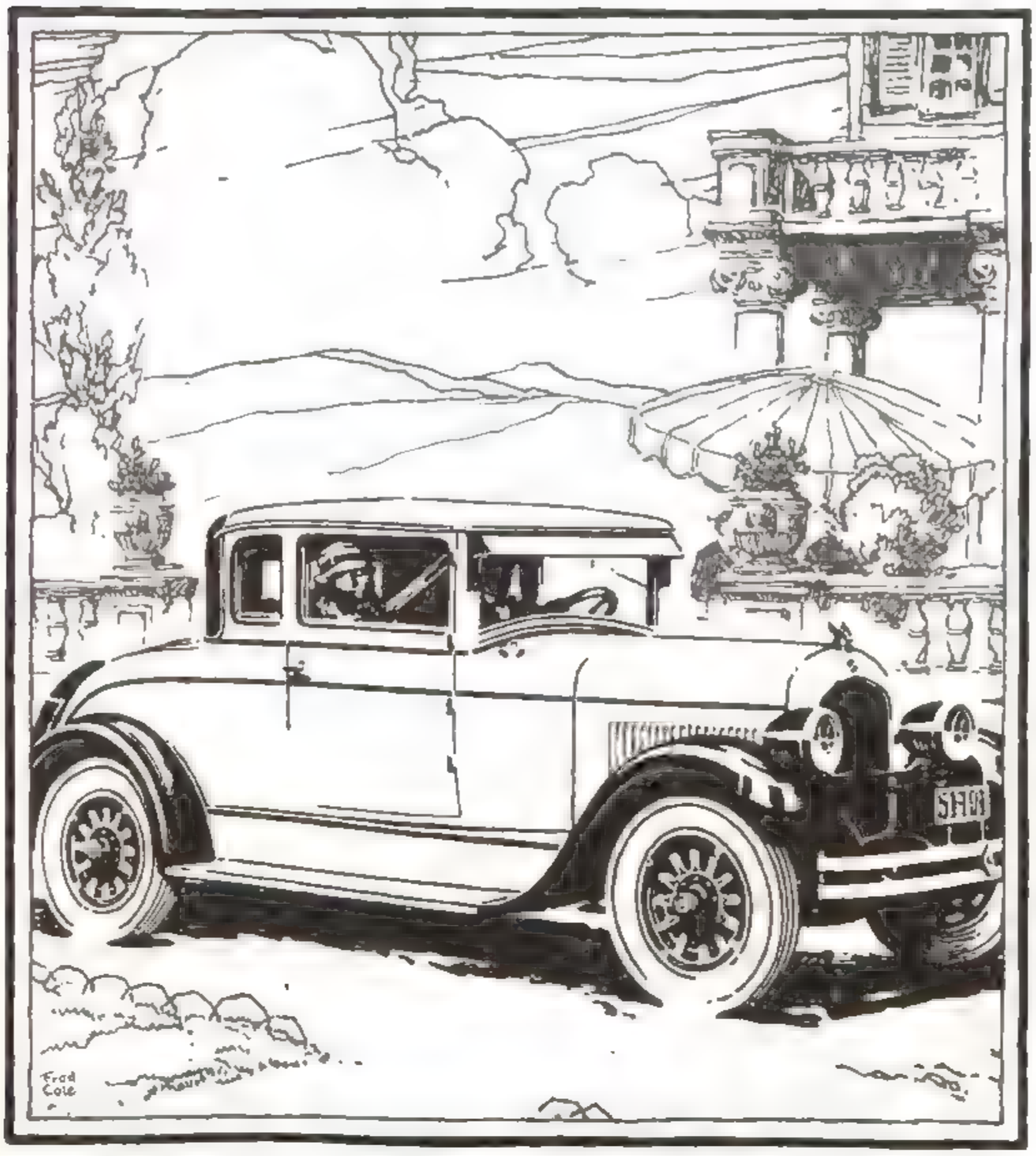
The mere mental picture of the four other large production four-cylinder cars on the one hand, and the Chrysler "50" on the other, reveals superiorities which leave no choice but the "50".

Full-size, ample seating capacity for five adult passengers; 50 miles and more per hour; 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; 25 miles to the gallon; beauty of finish and mohair-plush upholstering; low-slung sweeping lines.

Here are elements of quality and value which the public is not finding in any other four—or in any six—approximating the Chrysler "50" in price.

"50" CHRY

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS



Chrysler "60"—a significant factor in Chrysler's rise from 27th to 4th place

"60"
COUPE
$1245

Under the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality the Chrysler "60" is designed and built as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

Consider its ease of handling, riding comfort, dependability and long life—which no mere imitation of individual features can even approach, much less duplicate. Then you will see why the Chrysler "60" played such an important part in lifting Chrysler in three years' time, from 27th to 4th place in buying preference.

Keeping these facts and features in mind, it is not difficult to understand the ever-increasing public recognition that Chrysler "60" is today the dominant value in the field of the lighter, lower-priced six.

- 6-cylinder motor with 7-bearing crankshaft.
- 60 miles and more an hour.
- 22 miles to the gallon.
- Aluminum alloy pistons, with invar steel struts.
- Impulse neutralizer.
- Oil filter and air cleaner.
- Chrysler beauty.
- Luxurious mohair upholstery.
- Chrysler hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.
- Road levelizers, front and rear.

CHRYSLER "60" PRICES

Touring Car $1075; Club Coupe $1125; Coach $1145; Roadster (*with Rumble Seat*) $1175; Coupe (*with Rumble Seat*) $1245; Sedan $1245.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

SLER "60"

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

When you BUY

—who notifies the receiving room,

—and the shipper, and your own accounting department, sales department, engineer, merchandise manager or anyone else who, in your kind of business, has a responsibility connected with that order? Whether you are manufacturer, wholesaler or retailer—

Buying is a KEY operation
Protect it! Efficiently!

Rediform

CARBON COPY RECORDS FOR THE KEY OPERATIONS OF BUSINESS

for Buying ~ Receiving ~ Stockkeeping
Production ~ Selling ~ Shipping ~ Billing
with Rediform Sales and Manifold Books
"Wiz" Autographic Registers ~ Continuous
Interfolded or Continuous Interleaved

The Principle Applies to any Kind of Business. This principle is easy to understand—design your multiple carbon copy records so as to have as little error-breeding rewriting and copying as possible. In practice, however, this is not so easy to do. It is just here that we can aid you—by experience that began with the invention of the sales book and gives successful service to a hundred thousand concerns in every line of business.

Relating Key Operations is the Secret of Success. Buying, receiving, stockkeeping, production, selling, shipping (or delivery), billing—are the key operations that constitute business; for business, in the main, is the movement of goods or materials from one place or person to another, accompanied by fabrication, service and payment. Relate these key operations in any one business to one another, and connect them with subordinate or accessory operations, and you have the key to success.

Rediform Records give Carbon-copy Control to Business. Years of experience and the introduction of over 90% of all patented improvements in carbon-copy forms and devices enable us to offer you the latest developments in sales books, registers and continuous forms, and to engineer them into your business properly. This service is yours for the asking.

Rediform Sales Books and Manifold Books

Every type for every purpose with all the latest improvements, and a service in design that makes any type more efficient.

Rediform "Wiz" Autographic Registers

The latest features of sturdiness and accuracy, and the convenient Flatpakit forms—with locked compartment.

Rediform Continuous Interfolded and Interleaved

Permit variation of color and weight of different sheets and are adapted to either billing machines or typewriters.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED, ELMIRA, N. Y.
Factories, Elmira, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Sales and Service Offices in Principal Cities

Continued from Page 149

Peg that he saw character in my face and thought I might become a second Julia Swayne Gordon. Judy was one of the leading emotional actresses of the stock company.

Costello had been a printer's devil in his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Later he worked in a mill, and at night suped in a stock company at twenty-five cents a performance. By degrees he decided that carrying his audience with him was preferable to carrying a spear, so he played everything from juvenile leads to heavies.

One day when Costello was out of work, Larry Barber, an actor with whom he had worked in stock, saw him standing rather dejectedly on a corner of Forty-second Street, chatting with several other troupers also "at liberty." Barber was on his way to meet Van Dyke Brooke at Kid McCoy's saloon, which used to be at Fortieth Street and Broadway.

"Larry," said Brooke in between schooners of beer, "I am looking for a handsome leading man—preferably someone with stage experience—and I will pay him five dollars a day if he can act "

"Your man is standing on the corner, two blocks away," replied Barber, and dashed off posthaste, to return literally dragging Costello by the arm.

Music Comes Into its Own

Despite the fact that he was facing a six weeks' lay-off, the dashing Maurice, who had been earning what was then the large salary of sixty-five dollars a week on the speaking stage, was loath to join the celluloid drama. But he had a wife and children to support—little Dolores, who has recently become one of the much sought-after leading women of today, and Baby Helen, who promises to run her sister a close second.

After considerable discussion Costello agreed to appear in a picture the next day if they would absolutely swear not to use his name. Theatrical producers were beginning to put a ban on players who appeared on the screen. From the very first day Costello showed such remarkable ability that he received an increase in salary the second week. At that time the actors rarely did anything more than move their lips and make grimaces. Costello started in with real words and played a scene exactly as he would have enacted it behind footlights. He insisted upon all his fellow players improvising their own speeches as they went along.

At first everybody stared at him in blank amazement, but by degrees they realized his professional superiority, and it was considered the greatest honor to have Costello request certain players to be cast for one of his pictures. He was so good-looking, in addition to being the best-known leading man of his time, that half the female population of Vitagraph were in love with him. Little Constance used to beg me to take her to the studio just to get a look at Dimples, as everyone nicknamed him. Before long, exhibitors wrote to the Vitagraph asking for more pictures of "the good-looking chap with the curly hair and the dimples," and he received hundreds of letters addressed "Mr. Dimples."

Costello was the first to use music in the studio. When he was making The Foundling there was an old piano on the set used only as a prop. He requested some sad music for an emotional scene, and it was discovered that all of the strings were broken. He then sent to his house for a dizzy little phonograph machine, and the only record that could be located was a funeral march. Between Costello's art and the tragic music all the players in the scene burst into tears. This bit of realism made a big hit with A. E. Smith. Nowadays every first-class studio has an orchestra that plays selections appropriate to the scene, from Coq d'Or or Boris Godounow down to the newest musical-comedy tunes. Even the comedians—Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon, Harold Lloyd, and others—have jazz tunes to pep them up.

Although Costello flatly refused to punch the clock, and had very definite ideas about what he would and would not do in connection with his art, as he took pictures very seriously, he was never the least bit upstage with us youngsters. He used to manifest a lively interest in our rivalry and was very generous about helping anyone who showed promise. Often he would take Mabel Normand, Lottie Pickford, Buggs Walker or me to a quiet corner and talk in a fatherly way about how to improve our work.

He could be severe, too, if we lay down on the job, and I recall once when Lillian Walker and I encouraged several children who were playing extras to steal away to a cherry tree that grew just outside the studio grounds. Costello needed the children for a scene and no one could find us. When at last we were located, Maurice took Lillian and me aside and scolded us severely.

Another Vitagraph leading man who was in great demand by exhibitors and the public was Earle Williams, who had started his professional life at the age of fourteen as a photographic printer. Later he went into vaudeville and then joined a New Orleans stock company. This experience was followed by road engagements with Rose Stahl, Helen Ware, Mary Mannering, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Henry E. Dixey and other players who have since become internationally famous as Broadway stars. He came into especial prominence in the stage productions of Way Down East and When Knighthood Was in Flower. After he married he realized the advantage of motion pictures over stage work in order to have his evenings free and a permanent home with some sort of regularity of living, so he secured a letter of introduction to Fred Thompson, one of the Vitagraph directors, and was at once engaged because of his valuable experience. When Costello's salary was increased to eighty-five dollars a week Williams received sixty-five, and two months later he, too, was raised to eighty-five. One of his best-known Vitagraph parts was that of John Storm in The Christian, the first seven-reel feature ever made, directed by Fred Thompson, who held a stop watch in his hand timing each scene so as not to run over the allotted amount of footage. Earle Williams dressed in the same room with James Young, Gladden James, Leo Delaney, Harry Morey, James Woods Morrison, Tom Powers and two or three others.

As the Camera Sees You

Because of his early training in the field of photography, Earle knew a great deal about make-up, and I remember his exclaiming, upon our first meeting:

"What in the world are you doing with all that grease on your nose and such a lot of rouge on your lips? Don't you know that your nose will high-light if you don't smooth your grease and then powder over it?" Sure enough, when I saw the rushes run off the next evening my nose had photographed like the concentrated rays of a rising sun and my mouth looked as though I had been eating blackberries.

"Rushes," which is the name applied to the scenes that are shown from day to day before any cutting or titling is done, were run off on a screen improvised in the cellar under the general office, which served as a projection room. It is the custom in many studios for those personally interested in the making of a picture—producer, director, star, leading members of the cast and cameramen—to view the takes of the previous day, usually after the day's work has been finished, with a view to making note of any mistakes which might necessitate retakes, in order that the corrections can be made while the same sets are still available. Of course nowadays rushes are run off in the positive, but in those early times, rather than go to the expense of making a print, they were shown from the negative.

FOR MEN
Who Appreciate Comfort

TREAT your legs and waist and shoulders right. Treat them to Pioneer-Brighton Garters, a Pioneer Belt, Pioneer Suspenders. Let them know what perfect comfort is.

"Man's Comfort" was the ideal upon which the Pioneer-Brighton business was founded in 1877. "Man's Comfort" is the outstanding reason for Pioneer-Brighton popularity after 50 years of service to men.

There is no substitute for "Pioneer-Brighton" comfort. Nothing takes the place of Pioneer-Brighton Garters, Pioneer Belts or Pioneer Suspenders. Insist upon them at the men's wear counter.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
315 to 323 North Twelfth St Philadelphia Pa

For style, as well as comfort, Pioneer Wide Belts stand alone. The newest novelty and plain effects—all in full grain leathers. Tongue Buckles offer wide choice of design, including hand hammered solid nickel Buckles that never lose their lustre.

Pioneer English-Type Suspenders in striking patterns and colors are all the vogue right now—stylish, comfortable and essential to give the right hang to the high waisted trousers that Fashion dictates for 1927.

© P S C [illegible]

PIONEER

Mr. Jones Tries to Console His Weeping Radiator

Too long has Mr. Jones put off buying "X" Liquid. That's what makes his radiator so tearful. Neglect.

Don't fail to heed the very first leaks of *your* radiator. The cure is so instant—so permanent—that a can of "X" is kept in the tool box by all experienced car owners. There isn't a more important spare you could carry, for radiator leaks happen anywhere, everywhere, but mostly they seem to occur when you're far from home.

More than a hundred thousand dealers sell "X" Liquid. Visit the nearest and buy *your* can today.

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. In preparing your car for Spring and Summer, don't neglect the cooling system. Send for the folder "How to Take Care of Your Radiator".

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc
Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars
Use $1.25 Size

You Can Get Home on a Flat Tire But Not With a Dry Radiator

"X" LABORATORIES

25 West 45th Street, New York Factories Boston and Toronto

"X" LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators cracked cylinders and water jackets

which was handled without gloves and consequently badly scratched by finger nails before it ever reached the printing room. This accounts for the crinkled lines and splotches that used to mar the appearance of film in the nickelodeon era. Often these zigzag dashes and dots gave the effect of a fierce hailstorm coming through the drawing-room ceiling!

There were no film cutters, because the scenes of one reelers were not numbered, and the only person who could successfully assemble the film was the man who had directed or photographed these scenes. It was Griffith who first introduced the use of cotton gloves in handling film, and our present cutters wear out at least a pair a day. The salaries of these men and women range anywhere from fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars a week. This, of course, does not include the higher-priced ones, who are known as film editors.

Costello and Van Dyke Brooke—another actor director—chummed together a great deal, so, at the beginning of 1912, when Florence Turner went West and Costello consequently was shy a leading woman, he and Brooke, with A. E. Smith, went into the Rogue's Gallery—the name given the room where the pictures on post cards and photographs that were sold to exhibitors were stored—to select someone to play opposite Maurice. There they looked over the entire list of players and chose me as the best prospect for the feminine lead in Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins, a story dealing with the rivalry between two young costers for the hand of Eliza, "a bloomin' spiff of a girl"—myself—"and a loidy that 'ould do any man proud."

Van Dyke Brooke directed and also played the father; Costello was one of the costers, the other—an ex-pugilist—was played by Harry Morey, while Kate Price was the fifth member of the cast, as a stout, red-faced landlady.

Mr. Brooke was very enthusiastic about having me for the rôle, despite the fact that some of the other directors saw nothing in me and there was talk about letting me out the following Saturday. Brooke and Costello pleaded with Smith to give me one more chance. When I went to the office in fear and trembling, A. E. said, "You win again, Norma."

Fortunately for me, everyone liked my work in this picture and from then on I became a fixture. If I had not been cast for that part, however, which really decided my fate, I would probably have been living now in a Harlem flat earning my living in some other way, but whatever my destiny, I know I should have gone on loving the movies, because to me the world of make-believe, whether it be stage or screen, is the very breath of life.

To See What We Could See

Following Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins, I went back to simple parts under Van Dyke Brooke's direction in The Way of a Man With a Maid, The Counsel for the Defense, and others. Then I played in support of Julia Swayne Gordon in The Fortunes of a Composer, directed by Charles Kent, the cast of which also included Edith Hallerin and Rosemary Theby.

Mrs. Julia Swayne—she had not added the Gordon then—was a kind of forerunner of the vamp type. She was an Ohio girl, who came to the Vitagraph from the speaking stage. Her beautiful figure, plus her dramatic ability, led to her being chosen for the title rôle of Lady Godiva, when Charles Kent directed this Saxon legend of the eleventh century, in one thousand feet. Robert Gaillord played the Lord of Coventry and Kate Price led the white horse in the scene where Lady Godiva sent heralds forth saying that she would free the people from their bonds by agreeing to the edict of her husband to ride unclothed through the town with her luxurious golden hair, hanging below her waist, serving as a mantle. Everyone who has read the legends or Lord Tennyson's poem, Godiva, will recall that on the day set for the payment of the price of devotion to her people, it was proclaimed that everyone must stay within closed doors and no eye was to look upon her.

Well, that same edict was issued at the Vitagraph! Only the persons actually used on the set were allowed to see the fair Julia in tights, but Buggs and Dorothy, always my companions in crime, helped me hunt for knot holes in the fence built around the scene. Unlike Peeping Tom in the legend, we were not struck blind in punishment for disobedience, but we were struck, instead, with admiration when Judy, in what looked to us like a pink union suit, her golden hair floating in the breeze, came cantering majestically along with Kate Price hanging on to the halter. There were no other pictures made on the lot that day, but all the players and directors stuck around peering from dressing-room windows and any and every other nook and cranny where they could level one eye on the beauteous Lady of Coventry.

This is the first time I can remember an inclosed set being used, although they have now become an established rule when particularly difficult scenes or those embracing a secret process of photography are being made.

A Zealous Helpmeet

During the remainder of 1911 and 1912 I alternated between important and unimportant parts in various pictures, including those directed by Van Dyke Brooke, Charles Kent, William Ranous—all three, alas, long deceased—Albert W. Hale and Bert Angeles, with whom I made a number of pictures known as The Belinda Series, mostly telling of the adventures of a slavey, Larry Trimble and James Young.

Not until 1913 did I play a part written especially for me. It was called Under the Daisies, with Leo Delaney in the leading masculine rôle, directed by Van Dyke Brooke. This picture gave me my first really big dramatic opportunity. Hitherto I had played mostly straight comedy and ingénues. I averaged at least fifty pictures a year.

How strange and amusing that seems in retrospect, in view of my present policy of only two productions per annum.

From this time on Van Dyke Brooke became my regular director, and we formed a sort of team in much the same way as did James Young and Clara Kimball Young. When Clara first came to the Vitagraph she was directed by Larry Trimble, but in time she was assigned almost entirely to her husband's pictures. Clara was practically born on the stage, the top tray of a trunk being her cradle.

James Young, or Jimmie, as he was affectionately known to us, a graduate of Baltimore City College and of Johns Hopkins University, had been a fine Shakspearean actor and had played in various productions with Sir Henry Irving, Viola Allen, Annie Russell, Mrs. Fiske and others, besides being a member of the Augustin Daly Stock Company and the old Fifth Avenue Stock Company before he came to Vitagraph. Young had also played in musical comedy and vaudeville. While touring the music halls of England in a lightning-change act, his wife, Clara Kimball Young, who had appeared in stock at Salt Lake City and Seattle, assisted Jimmie in making his rapid variations. He had to have a complete change of costume and scenery every thirty seconds for his turn.

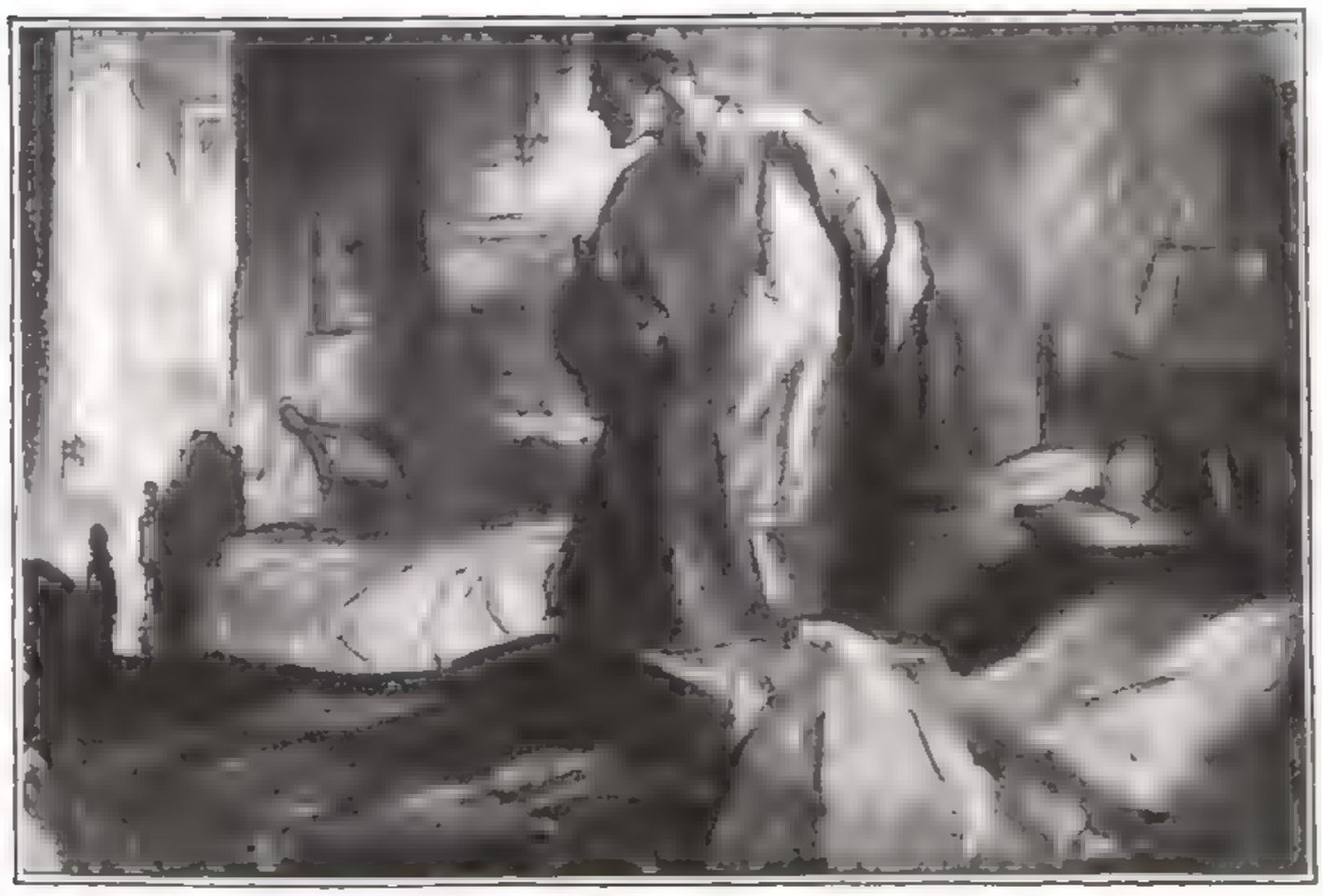
Clara not only helped him effect these rapid transformations but she even wrote the music for the act.

When she was nineteen and extremely beautiful, she went down into the pit one night and wrested the baton from the orchestra leader, whose musicians were playing off key. Suddenly James Young became aware of the fact that no one was paying the slightest bit of attention to him. Every eye in the audience was riveted on the beautiful young woman leading the

(Continued on Page 158)

LIGHT FROM UNDER A BUSHEL

This is Number 3 in a series of advertisements about Pacific Mills, published that the millions of people who use our fabrics may know about the company which has served them in the past and expects to play a more conscious part in their lives in the future.



Brown starts a new day

RATHER late this morning, Brown rushed into the bathroom, took off his pajamas, pulled together the curtain of the shower-bath, and jumped under the cold water.

Before going any further, please note that the sheets Brown had slept between, the pillow cases, the bed ticking, the covering of the comfortable, his pajamas, the cretonne curtain of the shower-bath were all made of fabrics manufactured by Pacific Mills.

The union-suit that Brown put on, his shirt, worsted suit, even his sleeve and shoe linings were of Pacific fabrics, as were the raincoat that he tossed into his car and the upholstery of the car itself.

Mrs. Brown's lingerie, her early-morning negligee, the Brown youngsters' clothes were all made of Pacific materials. Everywhere were Pacific cottons, rayons and worsteds giving useful and beautiful service in the Brown home—table runners, curtains, furniture covers, Mrs. Brown's flannel coat.

The Browns are a typical American family. There are millions of them. The fabrics made by Pacific Mills enter into *your* daily life as they did into the lives of two generations of your family before you.

Each yard of cloth is as right for its special purpose as the constant study of changing conditions and the most advanced manufacturing methods make possible. Pacific Mills, 24 Thomas Street, New York.

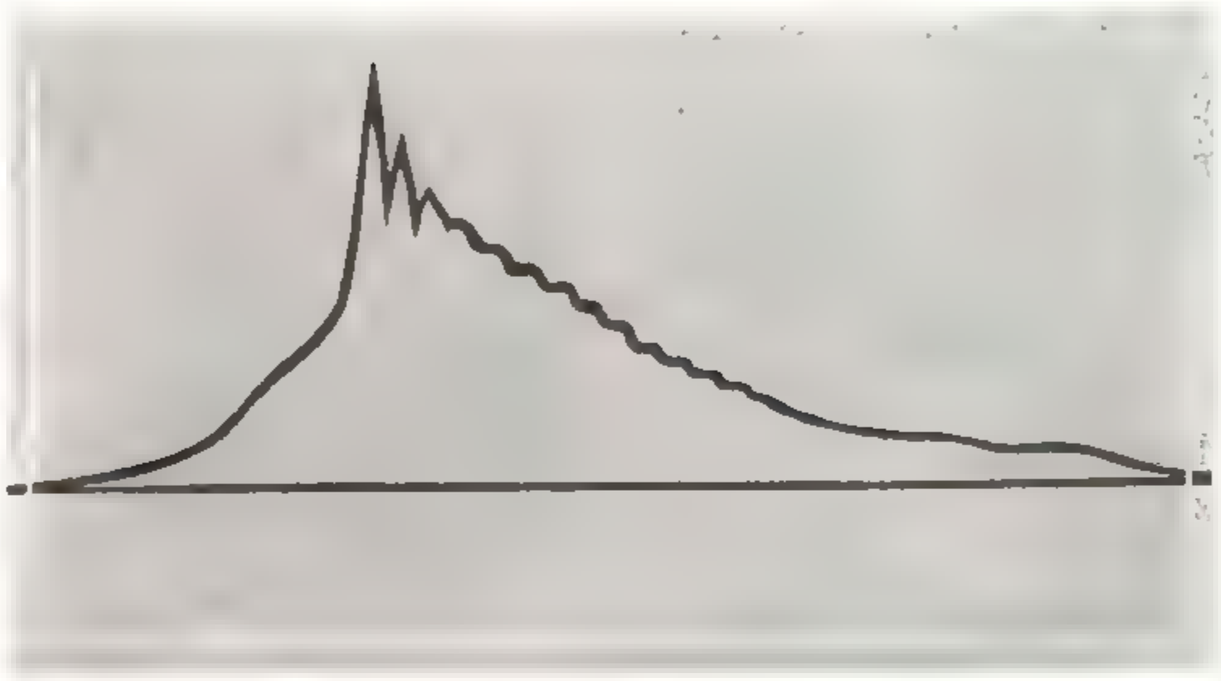
Pacific Fabrics

Mills at: Lawrence, Mass., Lyman, S. C., Columbia, S. C., Dover, N. H.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TEXTILES

IN YARDAGE AND VARIETY—FINISHED FABRICS OF COTTON, WORSTED AND SILK AND RAYON MIXTURES

This is the "knock" in your motor



THIS shows photographically what occurs in the engine cylinder as carbon forms, when you operate your car on straight gasoline. The increased heat and pressure created by the carbon cause the gasoline to explode too quickly, with the result that there is an accumulation of high pressure heat waves which strike against the cylinder walls so violently as to produce an audible metallic sound. You know that sound as the "knock"—and the bumps in the line show what the "knock" looks like.

The "knock" is the bane of the car driver. It hurts both car and engine. It slows up engine revolutions; cuts down power and pick-up, increases vibration and engine wear and tear; and entails the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

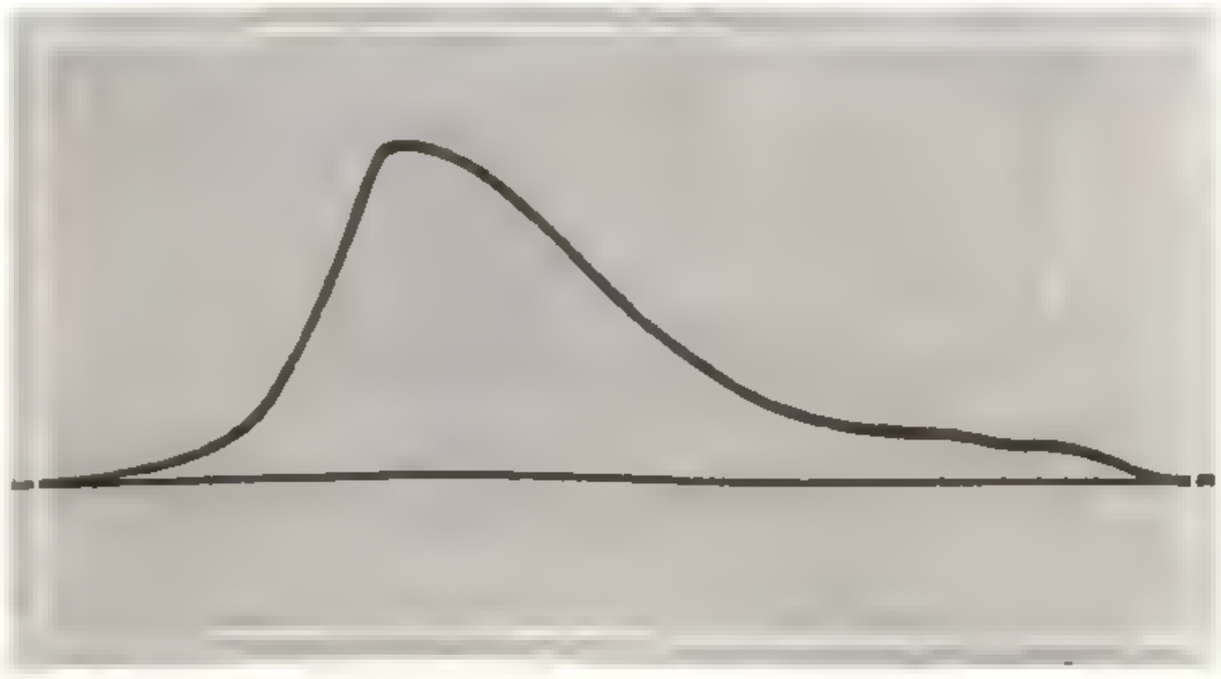
From a photograph by
General Motors Research Laboratories

And this is how "ETHYL" knocks it out

AND this shows photographically what goes on in the same cylinder under the same conditions when straight gasoline is treated with "ETHYL" fluid. Note the absence of "knock-bumps"; the evenness of the pressure changes. The "ETHYL" fluid has neutralized the heating qualities of the carbon deposits and by maintaining the normal combustion rate of gasoline has turned the increased pressure into increased power.

Ethyl Gasoline is the most efficient "anti-knock" fuel yet discovered. It transforms carbon from a liability into an asset. It produces more power on hills and heavy roads. Speeds up acceleration. Makes for easier handling in traffic. Reduces gear-shifting. Keeps out the "knock" with the spark fully advanced. And reduces wear and tear and maintenance costs.

From a photograph by
General Motors Research Laboratories



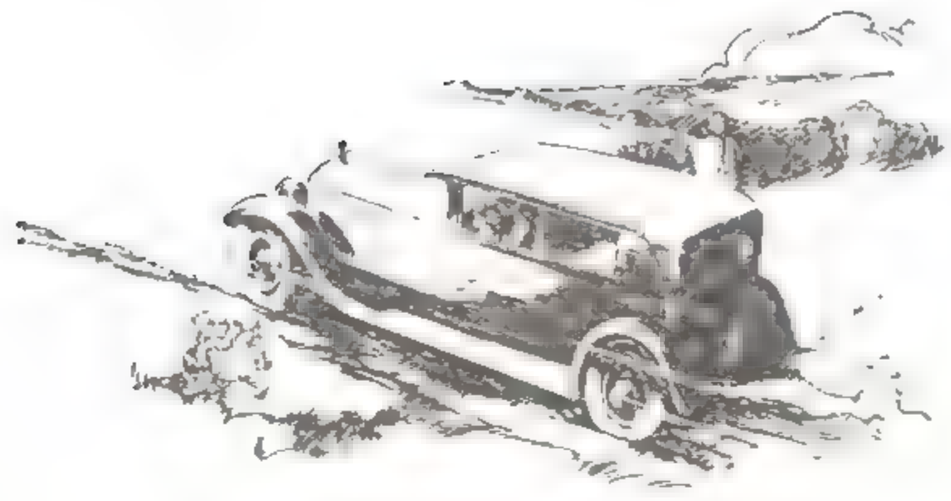
ETHYL

ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

Knocks out that knock

ETHYL



EIGHT years ago the General Motors Research Laboratories started out to find the cause of "knocking" in automobile engines.

Their first task was to see just what goes on inside an automobile cylinder. So they invented special instruments which made possible the photographs shown opposite.

Thus they found that what has been called an "engine knock" or a "spark knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*—due to the tendency of straight gasoline to explode too quickly beyond certain temperature and compression limits.

Once the character of the "knock" was fully known, General Motors research engineers began their long series of experiments for something which would eliminate it. These experiments resulted in Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound, or "ETHYL" fluid as it is commonly known, which when mixed in infinitesimal quantities with straight gasoline forms Ethyl Gasoline—the most efficient "anti-knock" fuel yet discovered.

Ethyl Gasoline means more power, quicker pick-up and less gear-shifting. It is used by racing drivers throughout the country. It is used by the latest type of airplanes of the United States Navy. It has increased the motoring satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of car drivers. And it is destined to play a much more important part in the automobile history of the future. TRY IT.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

ETHYL GASOLINE is now generally available throughout the United States and Canada. Following are oil companies licensed to mix "ETHYL" fluid with gasoline at their refineries and to sell the resultant product (Ethyl Gasoline) to the public, either directly or through gasoline resellers and distributors.

Associated Oil Company • Atlantic Refining Co. • Beacon Oil Company • Continental Oil Company • Humble Oil & Refining Co. • Imperial Oil Limited (Canada) • Pennzoil Company • Refiners Oil Company • Spears & Riddle Co. • Spokane Oil & Refining Co. • Standard Oil Company (Indiana) • Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) • Standard Oil Company of Louisiana • Standard Oil Co. (Neb.) • Standard Oil Company (N. J.) • Sterling Oil Company • Union Oil Company of California • Walburn Petroleum Co. • Waverly Oil Works.

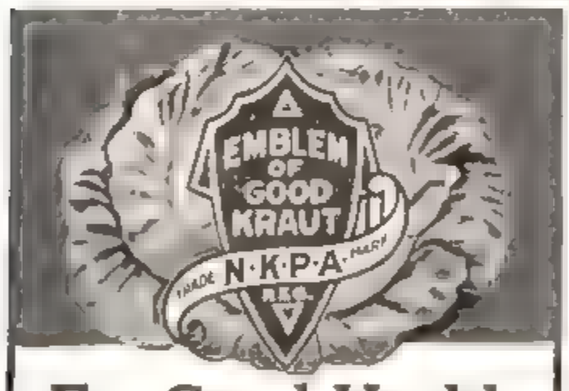
Through the above-named companies, hundreds of jobbers and thousands of dealers are selling Ethyl Gasoline. The "ETHYL" trade mark on the pump is your protection.

GASOLINE

THEATRE TICKETS

THOUSANDS of theatres—including many of the leading houses in the United States—are using Weldon, Williams & Lick Tickets. The fact that we please them, indicates that we can please you, whether you want tickets for a theatre, for a school, lodge, fair or other amusement enterprise. Our line is *complete*, embracing Roll, Folded Machine, Book, Strip and Reserved Seat Styles. Write us on your letterhead for samples and quotations. No obligation.

WELDON, WILLIAMS & LICK
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS
EST 1898
SPECIALISTS IN NUMBERED PRINTING
TICKETS—COUPON BOOKS—CAFE CHECKS



For Good Health and Good SAUERKRAUT
Look For This Emblem
on cans and barrels of Sauerkraut made by the licensed members of this Association. Send for FREE booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food."
THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Dept. P-9, Clyde, Ohio

THE LONG AND SHORT OF MACARONI

From Press to you Q the Best UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

(Continued from Page 154)

orchestra. Needless to say, the next night Clara performed offstage!

When Mr. and Mrs. Young came to America after knocking about Great Britain and living in cold hotels, the thing they wanted most in the world was to settle down somewhere and enjoy home life. They bought a little house in Flatbush and received such wonderful treatment at the Vitagraph that Jimmie has often said, "It was as if something human had hit us at last!" They were immensely proud of their open fireplace in the Flatbush home, and many times we gathered around it to talk shop.

James Young was one of the most versatile members of our stock company. He not only played many leading parts and directed many pictures but he also wrote or adapted about seventy-five stories while at Vitagraph, varying from classics to slapstick. For example, one Monday he turned out the screen version of Hamlet, and Wednesday of the same week he sold Mr. Blackton an original story—Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut. One of his outstanding successes was his characterization of Beau Brummel, played years later on the screen by John Barrymore; The Little Minister, which he directed, has also been made again in recent years; and Casey at the Bat, which Young made, with Harry Morey as Casey, myself playing opposite, has just been made by Famous Players-Lasky with Wallace Beery as Casey. Mr. Young still has a number of photographs of scenes from his production, My Official Wife, in which Leon Trotsky, then known as Mr. Bronstein, played one of the Russians. Little did any of us dream that Trotsky would one day play a more sensational rôle in the history of the world than anything the most creative imagination could have invented for the screen.

Unlike James Young and most of the other directors, Larry Trimble had had no stage experience whatsoever when he began his directorial career. He was a red-headed, freckle-faced backwoodsman, and came to New York after a year or so at Yarmouth Academy, from Robbinston, Washington County, Maine, to peddle the roll of manuscripts under his arm.

Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

Peyton Steger, then editor of the fiction magazines published by Doubleday, Page & Company, gave Trimble an assignment to write a series of articles about how motion pictures were made. Trimble suggested that he could get some good inside copy if he could secure access to one of the studios. So he hunted up Pop Rock, who scribbled a permanent pass on a slip of paper which gave him permission to go and come as he pleased. Trimble eventually wandered into the manuscript department, which was in a small, shedlike, separate building, where Rollin Sturgeon and Mrs. Breuill used to pore over the current magazines and lift any short stories that seemed to them to have picture possibilities.

No one thought of asking the author's or publisher's permission and the term "motion-picture rights" had not yet become a clause in contracts. While Trimble waited his turn Stuart Blackton came in and tossed a three or four page typewritten manuscript on Mrs. Breuill's desk, remarking that this was a wonderful story, but no dog could possibly enact the things the plot required.

Now Larry had spent all his life with dogs and horses on his father's farm and with the wilder animals of the Maine woods. When he was only eight years old his dad took him to a circus in a neighboring town. After that every animal on the Trimble place was taught to do stunts. He didn't believe there was anything a dog couldn't be taught to do and said so with such conviction that he was given the manuscript to read. It dealt with the failure of the police to find a child stolen by gypsies, and told how a tramp dog followed the covered wagon to the camp and returned to the little girl's parents with a piece of her dress between his teeth. With this clew the frantic parents followed the dog to the gypsies' camp and recovered their too trusting offspring. The final scene showed the dog and the daughter, both happily tucked into bed, eating out of the same dish.

"There's nothing here a dog cannot do," said Larry. "Bring on your animal."

We had tigers, bears, lions and elephants at the Vitagraph, but the only dog around the place was a stray cur that domiciled under the garage and never came out except at mealtimes, to eat the scraps of food left around the lot by the actors. It took Trimble more than an hour to coax the dog out, though less than half an hour to teach him the necessary business. But the best-laid tricks of mice and men—and dogs—will sometimes "gang a-gley." When the film was run off, only the top of his head and tail, with an occasional glimpse of the upper edge of the dog's body, were in evidence. The nine-foot chalk line from the camera, which cut people off a little below the knees, had cut the dog almost entirely out of the picture.

Beauty and the Beasts

"We have to get a bigger dog," decided Blackton.

"I've got a pure-bred collie," said Trimble, "that can do anything."

The collie was engaged at fifteen dollars a day, which made her the highest salaried actress on the lot. From then on Trimble wrote animal stories instead of magazine articles, and the collie became Jean, the Vitagraph Dog—the first international animal star, whose name was featured around the world long before mine was. She lived to be fourteen years old, and I shall always remember her last screen performance with Olga Petrova in The Light Within. The same understanding between master and dog years later won another canine star great fame—Strongheart, who understands Larry's every word, despite the fact that his native tongue is German.

The Selig Company had gained considerable success with animal pictures, so Vitagraph was not long in following suit. Cages were built on the lot and four-footed Thespians of every breed and species came to join our happy democracy. They were as much a part of the stock company as Florence Turner or John Bunny. In writing his dog pictures Larry always specified Jean's activities by saying in his script "the dog will do" so-and-so. When Mrs. Breuill wrote a story laid in India—The Tiger Lily—for Julia Swayne Gordon, a tiger figured prominently as a sort of guard left by the British husband, obliged to go to England. Mrs. Breuill followed the Trimble formula, using "Tiger will do"—and thanks to Trimble, the tiger finally did.

I played in many of these early animal pictures. I was lifted in the air by an elephant's trunk; I danced in pink tarlatans on a horse's back, with an invisible wire fastened to my waist from above; and I put many monkeys through their paces. In Wild Animals at Large, Peg appeared in a scene where the cat of the desert was supposed to be very ferocious and was to charge the mob. Nate, Connie and I were sitting on the side lines, terrified; but when the camera started to grind I don't know which was the more composed, Peg, who has never been known to be disturbed by anything in life, or the tiger, who began calmly licking his paws and staring fascinatedly into the glaring lights.

The lions used to let out ungodly roars and scare us all half to death, but Mr. Smith would assume an air of bravado from the safety cage where the cameraman was placed and shout at us: "It's all right, children! I won't let them hurt you!"

Anita Stewart shared my fear of the lions, as well as my great love for the ponies. Anna and I had several things in common. She, too, was a Brooklyn girl who went to Erasmus Hall—that is, she went there when she wasn't playing hookey. Many the time our Anita—who was called Anna then—started off with her luncheon box under her arm, a book strap over her left shoulder, ostensibly on the way to school, but really en route to the home of her sister Lucy, who, being not only a sister but a pal, never told their mother about the frequent visits.

Lucille Lee Stewart, who sang in a Brooklyn church choir, had married Ralph Ince when she was seventeen and Ralph twenty-one. Ince was an actor when he could get a job, a scenery painter when nothing better presented, and at this time was also on the Vitagraph pay roll.

Having learned all about the song-slide photographers from me, Anita tried her luck with them, and being very beautiful, had no difficulty in breaking in. She borrowed Lucille's or my clothes for these occasions. I had one little yellow silk dress trimmed with white swan's-down which Peg had made for me—Peg made all our clothes—and this party dress was the envy of all the girls in the neighborhood. The fact that I loaned it to Anita to pose in was the greatest proof of our friendship.

A Dozen Roles

Posing for pretty-girl heads, Christmas and New Year greetings, advertising folders and an occasional magazine cover or illustration, in addition to the song slides, finally divorced Anita from Erasmus Hall altogether, just as working at Vitagraph severed me from additional education.

When Ralph Ince gave up his impecunious stage career for the cinema and became a fixture at Vitagraph, it was natural that Anita's interest waned in posing for still photographs, and her next step was an introduction to J. Stuart Blackton. For a time she was an extra girl, but ultimately became a member of the stock company at the usual twenty-five dollars a week. She shared a dressing room with seven other girls and me. We were each allowed just two feet of space on the counter shelf for our make-up articles and two of the eighteen hooks arranged along the opposite wall for our wardrobe. The space was so crowded that we called it the "cubby hatch." Still we were proud to have our own room, as we regarded that as a distinct step in advance over the general room, where we had made up before becoming bona fide members of the stock company.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were assigned important rôles in the best pictures, it was not at all unusual, when we finished our work in individual parts, to be told to take off the costume of a lead and dress as an extra for somebody else's picture. In this way we sometimes appeared in as many as three different pictures in a single day.

To escape the atmosphere work, Anita and I often hid underneath the counter dressing table, which was skirted with cheap cretonne. One afternoon during one of these escapades we were exchanging funny stories, squatted under the curtains with our heads

(Continued on Page 161)

THEY SAVE TIME . . . THEY COLLECT ACCOUNTS

McCaskey Systems provide the ablest of record control for offices with or without secretary assistants

Facts-Figures-Clinical History *at a Glance* for Physicians-for Dentists

As exacting as the profession itself, McCaskey "ONE writing" Systems solve the business problem for physician or dentist by keeping needed information at finger tips. . . . Complete clinical and financial histories of patients are presented *instantly*. Case history data, services rendered, what each patient owes—what was paid on account, etc., are all told at a glance. . . . Statements are sent promptly; collections are up-to-date. . . . Time is saved for the busy professional man, thus yielding more money from his practice and more time for himself and family.

Where space is an item this McCaskey Pedestal design wins professional approval

For Physicians and Surgeons

McCaskey "ONE writing" Systems adapted for physicians and surgeons, provide accurate records covering each patient with a great saving of time. The full history of the patient's illness, diagnoses made, previous calls, prescriptions given, etc., plus a complete financial record are all provided for with "ONE writing".

Promised calls are automatically brought to your attention, losses due to forgotten charges are stopped, bookkeeping drudgery is eliminated, time is saved for professional services. Isn't it logical that your practice should yield you a greater income with such records?

For Dentists

McCaskey "ONE writing" Systems adapted for your profession cover your contact with each patient from the time of first examination to final payment of the account in full. With "ONE writing" you have a complete record of work done, work to be done, and *a constantly up-to-the-minute financial statement*.

In addition, control over appointments, the return of patients for periodic examination and treatment, acknowledgment of patients sent by others, etc., are all conveniently provided for. Time is saved for building your practice profitably—your accounts and records are fully dependable.

The McCaskey Small Secretary design—is capable of greater capacity and convenience

The McCaskey Master Secretary serves a large, active practice efficiently.

Full information about McCaskey Systems for physicians' and dentists' professional records gladly sent upon request. In writing please mention the profession in which you are engaged.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER COMPANY, ALLIANCE, OHIO · *Galt, Canada* · *Watford, England*

McCASKEY

PROFESSIONAL SYSTEMS

ONE WRITING

Retail Dealers

McCaskey Cash Registers and "ONE writing" Credit Systems provide dependable records of sales transactions, stopping hidden losses, preventing forgotten charges and protecting outstanding accounts. Full information gladly sent upon request

Manufacturers

McCaskey Systems for industrial control will give you an absolute check on costs and help reduce your tool investment. Also provide perpetual inventory, speed up jobs in process and check operation costs. Write for information

Can you ignore the verdict of 3 Independent Tests

—that establish the supremacy of this flat wall paint

THE first test was reported from the New York Hospital, New York. Five years ago they painted the walls with Devoe Velour Finish. With cleanliness the watchword of the institution, the walls have been washed down at regular intervals ever since. Yet today the hospital testifies that the walls are as beautiful as ever!

A mid-western corporation reported the second test. They set out to determine the best wall paint to use. Nine leading brands of flat wall paint were tested. As a result, the company standardized on Devoe Velour Finish. For in Velour Finish alone, the four judges found combined these qualities: ease of application, appearance, washability, durability and economy.

In the third test, a wall painted with Devoe Velour Finish was deliberately soiled with grease spots, finger prints, pencil marks and soot. Then with soap and lukewarm water the wall was washed. Almost instantly the spots vanished. When the wall dried not a trace of them remained.

Tests prove paint quality

In an effort to awaken the public to the fact that there *is* a difference in paint quality, Devoe has gathered definite evidence in the form of tests. And just as the three tests noted above prove the superiority of Velour Finish, other tests have proven the excellence of all Devoe Paint and Varnish Products. Go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity for advice on paint and painting.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.

General Offices: 1 W. 47th St., New York

The oldest paint and varnish house in America.
173 years old—founded 1754

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality

The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

Another

DEVOE

Paint & Varnish Product

(Continued from Page 158)

grazing the shelf, when we were betrayed by our giggling and rudely dragged out from our hiding place by Victor Smith, A. E.'s brother, who was studio manager. But it took more than a good shaking to daunt our spirits.

Anita was always interested in music. She sings and plays very well today, and the last time I talked with her she was rushing off to sing at a recital. She could also dance like a streak. She still has any number of cups she has won in various one-step and fox-trot contests. One of these was presented by the late Rudolph Valentino when the beloved Rudy was a professional dancer and presided over the contests at a New York roof café.

Ralph Ince was the director with whom Anita worked almost exclusively. One of her greatest early successes was The Goddess, the biggest serial ever made at that time, which ran into fifteen or eighteen episodes and required a whole year for completion.

A Stone That Stopped Rolling

While J. Stuart Blackton, A. E. Smith and Pop Rock, the silent partner, were developing the Vitagraph Company and motion pictures were getting such a firm hold on the public that we began, in 1914, producing two reelers rather than one, D. W. Griffith was also making rapid strides with our greatest rival company—The Screen Mutoscope and Biograph Company—at their first real studio in an old brownstone house just off Union Square.

Until 1907, Lawrence Griffith, as he was then known, had knocked about the world considerably as a book agent, a newspaper reporter in Louisville, Kentucky, an actor of sorts, and an occasional author. Often he sent out his articles or stories eight or ten times before they were finally accepted by some obscure magazine publisher. His beginning in pictures parallels that of dozens of other actors of the speaking stage out of a job. During a lay-off he got work with the Edison Company at five dollars a day for two or three days. Then he began to peddle scenarios. After selling one or two ideas at the Biograph, he played in some of their pictures.

Gradually he became a director—his very first picture being entitled The Adventures of Dollie, with Arthur Johnson and Linda Arvidson, who afterward became Mrs. Griffith, in the principal rôles. Johnson, alas, died ten years ago. The former Mrs. Griffith has given up pictures altogether, and D. W., from that humble beginning, was acclaimed, after The Birth of a Nation, the world's most famous director of motion pictures. The discovery of the close-up and the cut-back has always been accredited to Griffith, but these are only two of the many innovations he introduced which changed the whole course of motion-picture art.

Griffith's Intolerance, made in 1915, was the turning point in the career of my sister Constance, but more of that later. His Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, Broken Blossoms, Hearts of the World, and the screen version of Way Down East are still monuments to the film industry

In his early days Griffith trained a number of young screen players who have since become great stars. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, living with their mother in an obscure New York boarding house, began as extras in a Griffith picture.

Dorothy's first stage experience came about through an actress by the name of Dolores Lorne who was in need of a child to play with her as little Willie in East Lynne. The Gishes were terribly poor and, although Dorothy was only four years old, her mother and sister Lillian went on tour with the company for three months.

A child friend of theirs—Gladys Smith—who, years later, was rechristened Mary Pickford, gave up her part in a red-blooded melodrama called In Convict's Stripes, and Lillian took her place. After that came a series of melodramas in which the Gish children played small parts. Once they were cast in Her First False Step, and the big scene was where Dorothy was thrown into a lion's den. Some members of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children disapproved of this bit of realism, and on several occasions members of the audience complained to the police that a child was being ill-treated at the theater. As a matter of fact, though, Dorothy petted the tame lions with no more concern than if they had been poodle dogs. After playing in this melodrama for two years, Lillian was sent back to school and Dorothy played Lillian's part as well as her own, later appearing in a series of Irish comedies presented by Fiske O'Hara, the tenor, until she, too, gave up the stage to go to school in Baltimore. There the sisters went for the first time to the moving pictures, and while looking at a film called Lena and the Geese, recognized in Lena their erstwhile chum, Gladys Smith, who was then employed by D. W. Griffith.

When the Gish girls returned to New York almost the first thing they did was to locate the old Biograph studio.

"Could we please see Gladys Smith?" said Lillian to the doorman.

"We have no one here by that name."

"Yes, you have," chirped up Dorothy, "because we saw her play the part of Lena in Lena and the Geese when we were in Baltimore, and it said on the screen that it was a Biograph picture."

It then developed that Gladys Smith and Mary Pickford were one. Mary was delighted to see the Gishes again and secured jobs for her little friends as extras. D. W. took an interest in the Gish sisters from the start and after a time they were given good parts in An Unseen Enemy.

Telling the Gish Girls Apart

"We were so nearly one height and looked and talked so much alike, even echoing each other's thoughts," Lillian said, when telling me of this early beginning, "that they could never tell us apart on the set. You remember those big, flare-ribbon bows all the girls used to tie their hair back with in those days? Well, one morning Mr. Griffith solved the problem by asking me always to wear a pink bow and Dorothy a blue one. For quite a long time we were called 'Pink' and 'Blue' by everyone connected with the studio."

In the years ahead, Dorothy Gish and my sister Constance were to become great chums. They even had a double wedding at Greenwich, Connecticut.

I cannot close this chapter of my life, which is written in Hollywood just a few weeks after Christmas, without a word or two about the yuletide season in the old Vitagraph days. Every year each member of the stock company was given a ten-dollar gold piece and the choice of a turkey or a box of cigars. Fred voted for the cigars, but Peg always made me choose the turkey so the whole family could share in the treat.

I can close my eyes and still see myself running all the way home through the wilds of Flatbush that first Christmas Eve, dragging that naked bird behind me with one hand and clutching my first gold piece in the other. As poor as we were, my parents would not part with that gold piece for anything, and Peg still has it, along with my first shoe, one of Natalie's finger-marked copybooks and Constance's baby spoon.

Editor's Note.—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

of constant delight. Uncle George, who is a little homesick already, cheered up when we had to stand in the aisle all the way, and he thanked the French gentleman who had the compartment all to himself for his baggage, because standing made him think of the dear old Subway. The enthusiasm when we reached the station in Paris was so tremendous that father was knocked down by three porters. We had another delightful illustration of French independence when we got into the taxi and told the chauffeur the name of our hotel. He said that wasn't his direction. We got out and he charged us for standing time, but it was only a few francs, and a volunteer interpreter pointed out that we ought to tip the chauffeur, and him too. We were glad to be able to catch on so quickly to the ways of the city—it made us feel so much more at home. The quaint old one-way Norman elevator at the hotel fascinates us. You get in and press a button and up it goes. It's a wonderful pastime—one trip took us two hours and thirty-five minutes. Of course it stops two floors below ours, and it's against the law to ride down in it, which makes it very exclusive, as you can imagine.

PARIS, JUNE THIRTEENTH. Spent a delicious long day today getting tickets for the opera. The darling old woman behind the ticket window reminded me of grandmother, she was so deaf and so Colonial Dame. I got on the line at ten o'clock when the window opened, and by 12:30 the old lady had sold seats to ten customers. I was next in line when she went home to lunch, and I was thrilled to think I would be first when she returned. But a man who said he was President Doumergue stepped up ahead of me, and I had another delightful thrill when I learned that the President of France and the old lady at the ticket window are cousins! They had such an interesting reunion and I was really sorry when the president had to hurry away after only an hour's chat. Then my turn came, and a kind gentleman volunteered to interpret for me.

"I don't want very expensive seats," I said.

"There's nothing else for you," said the Colonial Dame.

"I want four," I said.

"We never sell less than eight in that section of the house," she said. I decided we could invite the interpreter and a few other music lovers, so I said I would take them.

But then the trouble began! After I signed my name four times and made my thumb print twice and informed the lady where I had scars and other identification marks, I almost lost out because I didn't have my birth certificate! But the kind interpreter said he would swear that I had been born if I would pay for the stamp to accompany the oath—and so that was settled. I was certainly lucky to get those seats!

STILL PARIS, JUNE FIFTEENTH. Dear father is in such a lovely hospital. And he expects to be there several weeks, so, of course, we can't leave Paris. Which proves that every cloud has a silver-and-gold lining. It happened last night, when we were coming home from the opera. We were in the middle of the big Place de l'Opéra where the crowd was terrific. Father stepped close to the curb and a taxi came right up on it and struck him, knocking him down. The driver jumped out and was very apologetic. When we told him we were Americans he jumped right back into the taxi, backed up a little and then came ahead, running over dear father's leg, which broke. But the chauffeur was only going for a gendarme, and when the gendarme came back he arrested dear father for obstructing traffic. When he gets out of the hospital he will be able to pay a fine, too, but meanwhile the rest of us are going to enjoy every minute of our stay.

—*Morris Gilbert.*

"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them too, because they are so absorbent and so bright-white.

The boys of the family are "for" them as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub-down after the bath.

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six or singly. Or send 25 cents for a full-sized sample. Boott Mills, Dept. P326, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. TOWELING AND TOWELS

Silver Lake Sash Cord Guaranteed

"Twenty years' unbroken service." A written guarantee with every hank.

A Clothesline that's solid braided to a smooth firm surface that clothespins grip and hold

SILVER LAKE COMPANY NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

Clothes Line

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

$2 and it's yours

Guaranteed Years. Free Trial

payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today. International Typewriter Exchange, 186 W Lake St. Dept. 334, Chicago

ROOFING DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Send for my Free Catalog see how my Direct Factory Prices to Plant Size long guaranty prices lower, and ... Metal ... quality—Roofing ... Brown Fence & Wire Co. Dept. 427 Cleveland, Ohio

I am a Tork Clock

"I turn store WINDOW lights and electric SIGNS on and off regularly at times set. I am an economy and a comfort on your OIL BURNER. I am used and sold by good electrical dealers everywhere."

Tork Clock Booklet Free

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

... LaSalle Extension University Dept. 371 HC Chicago, The World's Largest Business Training Institution

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest ... profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

At night *you* even "good" roads cause galloping

The last great source of riding discomfort now eliminated by the

Third Great Advance

HAVE you ever wondered why even on good roads—even on some of the very smoothest—your car "gallops"?

Why, on improved concrete and asphalt pavements, it is constantly bobbing and jiggling, bouncing, seesawing mushily up and down?

Why, in spite of all that has been done to make your car easier riding, in spite of better roads everywhere, you, and especially those who ride in the rear seat, are still not altogether comfortable when you drive?

You will find the answer at night!

Irregularities you don't notice in the daytime

At night you see them. Heavy shadows and the bright lights of your car throw into relief countless tiny rises and depressions in what a few hours earlier seemed an almost perfect pavement.

Little bumps, ridges, hollows, ripples. So small you don't even notice them in the daytime. Yet these are the cause of "galloping," today's last great source of riding discomfort.

No more "galloping"!

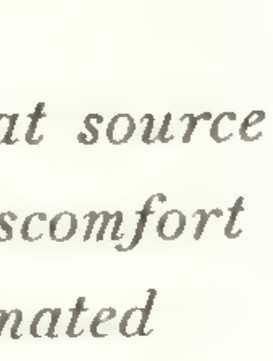
Balloon tires and longer, more resilient springs have worked wonders in making the cars of today go more smoothly than ever before. But it needed a third great advance to make their comfort complete.

It needed a means that would completely eliminate "galloping."

The third great advance is here. You will find it in the new Hasslers!

No service troubles with Hasslers

The new Hasslers are water-tight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car. No readjustment is ever necessary.



Water-tight. Absolutely sealed against destructive mud, grit, slush. Noiseless operation under all conditions

A shot of Alemite when you lubricate your car keeps the new Hasslers in perfect working condition

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of the Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there.

Designed not only to cushion the major bumps in the road, but the minor ones as well. No irregularity is too small to bring their corrective action into immediate play.

The new Hasslers are so swift in recovery, too, that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

A special type for the car you drive

And there is a special type of the new Hasslers for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. Scientifically designed and adjusted, not merely for a general type of spring, but specifically for the particular set of springs to which they are to be attached—for the springs of your car.

The harmony between the new Hasslers and the springs which they are to control is mathematically exact, set at the factory under the direct supervision of expert engineers. And they never need readjusting.

There is no chance of error. Each set is plainly marked. A Buick set for a Buick. A Nash set for a Nash. A Chevrolet set for a Chevrolet. And where the springs vary with different models, there is a special type of Hassler for each.

Enjoy "gallopless" riding

To rid your car of "gallop," the last great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions, why not install a set of the new Hasslers now?

Learn how much they add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and move-

see why . . .

ment they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

Those in the rear seat, of course, will notice the difference most, for they are the principal sufferers from "galloping." When you take them riding for pleasure, make the pleasure a real one.

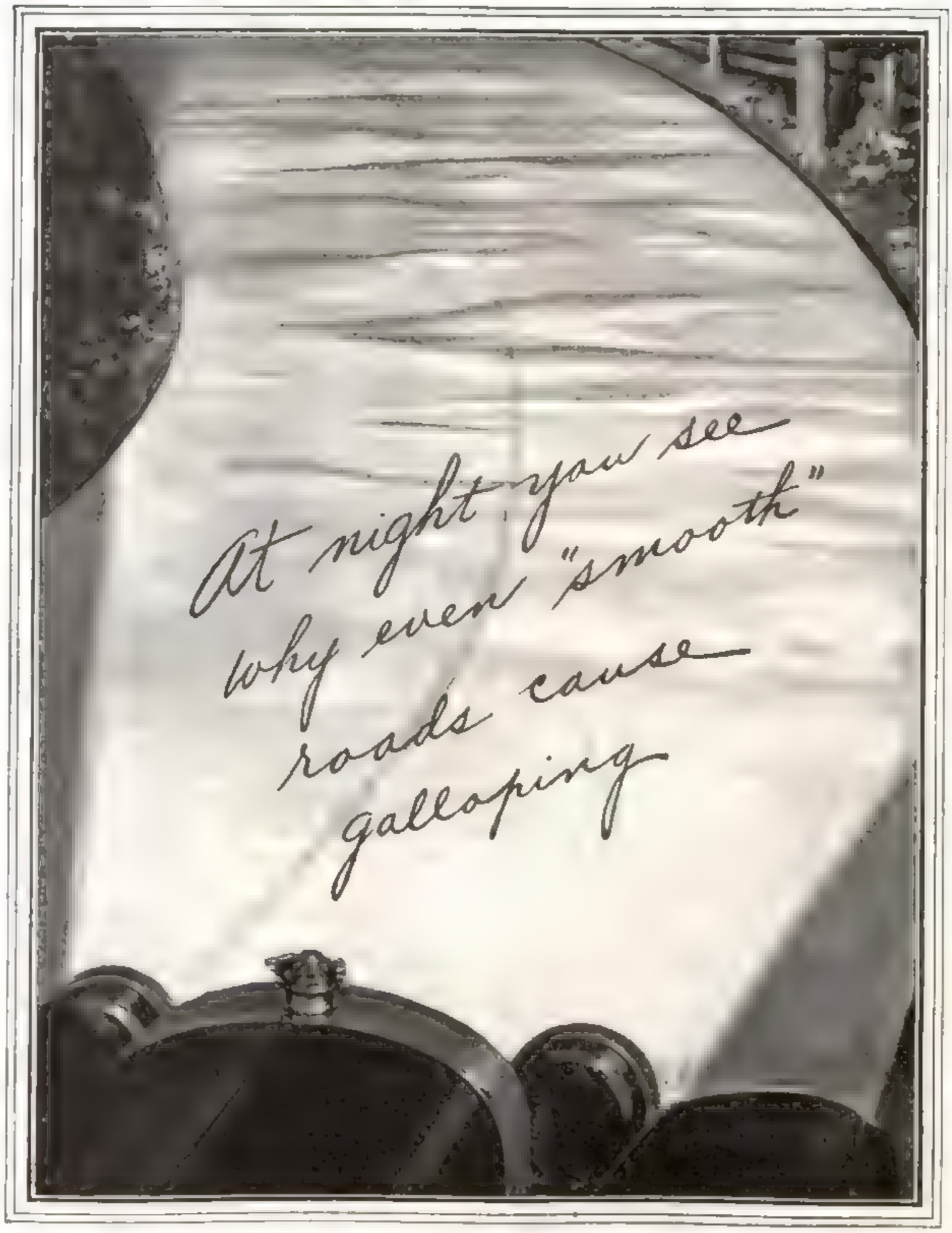
The new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in motoring comfort.

Low cost

The new Hasslers are not expensive. Low price is made possible by large production in an enormous factory which for fourteen years has produced spring control devices exclusively.

And the first cost is the last. No belt breakage nuisance. None of the annoyance of running to service stations for readjustments. The new Hasslers will give you uninterrupted service for the life of your car.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Installation Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied. Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis.



From seventy to ninety per cent of your driving is on roads like this—full of irregularities so small you don't see them in the daytime. These are the cause of "galloping," the only great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions

The NEW HASSLERS

NO MORE GALLOPING

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

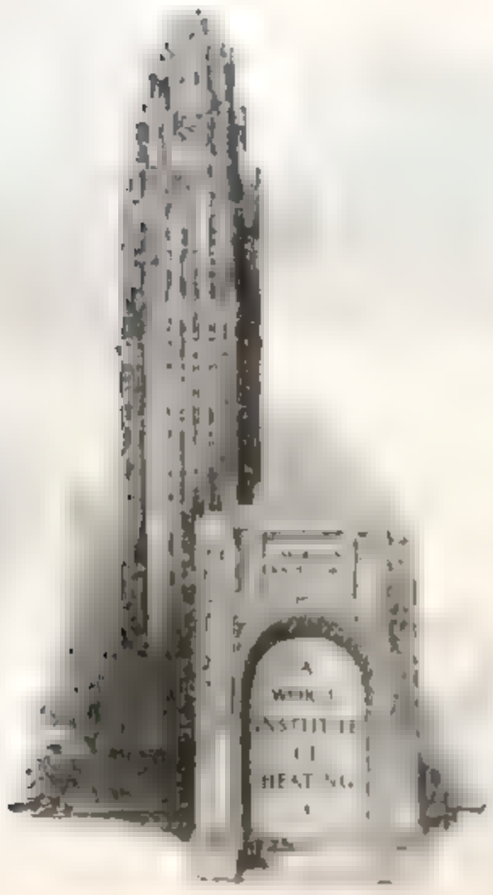
The more beautiful

AMERICAN CORTO

Everything a radiator should be

A fitting culmination of all that has gone before in American Radiator history is the more beautiful AMERICAN-CORTO Radiator — a radiator which reduces to the finest possible elements of beauty — and the most practical heating results — the great wealth of engineering and manufacturing experience which constitutes American Radiator Company A WORLD INSTITUTE OF HEATING.

The more beautiful AMERICAN-CORTO is available at ordinary radiator prices.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and sales offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin.

Makers of IDEAL Boilers for coal, coke, oil and gas. AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat Controlling Accessories, and other products for drying, humidifying, cooling and refrigeration.

POPGUN OPINION AND OUR FOREIGN POLICY

(Continued from Page 35)

honorary chairmanship was taken by Elihu Root, because it was argued that the purpose of the organization was to create such discussion of foreign policy, by word or printing, as would help to educate everyone in what was going on and in freedom of thought and in the responsibility of our democracy to lead the world in new contacts of peoples with peoples, rather than the mere secret contact of officials with officials. I have come to the conclusion since then that there are two steps on the way: First, to get the people to take part, and secondly, and equally important, to beg them to take part without being led and propagandized until they are stuffed geese.

There were, in those days of war weariness, growing suspicions everywhere that somehow capital and bankers and ammunition makers and kings and emperors were the sole causes of conflicts, but we have learned since then that kings and emperors were rather more innocent than we believed and that, as someone has well said, it was impossible that ammunition makers led Abraham Lincoln to go to war, and that capital has no more reason to seek self-destruction than have human beings.

"Of course, that left the politicians," said the great German, Rathenau, to me at the Conference of Genoa. "And there, no doubt, is real ground for suspicion. The temptation of leaders of a government which is toppling is to create or magnify an international situation. The appeal to nationalism and to fear of attack rallies the people to support their leaders. And this will go on as a cause of war until foreign policies are made by democratic methods, just as domestic policies are made by democratic methods."

The democratic method of determining foreign policy, ten years after the war, is still imperfect. The democratic method in the United States—provided by our Constitution, as we so often forget—is imperfect after more than a century.

The autocratic method of foreign policy may have failed in contributing peace and wisdom to the world. So may the democratic method.

The intrigue and selfishness of the old way were something of a blight. Villains may do harm by bad intentions, but fools may do even more by good intentions. And it is time for us to consider, with an examination of definite cases, what are the new dangers of our democratic system of making foreign policy and of carrying on international relationships.

Public-Opinion Machinery

One of those dangers is the utter failure of our enthusiastic foreign-policy volunteers to take into consideration the machinery by which their own power of influence is guaranteed.

As an example of this, take the League of Nations advocates. Take the recent case of a firm which evidently wishes to believe that humanity as well as international banking would advance if we should, as the forty-eight United States of America, with offices in Washington, take a minority membership among the several states of the United States of Europe, with offices at Geneva. The printing and publishing done by this firm was done with the hope of making public opinion. In its turn public opinion would affect our governmental attitude and action. Public opinion could affect government action in several ways: It could write to the President. It could write to the Secretary of State. It could get up petitions which, in many cases, would contain thousands of signatures of persons who had not read the petition and would not understand it if they had.

It could wait until the President's term was up and then, because of the lucky and wise arrangement which centralizes upon him so much singleness of responsibility, it could, if it had sufficient converts, thrash him or his party's nominee at the polls, and vote for a man who dared to run on its platform.

It could go to Congress and, seizing upon its senators or representatives, tell them to make a fuss or stand the consequences of not doing so. That would be another case of our utter forgetfulness that under our representative system as planned the representative is to be chosen not as a blackmailed mouthpiece but as one who had been selected for superior judgment and who should be kept or replaced on the test of that judgment.

It could, if it found sympathy in Congress, do a great deal to bring about attempts by Congress and its foreign affairs committees of the Senate and the House to wrest the making of foreign policy from the White House and Department of State.

Diplomatic Dress Rehearsals

But these propagandists and their herds of goose-stuffed and sincere followers seldom pay any attention to the fact that merely because of our democratic method of making foreign policy we have no fitness to join the League of Nations. The foreign-policy methods of other great powers give them much more freedom to make commitments speedily. What happens in practice is that their premiers or ministers of foreign affairs or other representatives get together before any public meetings of the League and cook up whatever is going to be exposed to the world tomorrow. This is one of the good examples of facts which the Simple Simons of international affairs never count on, never mention, and, indeed, almost never consider.

The United States, even through President Wilson, could not commit itself. Our system is against it. We could give no popgun promises, sitting at the proverbial table for that open and frank discussion which is never either open or frank, and almost always is rehearsed—secret rehearsals and dress rehearsals—before the final production. Our representative could not say yes or no to a question of great importance. Why? Mercy on us, the very group which, like all of us, wants democratic methods of making foreign policy and uses petitions and protests and organized minority clamor and all the other means to put a finger in the foreign-policy pie, ought to know why! It is because, if our representatives could say yes and no without disclosure, discussion, and sometimes the referendum by election, such as rejected the Wilson commitments, we would no longer enjoy the democratic method of making foreign policy.

So it is that some of the same group who complained so bitterly against the power of the Senate to block our commitment to the now-discredited Treaty of Versailles go galloping to Washington to egg on Congress and register their influence on our foreign relations whenever they may disagree with the President.

Most of the popgun-opinion idealists who not only want to have enough cooks to spoil the broth but wish all the other volunteer cooks to stand aside never give the slightest attention to the machinery which makes possible their insistent demand to be heard and attended. For example, those who protested against our marines being sent to certain agreed zones in Nicaragua were intent only on getting the marines out of Nicaragua. Those who clamored for arbitration at any cost to deal with confiscation of American property in Mexico were intent on arbitration. It is safe to say that almost none of them were malicious trouble makers, but it is safe to say also that almost none of them saw that a much greater question than marines in Nicarauga or

For that clean-cut look of success

try this invigorating massage after shaving

SUCCESSFUL men look the part. They are clean shaven, clean cut, and well groomed. They have that glowing look of health and vitality.

A muddy, half clean, blackhead-dotted skin can never be a partner of the successful man. Yet you can have the clean look of success. It takes no extra time. It can be acquired easily and pleasantly in your own home.

After you shave, use Pompeian Massage Cream. You usually use something after shaving—hot towel, lotion or cream—to remove the dirt and clinging soap particles that become imbedded in the skin. Water, lotions, soap—all reach the surface only. They do not remove imbedded dirt and secretions. Pompeian Massage Cream does.

Use this pleasant, gentle cream after shaving. See how your skin takes on the glow of life and action. See how imbedded dirt, even blackheads, rolls out under the mild but efficient urge of this quickly applied massage. You will like its restful, zestful "feel." Above all, you will like it for the feeling it gives you that—by gosh! you really are clean.

Make this convincing hand test free! Wash your hands thoroughly. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out black!* The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. You can make this simple but convincing test today. Get a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in any drug store for sixty cents. If you prefer to make the test before you buy, merely mail the coupon below.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
Increases Your Face Value

FREE ·· TO MEN ONLY

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 66, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send me free, the sample tube of Pompeian Massage Cream, with enough cream to make the hand test, and to give me several massages.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Standard
$5.00

Consider Your Face

ISN'T it worth the best razor you could buy—the razor that will provide a smooth, keen-edged blade for every shave?

The cutting edge on all razor blades is dulled after each shave. The infinitesimal teeth which make up the blade edge should be stropped back into alignment—or your skin will be scraped and roughened with a dull, rough-edged blade.

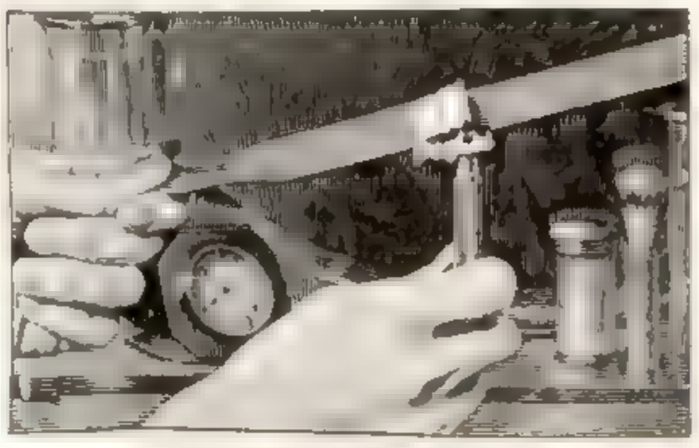
Save your face! Valet AutoStrop Razor is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains in the razor. A smooth, keen-edged blade for every shave.

Each outfit is complete with case, razor, strop and extra blades. For sale at all stores carrying shaving supplies.

We are anxious that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours, affecting its perfect service, just send it to us and we will restore it to new-like condition, without charge.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor



The Razor that Sharpens Itself

arbitration of this particular difficulty with Mexico is this question:

How far is it wise for popgun public opinion to assert itself in times of difficulty by methods which lead to creating the impression among foreign forces, which may be evil, that the United States is divided against itself, that the way to circumvent continuity of policy, break down the courage and convictions of President and State Department is to obtain some senator or representative to let loose bombastic oratory?

Of course if the facts are known and the issue is seasoned and a debate is necessary and the whole people of the country are interested and divided, there is every reason to appeal to a decision of the people. But since the war we have drifted into a fashion of leaping out into the arena with hot expositions of popgun opinions, some of which had to be withdrawn later.

Not Always What They Seem

No one knows better than some of the foreign offices of other countries, particularly in those smaller countries which have learned that a peso or a tael spent in propaganda in America is not wasted when it is used to stir us to sentimental foam, that much of any conflict with Uncle Sam can now be won by inside work. The inside work is carried on by giving orders and decorations, by introducing Americans to the gay and carefree and light-headed Queen of Volabia, by forming a Volabian Society, by flattery and blandishments, by petitions, by concessions. It is carried on by wailing and weeping and talk of oppression and foreign exploitation, and by all the other means used to make some of us peacocks and stuffed geese who will honk-honk an opinion that Uncle Sam is a Shylock, or an imperialist, or has a heart of stone.

It is not necessary to put aside full faith and belief in our system of creating a background and a basis of foreign policy on a foundation of the will of our people, to say that the busybodies and the meddlers in Congress and out of Congress have gone too far. It would not be so bad if it were necessary, but there is too much assumption among us that we know the facts—not the surface, with its bright-colored paint, but the structure beneath; not the label, but the contents.

One of our ambassadors has written in a private letter:

> It is true, unfortunately, in foreign affairs that things are not always what they seem. It is true also that because the interests of other nations are involved it is not possible to give out some facts. The State Department often has information which it gets through some regular channel of secrecy which would be cut off by complete disclosure of all that source sends through. The conduct of foreign relations not only involves policies but also information, negotiations and some discreet silences. On the whole, the information, the negotiations and the silences serve peace as well as any particular policy. I have usually found that when the State Department and some senator or propagandist had a difference of opinion about a state of facts, it was the State Department which had the facts and the senator the suppositions and the rumors, the gossip and the worthless guff.

In the application of our democratic review of foreign policy, in our checking up of the policies carried on by the President and State Department, it would be foolish not to see that the critics have all the advantages except one: They lack the information. They may say what they please without much responsibility. They can use violent language, engage in assertions which they need not prove, and unlike the State Department, they can consider each question by itself without relation to any continuity or stability of policy. If the State Department did any of these things the way to international incidents, chaos, folly and war would be quickly reached. For example, we may have an informal agreement with several foreign powers to act together as closely as possible to heal some breach between two little quarreling nations. Without consulting our friends, it would be discourteous and might be embarrassing and might defeat everyone's high purpose, to announce the details of the informal plan.

A State Department official said the other day:

"In international dealings there is a limit to open diplomacy. Even if our State Department could reveal every fact that had ever come through mail pouch or cable codes concerning our own business—the business of the United States there would still be a vast store of information about the business of other nations. Must we be expected to blab that too? What often infuriates one who is trying faithfully to guard the interests of the country and of peace is to have the ranting orators demand indiscreet disclosures on the one hand, and on the other set forth a policy of action which would appear ridiculous if the facts could be disclosed."

Take the case of the Mexican dispute. The popgun-opinion volunteers made the land ring with alarms about war. Neither the responsible officials in the United States nor in Mexico had any idea of war. The war talk—every bit of it—came from those opposed to war, and it did no end of harm. One way to close down on a Mexican Government which engages in confiscation of property is to withdraw recognition and turn our backs on it. Probably the present Mexican Government could not stand under such disapproval, particularly if other large powers followed our lead.

Take also the talk about arbitration with Mexico. Everyone is for arbitration when possible. Coolidge is for it. A unanimous vote of seventy-nine senators was for it. Calles, the President of Mexico, is for it. Voting and petitioning in favor of arbitration is a good deal like the sudden discovery of the surprising new inspirational truth that honesty is the best policy. No one wishes to diminish the uses or limit the extension of the principle of arbitration. Having been president of the Arbitration Society of America, no one can have a deeper appreciation of the benefits of arbitration than I have.

Mexico and Russia

But certain considerations apply in the Mexican case. Certain questions arise, and whatever the answers may be, the answers must be made. First. The Mexican land laws, in so far as they are to become operative against property acquired before the new Constitution of 1917, are no better in principle than the Soviet confiscation and nationalization of Americans' and other foreigners' property in Russia.

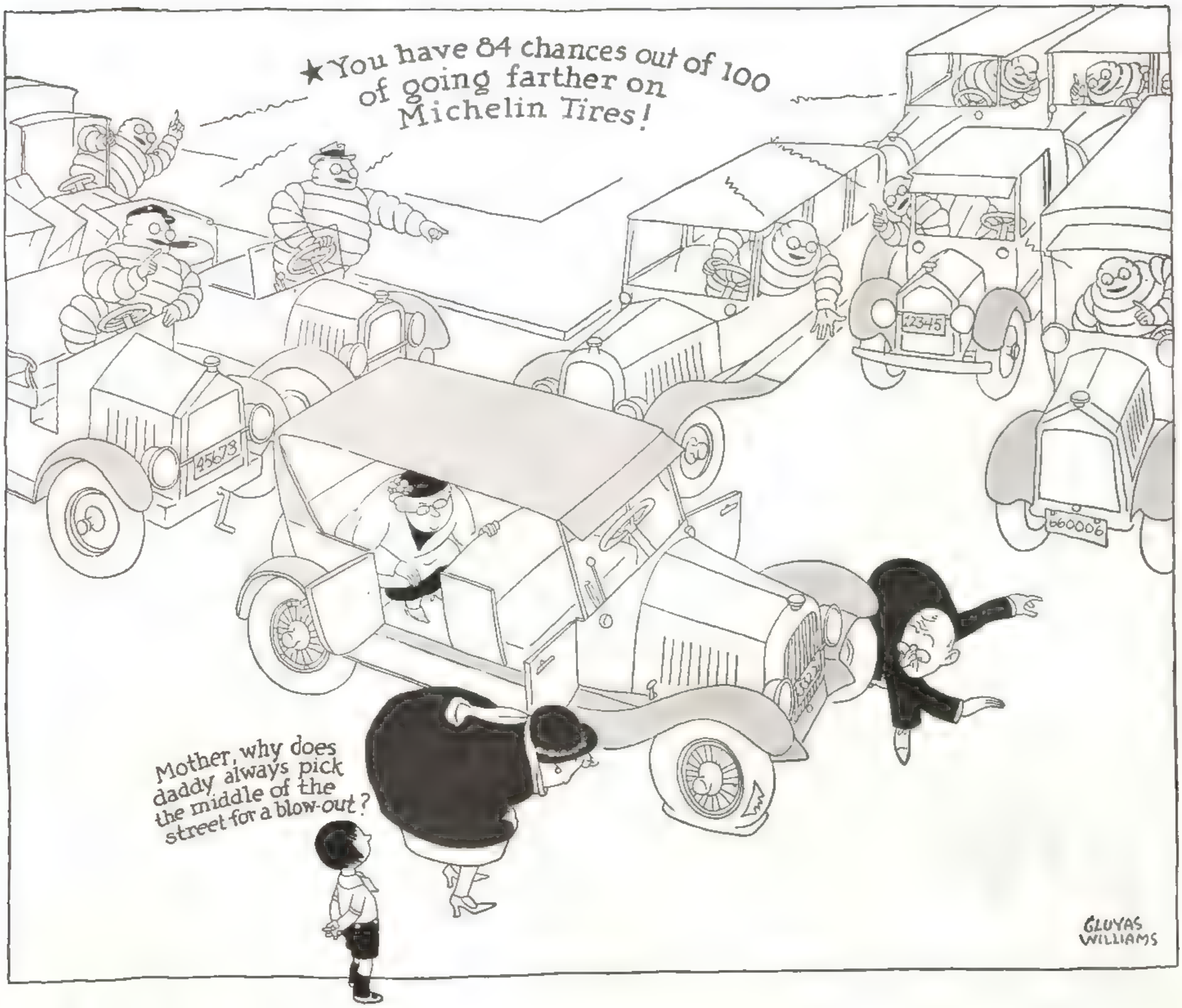
Second. We did not arbitrate with Russia. We even refused recognition of Russia. It will be difficult to continue to recognize a confiscating Mexico and yet explain our refusal to deal with a confiscating Russia. The Soviet propagandists know this and are waiting in the bushes to see what we will do with that poser.

Third. The principle is no different whether the land rights confiscated are rights belonging to a missionary society, a retired sea captain or an old company from Wall Street. The same kind of church interest which wanted Hughes to send battleships to preserve their rights and property in Turkey in 1922 now are shocked because there is a chance that some American corporation may ask for marines to preserve its right and property in 1927. In one case Uncle Sam is defending his honor; in the other he is nothing more than a black-hearted imperialist.

Fourth. The Mexican argument that the land laws have not yet resulted in any confiscation is cut out of the same piece of stuff as the statement of one who is found with a dark lantern and a jimmy under the window, and says with a smirk, "Let us arbitrate. You have lost nothing yet, and for all you can prove I may have come here to cut the lawn."

Fifth. The argument that the confiscation is not of land, but only of the oil and

(Continued on Page 168)


★You have 84 chances out of 100 of going farther on Michelin Tires!
45673
12345
660006
Mother, why does daddy always pick the middle of the street for a blow-out?
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84%

of all who try them say

MICHELIN TIRES

give more mileage

★This statement is based on facts. Written reports have been secured from thousands of motorists (picked entirely at random except that all were testing various makes of tires opposite Michelins). 84% said they obtained more mileage from their Michelins than from any of the various other tires they were using on their cars. In 1895 the world's first pneumatic automobile tire was a Michelin—and today Michelin Tires are still first.

FREE
KEY-INSURANCE

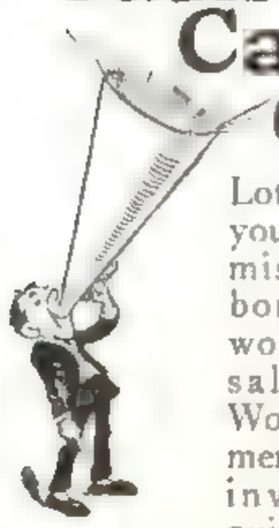
Pig-skin Case—25c Value $1

Insurance Service Free

A pig-skin key case worth about $1 will be sent upon receipt of this coupon and 25c. Each case is numbered, and contains a card offering a reward if the finder returns it to the Michelin Tire Co., who, of course, will forward it to the owner. Thus your identity is not exposed. No charge is made for this service. There is no advertising on the case. Send this coupon and 25c to the Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J.

Name _____

Address _____



Cash! Cash! Cash!

Lots of it! Deduct your own big commissions. Added bonus paid real workers. Weekly salary offered. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

Mail This Coupon NOW

Box 1624,
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
816 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ *Age* _____

It's so easy to use

and what a relief!

Just shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes but a moment, and is better than a "daily dozen" for putting "pep" into your feet, and at night you can dance and not get foot-sore.

Allen's Foot-Ease takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching feet, absorbs perspiration and relieves calluses, corns and bunions.

For Free sample send your name and address to Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. Sold by all druggists

Go into any drug store and say—

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

LAW STUDY AT HOME ... Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually ... LaSalle Extension University Dept. 171 LC Chicago The World's Largest Business ...

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724—9th St., Washington, D.C.

TRAVEL IN EUROPE
at reasonable cost. For unique programme apply LIBERTY TOURS, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

(Continued from Page 166)

mineral deposits which went with it and that leases will be given to cover the seventeen years during which the oil will probably be exhausted, is in effect a statement like that of one who prepares to snatch your hat and expresses surprise that you do not thank him for leaving your overcoat.

Sixth. If Mexico and the United States arbitrate, there is only one question: Is the principle stated by the soviet that a nation can take the property of foreigners of other nations, particularly of friendly nations, with no certain compensation, to supplant the doctrine upheld by law and respectable powers that nations may not do this kind of thing and remain in the family? That's all there is to it. Most persons will feel that to arbitrate that question is a good deal like arbitrating the question of how much poison one may give his neighbor. The only answers to this are: First, one must give no poison to his neighbor; second, one may give much poison to his neighbor. The suggestion of compromise which arbitration always brings implies a third answer: One may give his neighbor some poison, but in small doses.

Seventh. If we are to wait for each case of confiscation to be taken to judicial settlement, we may remain for a hundred years in the position of the husband who is awakened by his wife and told that there is a burglar in the house, and who replies, "Hush! Wait! My idea is that every time he takes anything we will call the police and make him put it back."

Eighth. Anyone who cares to read the correspondence between the two governments will find a mass of elusive, evasive, shifting eel-like, pettifogging changes of the Mexican position. Those who are wise know that the soviet control of Russia was gained by promising the peasantry nationalization of land, and that the bait used to gain support for shaky governments in Mexico is sawed off the same wood. It is very doubtful if the Mexican Government would actually confiscate many rights. If they did, certain industries like the oil industry would wither away and die. Already the production has fallen considerably. It is hard to see where Mexico would even find the means of transportation by sea or land to deliver her oil.

The Treatment of Americans

The trend of politics in Mexico, therefore, is almost parallel to the trend of politics in Russia—that is, the movement toward the nationalization of land must be kept up to please the people, but foreign interests must be induced to stay in order to keep the country's activities going. So negotiations change color like a chameleon but go nowhere.

Finally—notice this fact—our popgun-opinion volunteers, our protesters and petitioners, beg us to recognize Russia so that our investments and capital and our influence may flow into Russia with all the consequent benefits. So-called dollar diplomacy looks good to the radicals and parlor liberals when Soviet Russia is pining. But when the same source of capital, the same investments, the same influence are found being kicked around in Mexico, our parlor liberals snarl:

"Wall Street! Oil! Capital! Imperialism! Exploitation! Trying to get us into war! Let them come on home or take their own risks!"

The investment in Mexico is howled down as a concession and scorned as exploitation of the unfortunate weaker nation.

But it is the same kind of concession and exploitation which built the United States on foreign investments—no better and no worse. When British capital was in our mines and railroads we lost, according to the Mexican, Chinese and Russian notion, a great opportunity to nationalize our mines and railroads. We did not do it. It's just a matter of decency, that is all—and a decency which ought to be enforced

Mexico City has been full of Americans—the kind of Americans who like to pat other nationals on the head—telling the Mexicans that they are all right, to go ahead, that we have men in the Senate who will put their oratorical umbrellas where men like Coolidge and Kellogg will be tripped by them.

Our popgun volunteers even say publicly that the best thing to do with Central America is to let Mexico take it as a mandate or establish its own imperialism over the whole of it.

Mexico has its virtues and ought to have our sympathy and understanding, but we would be blathering if any of us accepted any such proposal without remembering certain truths.

One of them is that in 1911 there were about 40,000 Americans in Mexico; there are about 13,000 now. From 1914 to 1926, 6487 Americans were arrested, 668 were assaulted, 109 were deported, 55 were run out without judicial process, 106 were kidnaped, 855 were robbed, 847 had their property seized, 508 were put off their farming land, 546 were murdered—just Americans.

Another is that our whole defense of the Panama and future Isthmus canals depends upon a certain degree of interest which any state tempted to be unfriendly, soviet controlled or not, having a Central American empire, might utterly overturn.

The Tight-Rope Walker

It is useless to mince words about this and Hughes never did so. He said, "We have grown rich and powerful, but we have not outgrown the necessity, in justice to ourselves and without injustice to others, of safeguarding our future peace and security. By building the Panama Canal we have not only established a new and convenient highway of commerce but we have created new exigencies and new conditions of strategy and defense. It is for us to protect that highway. It may also be necessary for us at some time to build another canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans and to protect that. I believe that the sentiment of the American people is practically unanimous that in the interest of our national safety we could not yield to any foreign power the control of the Panama Canal, or the approaches to it, or the obtaining of any position which would interfere with our right of protection or would menace the freedom of our communications. So far as the region of the Caribbean Sea is concerned it may be said that if we had no Monroe Doctrine we should have to create one."

We have no wish to establish a protectorate over Central America, but it would be fatal to the future of the other Central American states to allow Mexico a chance to do so. She has not yet established stability, an educational standard or a power of resistance to outside influences German in the war, soviet later—to indicate any safety for either the Central American states or for ourselves under any such plan.

A foreign diplomatic source yields this brief report upon the Mexican idea so approvingly spread by some of our stuffed geese:

"The outstanding feature of the year as to the international relations of Mexico has been the steady propaganda fostering Mexican leadership in Central and South America, and the culminating incident of open defiance of the United States with regard to Nicaragua. While Mexican leadership among the nations mentioned is a ridiculous conception, it is very dangerous, as it encourages opposition to the enlightened politics of the United States and greatly reduces the prestige of that country. The Mexicans, unless restrained with firmness, will carry this policy on into the coming year, because they are getting fun out of it

"Utterly unacquainted with the responsibilities pertaining to international relations, strangers heretofore to real power, the small group of uneducated men suddenly risen in life who control Mexico, not as a government but as a private enterprise, are having the time of their lives, but in the Nicaraguan and other affairs they are actually initiating one of the most dangerous movements in the history of the Western Hemisphere development.

"With regard to practically all developments Mexico has been, during the entire year, a vast proving ground on which fantastic experiments have been conducted with high explosives of a political, economic and social character, by a group of men almost totally unacquainted with the nature and the effect of the forces with which they have been dealing. The unfortunate feature of this great proving ground is that it is inhabited by some 15,000,000 people, who, unable to escape and too ignorant to protect themselves, must continue in a state of misery, suffering and helplessness resulting from experiments conceived in the laboratories of ignorance, vanity and vicious caprice."

None of these facts about Mexico should encourage our enmity; they merely recall what a celebrated Chinese statesman said to me on the eve of another revolution, far away in China: "Democracy is like tight-rope walking. It requires education and then—practice."

We owe our Mexican neighbor the friendship she may have for a little decency and the asking. We owe that friendship to the people of Mexico—the 15,000,000 not to a group of exploiting politicians; just as we owe our friendship and help to the 400,000,000 Chinese and not to the handful of military charlatans, nor to the 3000 skilled, diplomatic Chinese maskers who play one foreign nation against another and pull the wool over our eyes.

In Lambs' Clothing

It is no small tragedy to find our popgun volunteers in foreign-policy making encouraging the poor blind masses of Mexico or the poor blind masses of China to resent the presence and investments of the foreigner, so that the politician and military and hypocritical wolves of their own nation can exploit them in earnest to jig time! Such is the work which is being aided by benevolent and untutored sentimentalists in our own nation; such is the result toward which the school that calls itself Anti-imperialist is directly contributing.

If the program is to withdraw all claims for honor as to property and persons in international usage, let us say so. If the program is for the sturdier powers to allow peoples manifestly unfit for government to breed contagions for the body human and the body politic without any action or protest, let us say so. If the program is to abandon our national defense and our Monroe Doctrine, and allow forces which we once kept out of this hemisphere as conquerors when they came under banners, to slide in now through the devious ways of propaganda, corruption, internal revolutions and control of little governments, let us say so.

If we are to accept foreign affairs as they appear on the surface in this wicked world, rather than go deeper in our probings so that we may really educate the will of our people, let us say so.

Everyone knows that there are strong subversive forces at work to accomplish world confusion. They come in the garments of liberalism and advertise themselves as the defenders of the weak. If we are to be goose-stuffed by them let us prepare as best we may for it.

Even a child will tell you --*it's different!*

Mennen Shaving Cream *does not stop at softening your beard. It soothes, tones up and protects your skin.*

When you first feel the smooth, easy glide of a razor through a Mennen *dermutized* beard—the quickest, closest, most luxurious shave in your experience—you, too, will say: "Mennen is different!"

But keep on using Mennen and you'll soon see another striking difference—*in your face.* Complexion clearer and healthier. Skin toned up and more vigorously alive. Your face feels better and looks better.

The Mennen process—*dermutation*—so completely softens the beard and flattens the "mounds" around each hair that your razor blade seems only to be removing the lather. There's no scraping and nicking of the skin as in ordinary shaving.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more than give you the quickest, closest and most luxurious shave. It soothes and heals any irritated tissue. It feeds, stimulates and protects the skin. Five wonderful emollients in the cream give you this added benefit.

More than two million men use Mennen regularly. If you're not one of them it's because you haven't tried a Mennen shave. Therefore, we make you this offer.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. Try it for a week. If you're not enthusiastic over results, send us the tube and we'll refund the purchase price. Mennen is different!

The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

Now—for after shaving! Try Mennen Skin Balm once and you'll use it for life. As cool and refreshing to the face as pine-washed winds. Is antiseptic—mildly astringent—and has a clean, masculine fragrance. Finish with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. It's a man's talcum—compounded, scented and tinted for a man's face. 50c a tube for the Skin Balm—25c for the talcum.

Jim Henry

THIS WAY, THAT WAY

(Continued from Page 33)

He chuckled. "'*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,' or something of the kind," he explained. "I'm afraid if I come to see you there'll be a bucket of water over the front door to drop on my head."

"It was just an impulse," she confessed. "I thought of you sometimes in Paris. I remember hearing you tell about the Maison D'Argent. We went there. . . . I'm sorry I've interrupted your work. I just felt like talking to you."

He laughed again cheerfully. "Come in and have tea with me," he suggested.

"So you'll be sure there's no water bucket in the background?" she asked, and he said:

"Exactly!"

She hesitated. "I'll come," she decided. "At the Copley at five?" And when he assented, she laughed softly. "I acquired a taste for—giddy things—in Paris, I think, Rich."

"Will I recognize you?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, I haven't changed as much as that," she assured him.

Before she left the house to drive in town she clung to Aunt Alice. "I'm simply terrified," she confessed.

"Don't be absurd," the older woman told her. "Rich is a gentleman. And if he isn't, just laugh at him, my dear. That's defense enough against any man. It makes them mad, and they swear at you ——"

"That's better than purring," Robin agreed, "like a cat; the way Rich does."

"Get along with you," Aunt Alice directed, and thrust her toward the door.

When Robin got to the Copley, ten minutes ahead of the appointed hour, Rich was already there. He saw her before she discovered him, and he came toward her with an outstretched hand.

"Hello, Bob!" he said in that slow drawl of his, and held her hand so long that she colored faintly.

"This is outrageous of me, isn't it?" she confessed. "I don't know what ever made me call you up."

"There's nothing more becoming to a woman," he suggested, "than a proper shamelessness."

It was the sort of thing Rich liked to say; she thought it fitted so exactly the philosophy Aunt Alice had expounded to her. He was, she saw, little changed; wore still that atmosphere of secret sophistication which at once provoked her curiosity and awakened her uneasy fears. But when she found herself a little afraid of him now, she remembered what Aunt Alice had said, and looked down at his hand still grasping hers and laughed softly.

"Are you taking my pulse?" she asked.

If she had warned him that he was making her conspicuous, he would have declared his willingness to be conspicuous with her in any situation; but to this matter-of-fact question, faintly derisive, there could be no such reply. He dropped her hand and laughed on his own account.

"You've had experience!" he accused her.

"I told you you'd find me changed," she reminded him.

He nodded, frankly scanning her countenance. "A little more of a woman," he agreed in a judicial tone. "And I don't remember that you used to touch up your lips at all." His eyes continued their survey. "The gown is charming."

"It should be," she retorted. "Even Aunt Alice was a little dazed. I think I had had too much wine the day I bought it."

The head waiter escorted them to a table, giving Rich that familiar deference which, she remembered, he was always used to command. She stripped off her gloves, letting her eyes wander among the faces at the tables around them. To one or two persons whom she knew, she nodded faintly, in a manner that suggested she was absorbed in her companion's conversation. She was, in fact, wondering whether when he addressed a judge or a jury he used that same slow manner of speech he was using now to her. The thought made her smile, and Rich asked challengingly:

"Amused?"

"I just thought of something," she confessed. If she laughed at him too often, she realized, it would weaken her best defense; she spoke in a tone of friendly interest. "Father says you've made a name for yourself, Rich," she warned him. "Tell me about it. Do you try cases, or do you just sit in your office and tell men how to break the law?"

"If you want to consult me professionally," he suggested, "you'd better make an appointment with my secretary."

"I liked her voice," Robin told him. "Is she pretty?"

"Charming," he assured her.

"She would be," Robin agreed, and he nodded without replying. "Are you very busy?" she asked. Aunt Alice had told her that men prefer to talk about themselves.

"Not after five," he replied, smiling faintly. "I've learned to leave business downtown."

"Oh, I thought most business was done at luncheon," she protested.

"I'll grant you luncheon, if you like," he conceded. "But from five o'clock on I devote myself to pleasure."

She looked at him experimentally, her eyes half lowered. "Do I come in that category?"

He leaned back in his chair and laughed a little. "Bob," he said, "you don't do it well. You're not a coquette, never were, and never will be. And you'd not be likely to call me away from the office for afternoon tea. What are you after, my dear?"

She did lower her eyes then; for she was faintly surprised. Aunt Alice had assured her that masculine vanity would prevent his having any doubts of the sincerity of her desire to see him. She was a little disturbed by the discovery that even Aunt Alice was sometimes wrong; by the possibility that if the older woman were wrong in this, she might be wrong in other matters too.

"I'm not coquetting, Rich," she protested. "I just—felt that I wanted to see you."

He considered this statement, watching her in such a fashion that her cheeks became suffused with color; but after a moment he smiled suddenly and leaned toward her again; and she knew, with a quick and leaping satisfaction, that she had won; that Aunt Alice had been fundamentally right after all.

"Tell me about yourself," he directed.

"What shall I tell?"

"Tell me all about you," he begged. "I feel as though I'd never known you before."

That was the first of many hours they came to spend together; and Robin, though she had her uneasy moments, was able to play her part sufficiently well for his deception. They met sometimes for tea and a dance or two, sometimes for dinner and the theater; and after the last curtain he liked to take her to a supper club on the top floor of an ancient building by the waterfront, and to point out to her the curious people there. One Sunday they drove some seventy or eighty miles to a remote and quiet inn he knew, where the fare was delectable. And Robin, though she had now and then a sense of guilt, thinking reproachfully that it was a shame to befool Rich so, had also a very definite pleasure in these adventurings. Rich could be a charming companion when he chose.

XI

BUT if Robin was enjoying herself, so much could not be said for Charles. For a while, Robin rarely saw him, but she had an occasional bulletin from Aunt Alice. One night when she and Rich had danced until after one o'clock and she came home late, she went to the older woman's room to say good night.

Aunt Alice asked, "Have a good time?"

"Wonderful," Robin agreed. "Rich dances beautifully." She added, with a glance at the other, "I'm enjoying myself! That's what surprises me."

"Of course you are," Aunt Alice retorted. "It's good for you. A part of your education. But I don't think Charles is enjoying it quite as much as you are."

Robin frankly giggled. "Isn't he?" she echoed. "Why?"

"Nancy says he seems even more serious than usual," Aunt Alice replied. "She says sometimes he's positively dull!"

Robin nodded. "But I think that's true, don't you?" she asked. "That's one of the things I liked about him. It's so restful, sometimes, to be dull."

"It's a matter of taste," Aunt Alice retorted. "I suppose you know what you like, or you wouldn't be in love with Charles."

"Was he here tonight?" Robin asked, and Aunt Alice assented.

"Three times a week," she agreed, "with painful regularity. I think Nancy's beginning to be fidgety."

The girl's eyes were suddenly a little weary, full of a curious loneliness. "It's not so very much fun, after all," she confessed. "I'm always wishing Rich were Charles."

Aunt Alice smiled. "Charles asked where you were tonight," she said.

"Did he want to see me?" Robin asked quickly.

"My dear," said Aunt Alice, "you mustn't jump down his throat. What if he did?"

"I know," Robin agreed. "But did he?"

"I think," Aunt Alice answered judicially, "that he feels someone should remonstrate with you."

And "Oh, I should love to be remonstrated with by Charles!" Robin exclaimed.

She had, a few days later, that pleasure. Charles came to the house, without having telephoned beforehand, in mid-afternoon; and it happened, although Robin afterward realized that he must have known this would be the case, that Nancy was out. Robin was in the library, busy with some correspondence, and he found her there. She rose to greet him, sat down at the desk again.

"You won't mind if I go on with my letters?" she explained apologetically. "Nancy will be back soon." And she pretended to ignore him.

But he said, after a moment, "I don't want to talk to Nancy, Robin. I saw her last night."

"Oh, yes," Robin agreed. "She told me you were here."

"I stayed till midnight," he remarked, his tone a little sullen.

She smiled. "Wasn't that rather late for you, Charles?"

"You hadn't come home when I left," he retorted accusingly.

"Oh, I didn't get home until after two," she confessed.

"Where were you?" he asked, and she looked at him, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Why, Charles!" she remonstrated. "I don't know why that should matter to you."

"You were with Richman Luce," he ejaculated.

"Of course," she assented, but she added, "How did you know?"

"Nancy told me," he explained. "Robin, you've been going everywhere with him lately."

"He's very amusing," she pointed out.

"He's thoroughly disreputable," Charles retorted.

"Oh," she protested, "I think you misjudge Rich, Charles."

"He kept you out till two in the morning!"

She shook her head. "But you mustn't blame Rich for that," she cried. "He wanted to bring me home earlier. We drove out to the Wayside Inn for dinner, but when we started home" she hesitated, smiled as though he would understand. "Well, you see, Charles, we weren't sleepy, and there was a moon; so we just drove and drove!"

"With Rich Luce!" Charles exclaimed. "He'll boast about it all over town."

"Oh, no," she assured him. "Rich doesn't brag. Of course, he's a little disreputable, but I think that makes him all the more interesting. Don't you like to play with fire sometimes? It thrills me, the way he has of looking at you as though you didn't have on any clothes."

Charles said explosively, "Is that what you want in a man?"

She laughed. "Why, it's amusing in Rich, Charles. But it wouldn't be at all the thing for you."

"I've no intention of trying it!"

"I should hope not," she agreed.

He threw out his hands. "But why are you doing it, Robin?" he begged. "Why do you run around with him?"

"There was a moon," she repeated, reminding him again; and he bit his lip.

"Is it because of me?" he asked at last. "Of me and Nancy? Did you care that much, Robin? Are you—trying to forget?"

She laughed, a little pealing laugh. "Charles, you're absurd," she assured him gayly. "You're so conceited that it's not even funny. You're just dull."

"I can't help blaming myself ——"

"My dear," she assured him, "I've told you before. You were kind to aunty and me abroad, and I'm grateful. That's all."

He said, as though he had not heard her, "If it were anyone but Richman Luce."

"You don't like him, do you?" she agreed.

"I know what he's capable of," he declared.

"He's wonderful, isn't he?" she echoed, as though this had been his meaning. "He's told me about some of the cases he's tried."

"He's an ass!" Charles ejaculated. "Robin, I wish you wouldn't have anything to do with him."

"But, Charles," she protested, "I don't see that it can matter to you what I do." She hesitated. "Perhaps you're already thinking of yourself as a member of the family, Charles," she suggested. "But I promise I won't disgrace you all."

He said with sudden heat, "I'm thinking of you." And he added, "If Rich gets you into any scandal, Robin, I'll take it out of his hide!"

She laughed incredulously. "I shouldn't try that if I were you," she warned him. "Rich is in wonderful condition, and you don't look so very strong. I'm afraid he would make you look more ridiculous than you are."

He came angrily to his feet; all his dignity was gone.

"Is that so?" he challenged and his very eyebrows bristled.

She nodded her head. "Of course," she said coolly. "Be sensible, Charles!"

"If that's the way you take my advice," he assured her stiffly, "I can only say good afternoon."

"I think that's an excellent idea," she agreed. "Then I can finish my letters. You can wait in the sun parlor. Nancy will soon be here!"

"Oh, damn Nancy!" he exploded.

Her eyes widened. "Why, Charles, you're forgetting yourself!" she cried, and he looked at her so angrily that for a moment she was deliciously afraid.

But he swung then and turned away and strode out of the room. After a moment she heard the front door bang, heard the whir of his starter, heard his car start down the drive with an explosive violence. She ran across the room to look out of the window and watch him go; and as he swung

(Continued on Page 178)

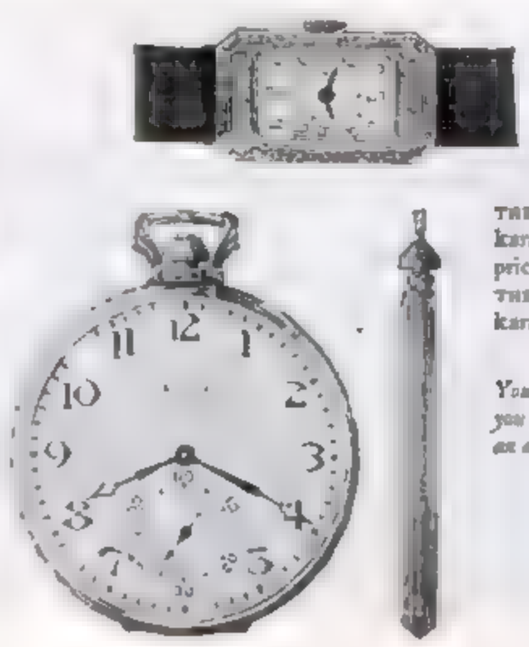
WERE YOUR WATCH AND YOUR SWEETHEART... *BOTH YOUNG TOGETHER?*

A watch may never lose a second yet be many years slow

Up in the attic, in an old dusty trunk, she has hidden the letters you wrote her when you were at college, the dress she wore on that day of days in June, and your boy's first baby shoes . . . treasured keepsakes all and for her eyes alone. In your pocket, perhaps, nestles the watch you have carried since the days of "Free Silver" and "Remember the Maine" . . . the good and faithful watch that ticked in time to your heartbeats as a bashful suitor, a nervous bridegroom, a proud young father. You cherish this watch, of course, because of such associations . . . you carry it yet because loyalty merits loyalty. But when you display it in public, your watch often puts a false appraisal upon you. Viewed by critical eyes, it is anything but an honest reflection of your business and social position. So why not lay that watch away along with her secret keepsakes . . . in the chest of lavender and old lace . . . and know now the pride and satisfaction that ever come from a modern Elgin Watch? It is an investment you will never regret . . . an investment in good taste, authentic design, unhurried craftsmanship . . . an investment that pays dividends of unerring service, peace of mind, the self-assurance that always correlates the knowledge that your watch is correct and beyond reproach. Elgin is conceded to be the world's standard for integrity, and to such efficiency is wedded exquisite beauty of design.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY



THE WOMAN'S WRIST WATCH is encased in 18-karat solid white gold, set with diamonds, and priced at . . . . . $150.
THE MAN'S WATCH has an engraved case of 14-karat solid white gold and is priced at . . $60.

Your jeweler will show these and other Elgins to you gladly. No other watch is offered in so generous an assortment of styles nor at a price range so liberal

© Elgin 1927

The Glamour of the Old West— the Magic of the New— the Challenge of the West to be—

HERE in the Northwest is our last vast open space, where rich plains still wait for the plow of the skilled farmer and incalculable mineral wealth lies idle. Here a new civilization is building its foundations solidly in the Twentieth Century. Brilliant new towns are rising at strategic points. And the modern prospector is harnessing water-power.

This immense block—roughly one-fourth the nation!—consists of rich prairie and bench land, sweeping, magnificent, through which wind tremendous streams—the tawny giant Missouri; the upper Mississippi, blue and dimpling among its green hills; the cold brawling Yellowstone; and the monster of the mountains, the Columbia, charging under claret-colored headlands. Green mountain barriers in the West rise wave on wave until they go tumbling down into the warm Pacific.

The mellow loess farms of the central river basins still look eastward. But farther west the rising flood of corn is sweeping into the wheatland. Red barns and silos in tidy groves of planted trees dot the plain as far as the upper Missouri. Wheat is spreading over the range.

Four bridges have recently been flung across the river. Settlement, checked for a while, is flowing on with increased impetus to the edge of the Belt Mountains. And on into the warm fruitful valleys beyond. Diversified farming has already enormously increased agricultural production.

Here and there pockets of minerals have been opened. In South Dakota the greatest gold mine in the world is operating within sight of the best alfalfa-seed farms in America. Within a small cup in the mountains of Montana, two billion dollars' worth of copper and allied minerals have been mined. At Great Falls alone 150,000 horse-power in electricity is being generated. Washington can supply the nation with coal for 126 years. And the timber of the Pacific Coast is inexhaustible.

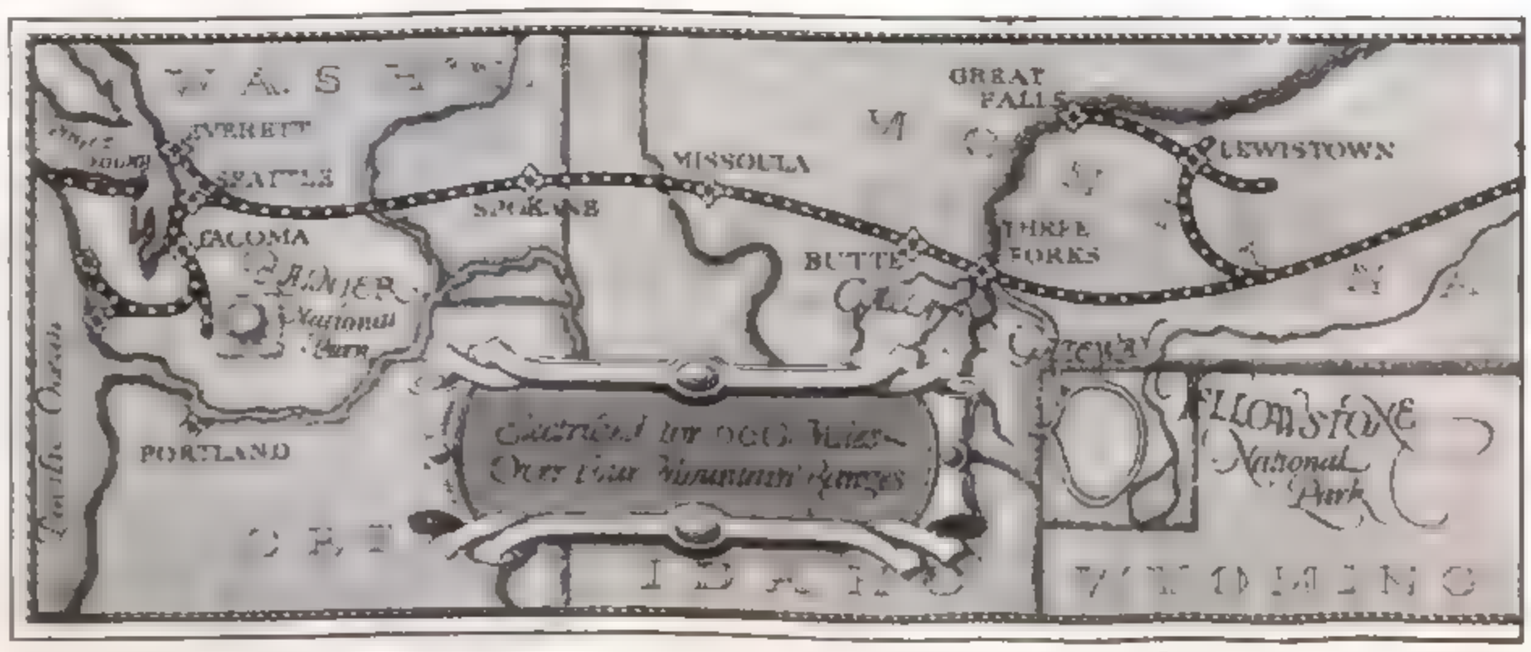
Spirit of the Northwest

For those who have not seen the new Northwest a revelation waits. Even towns of a few thousand inhabitants possess well-paved streets, white lights, thoroughly modern hospitals, schools, stores, equipment, the latest fashions. There is no isolation. Young blood is pouring in, impatient at the dull monotony of old communities, and insisting upon the utilization of every modern invention.

Great regional centers and industrial communities, such as Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Butte and Great Falls, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, are increasing with wonderful rapidity in size and importance.

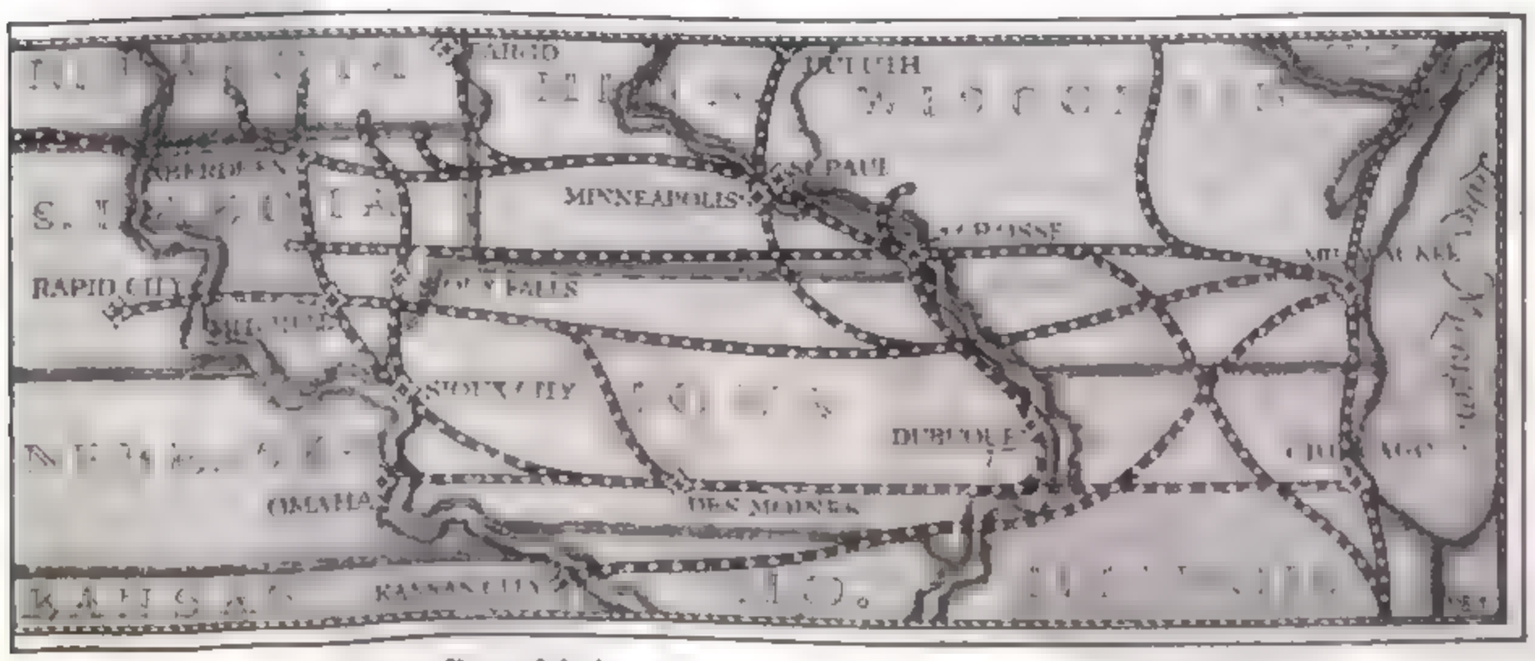
SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE
TO THE
PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

MILWAUKEE ROAD



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

What the railroad has done

It is the railroad, cutting through the mountains and sweeping across the plains, that has opened up this last great block of the nation to settlement and development.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has 11,000 miles of track linking up the important points from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha and Sioux City; to Milwaukee, Upper Michigan Peninsula, Twin Cities; and to Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, and the Olympic Peninsula. Its connecting lines and spurs form a network over the Northwest.

Like the great artery of a powerful body, surging with life, this railroad system brings nourishment and energy to the vast territory it serves. Machinery, tools, manufactured products, pure-bred stock, high-grade seeds, and people—people in an endless stream—pour through it into the Northwest. And pulsing back again comes the torrent of raw products upon which the industrial centers of the East feed. The railroad brings life to the Northwest; and the Northwest gives health and strength to the railroad.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is *electrified* 660 miles across the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rocky and the Cascade Mountains, to shipside on Puget Sound. This is one of the greatest achievements in modern railroad engineering. The power used is generated from the enormous hydroelectric resources of western Montana and Washington.

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

It is the shortest line from Chicago to the Coast

Take your trip to the Coast over this route—where the highest peaks, the greatest rivers, the most splendid plains, the most bounteous valleys, and range after range of glorious mountains, are all incidents. Let its startling beauty refresh you; meet the promise of its opportunities with a rested body and a clear mind.

Room 884, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

- ☐ Puget Sound
- ☐ Inland Empire
- ☐ Industrial Montana
- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Agricultural Montana
- ☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley
- ☐ Eastern Dakotas
- ☐ Omaha The Western Gate
- ☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
- ☐ Wisconsin
- ☐ Iowa

Name _____

Street

City _____ ID

"That's a Bear of a Bar, Jim!"

Rugged grown-ups with hearty appetites find in **Baby Ruth** a candy that both delights and satisfies.

To those who love good candy, it brings more than sweetness—more than deliciousness. There's unusual food value—wholesome nourishment and health-giving energy in every bar.

That's why **Baby Ruth** is eagerly welcomed at the firesides of millions—of all ages and appetites—of both masses and classes—as America's Favorite Candy.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

NEW YORK
BOSTON

Otto Y. Schnering, PRESIDENT

LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

Candy Makers to the American Nation

5¢

(Continued from Page 170)

into the street she blew a kiss after his departing car.

XII

CHARLES made no further attempt to remonstrate with Robin. He and Nancy were, as Aunt Alice had remarked, tending toward a routine. He came three times a week to spend the evening and, since Nancy was still declining almost all invitations, they seldom went abroad. When on these occasions he encountered Robin, he bowed to her with a politeness that was like a blow; but she wore toward him a manner of sprightly friendliness, inquiring courteously after his health, and only once did she venture further by mentioning Rich. That was when she asked:

"Did you see Rich today, Charles?"

"No," he retorted. "He and I have nothing in common."

She smiled. "You're both friends of mine!" she reminded him, and she added, "He said he might come out this evening. Said he would if he could, but I haven't heard yet whether he's coming or no. If he does, we four might play bridge."

"I care very little for bridge," said Charles.

"But you'll play to be polite, won't you?" she insisted.

Before he could reply, however, Nancy came downstairs, and Robin surrendered Charles to her sister with a smile.

One night the following week—it was Aunt Alice's suggestion, upon which Nancy seized with delight—she and Charles did go to the theater, dining in town beforehand. At a little after eleven Charles brought Nancy decorously home and bade her good night in the lower hall; and Aunt Alice, in a dressing gown, met her when she came upstairs.

"Home, Nancy?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Nancy agreed, in a listless tone. "Yes, Charles wanted to go somewhere and dance; but I was sleepy. And—I think he dances with a slide rule."

"Is Robin home?" the older woman inquired.

"I haven't seen her."

"She said she'd be in early tonight," Aunt Alice commented, a faint concern in her tones. "I thought she'd be here. When I heard you come in, I thought it was she." She made a resigned gesture. "I expect she's all right. How is Charles?"

"Stuffy!" said Nancy unguardedly.

"I always thought he was," Aunt Alice agreed. "But you tell me I don't understand him!"

"He isn't always," Nancy insisted defensively. "It's only when he's tired. . . . I adore him!"

"Of course you do," the older woman assented, "and quite properly too." She sighed. "Well, I expect Robin will soon be here. Good night, Nancy. Run along to bed."

"Good night!" Nancy responded. "Don't be silly about Robin. She's an adult, after all."

"I always like to know you're both in," Aunt Alice confessed; and Nancy made a tender little grimace, and kissed her, and turned away toward her room. Abed, she lay for a little while to think, in an unsatisfied way, about Charles; but at last, making a wry face in the darkness, she turned on her side and slipped almost instantly into a dreamless sleep. Sometime afterward she was roused, dragged reluctantly back to consciousness by a persistent and irritating sound.

Someone, she realized, was knocking on her door, and she called resentfully, "Who's there? Come in."

The door opened and Aunt Alice appeared, silhouetted against the light in the hall. She pressed the button just inside the door, and Nancy blinked in the sudden glare.

"Nancy, I'm worried about Robin," she said seriously.

"Isn't she home?" Nancy asked.

"If she were I wouldn't be worried," Aunt Alice fretfully reminded her. "Of course she isn't home!"

"Oh, Bob can take care of herself," Nancy urged, and she laughed a little. "It would be funny if she couldn't, the way she's always talked to me!"

"She said she was coming early!"

"Well, it isn't early yet," the girl reminded her. "It's hardly one o'clock."

"I suppose it's foolish to worry," the older woman agreed.

"You go to sleep," Nancy advised. "She'll be here when you wake in the morning."

"Wake?" Aunt Alice echoed. "I shan't sleep a wink till she comes."

Nancy groaned and swung her feet to the floor; she put her arms around the older woman.

"Now, aunty," she insisted, her tone like a mother's, "you're being perfectly absurd. Come along and I'll put you to bed."

"Where do you think she is?"

"I don't think," Nancy retorted. "I've been out after midnight myself, in my time."

"But she said she'd be early," Aunt Alice persisted. Yet though she still remonstrated she permitted Nancy to guide her toward her room.

"You said that before," Nancy reminded her laughingly. "Don't be tiresome, dear! There." She drew back the coverlets, tucked Aunt Alice in. "Now go to sleep," she admonished. "Don't you dare come waking me again."

But Aunt Alice did not promise to obey this injunction; nor in the end did she do so. Hours later she knocked once more at Nancy's door; and when Nancy saw the older woman's worried countenance she was no longer angry with Aunt Alice, but with Robin for causing such concern.

"Nancy," Aunt Alice explained, in a tone full of consternation. "I dozed, and then I woke and went in to see, and Robin hasn't come."

Nancy looked at her wrist watch. It was nearly three. "She is pretty late, isn't she?" she confessed.

"For Robin, yes," Aunt Alice agreed miserably. "Nancy, what do you suppose has happened?"

"She's with Rich, isn't she?" Nancy asked.

"Yes."

Nancy laughed. "She may have had to walk home!" she suggested.

"Don't be common," Aunt Alice chided. "Robin at least has some sense of personal dignity."

"Then why worry about her?" Nancy challenged.

Aunt Alice hesitated. "As a matter of fact," she said reluctantly, "she made Rich take her down to the Tom Cod Inn tonight. I suppose it's because you got in trouble there. I just can't help worrying."

Nancy whistled softly. "Shame on you, Bob!" she murmured under her breath.

"It's rather a terrible place, isn't it?" Aunt Alice asked. "She said she wanted to see if it was as bad as some of the supper clubs abroad."

"The crowd usually thins out down there by this time," Nancy remembered thoughtfully. "I should think she'd be home."

Aunt Alice hesitated. "Nancy," she said, "I wish you would call up Charles. He and Rich both live at the Bethany Club. Have him find out if Rich has come home. I have a feeling something is wrong."

"Now, Aunt Alice," Nancy protested, "don't be absurd! What could be wrong?"

"Well," the older woman pointed out, "if Rich is home and she isn't, we'll know something has happened. And if he isn't at home, we'll know he's still taking care of her."

Nancy frowned thoughtfully. "I don't imagine Charles is much good in an emergency," she suggested. "Besides, he must have been asleep for hours. He'd think I was crazy, calling him out of bed."

"I'm really almost frantic," Aunt Alice explained apologetically.

"He'd have to go wake Rich," Nancy protested, "if Rich is there. Charles will think we're all insane." She smiled grimly. "Or else he'll think Robin is up to something scandalous."

"I don't care what he thinks," the older woman said. "I'm almost beside myself with worry. I wish you would call him. For my sake, dear."

"But suppose Rich isn't there?" Nancy urged. "We won't be any better off."

"At least we'll know," Aunt Alice pointed out.

Nancy hesitated, then stirred reluctantly. "All right," she agreed. "I suppose I'll have to."

A few minutes later she had Charles on the wire. His wits, it appeared, were still befogged with sleep, so that he found it, at first, difficult to understand; and she had to repeat her request a second time, and then a third, her tone more and more impatient. But at last he seemed to comprehend. She said "Yes!" emphatically, and then fell silent, and after a moment spoke over her shoulder to the older woman in an undertone.

"He's gone to knock on Rich's door," she explained; and Aunt Alice came to wait beside her, till Charles' voice came once more over the wire.

Nancy said, "Hello, Charles. . . . Yes." And then: "Oh! Well, I didn't think he would be! But thank you, Charles!" And a moment later: "Well, you see he took Robin down to the Tom Cod Inn tonight, and they're not home. And aunty's worried." And: "Oh! Why, yes, I wish you would."

She hung up the receiver after that. "He's going to call up the inn," she explained. "Find out if they've left there."

Aunt Alice sighed. "Oh, I'm glad he's doing that," she said; and the two waited till the bell shrilled once more. Nancy caught up the receiver, but when she had heard what Charles had to say, and looked toward Aunt Alice again, even Nancy was a little pale.

"He says they left there at midnight," she reported.

If Nancy had been a little more observant, she must have been surprised at Aunt Alice's reception of this information. "Left?" the woman echoed, in a startled tone. "Left there at midnight?"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Left there hours ago."

"But why did they do that?" Aunt Alice protested, and Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

"They certainly ought to be home," she confessed. "It isn't over an hour's drive at this time of night."

The other looked at her watch. "What time is it, Nancy?" she asked sharply. "I say five minutes of three."

"I say ten minutes of," Nancy told her. She added, "If they came straight home they'd have been here by one."

"What in the world"—Aunt Alice murmured, half to herself, but as Nancy was about to speak again the girl's attention was drawn once more to the telephone. The receiver was still at her ear, and Charles' voice came over the wire.

Nancy listened, and then she said to him, "Wait. I'll ask Aunt Alice." And to the older woman she explained, "Charles wants to know whether you'd like him to get his car and go hunt for them."

Aunt Alice bit her finger tip. "I don't know now," she confessed. "I don't know where he could look."

"They may have had an accident," Nancy pointed out. "A flat tire, or something."

"Something's happened," Aunt Alice agreed. And then with abrupt decision: "No. Tell Charles not to go. I'd rather trust Robin. If anything has happened we'll know about it in the course of time; and if it hasn't we don't want to make any disturbance."

Nancy nodded and conveyed this message, listened to Charles' reply, and turned to the other woman once more. "He says he's going anyway," she reported.

"Tell him he mustn't," Aunt Alice insisted. "We don't want any alarm, Nancy."

(Continued on Page 177)

SILVERSTRYPE SUITS

Well Dressed

Men who realize that dressing well is a distinct asset, in social, as well as business life, appreciate the fine points of SILVERSTRYPE Suits. They are tailored from fine Australian Virgin Wool fabrics and are made in a wide range of correct styles . . . including specially designed styles for the short, long and stout man, in addition to a complete style range for men of regular build. This season's colors are blue; gray; or brown; all with a neat pin stripe. Plain blue serge. And plain blue wide weave worsted.

Every genuine SILVERSTRYPE carries a guarantee and is identified with a Lox Seal Tag, and a label as shown for your protection.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tailored by
CHAS. DOUGLIS-MACK CO., Inc., N. Y.

There is a Silverstrype Dealer in most every town.

©C D M Co 27

free—16 Page Style Book

CHAS. DOUGLIS-MACK CO., INC.
826 Broadway, New York City

Send your style book to

Name

Address

What Good Taste is at Cornell

Complimented by the men of his class as the best-dressed Senior at Cornell, 1926, MR. HARRY I. JOHNSTONE *in a snapshot taken on the campus at Cornell University.*

HARRY I. JOHNSTONE, CORNELL, '26

"FROM the new Ide styles any man can select excellent things to wear," observed Harry I. Johnstone, '26, voted the best-dressed man in his class.

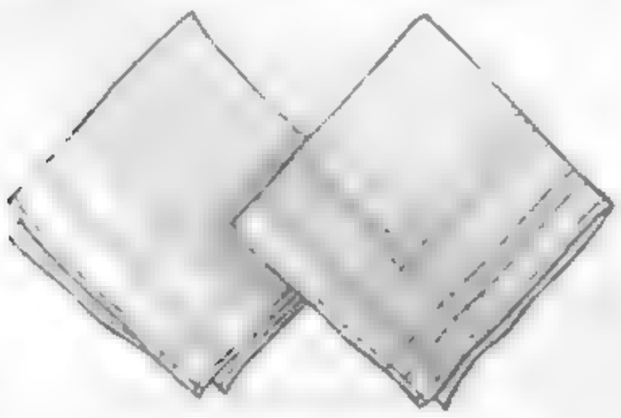
"While I personally prefer white shirts, there are some good colored styles this year with colored stiff collars to match.

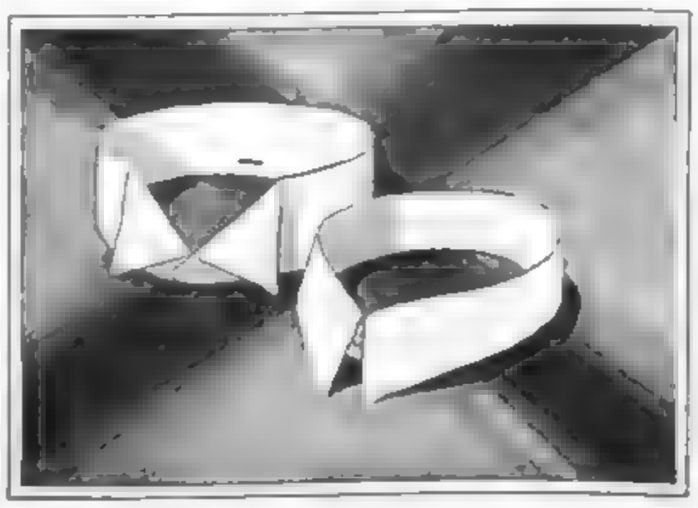
"Soft shirts, simply because they are so comfortable, are sometimes overdone. There is a definite place for the starched collar—for some men it is the only style to wear. And I find Ide starched collars comfortable as well as correct."

As examples of personal linen which is favored at Cornell, Mr. Johnstone chose from Ide haberdashery the shirts, collars and handkerchiefs shown on this page.

Not only Mr. Johnstone, who typifies the conservative good taste for which Cornell stands, but the best-dressed men from other universities show the Ide linen they prefer in a booklet recently printed. A copy will be sent to you at your request. Write to Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

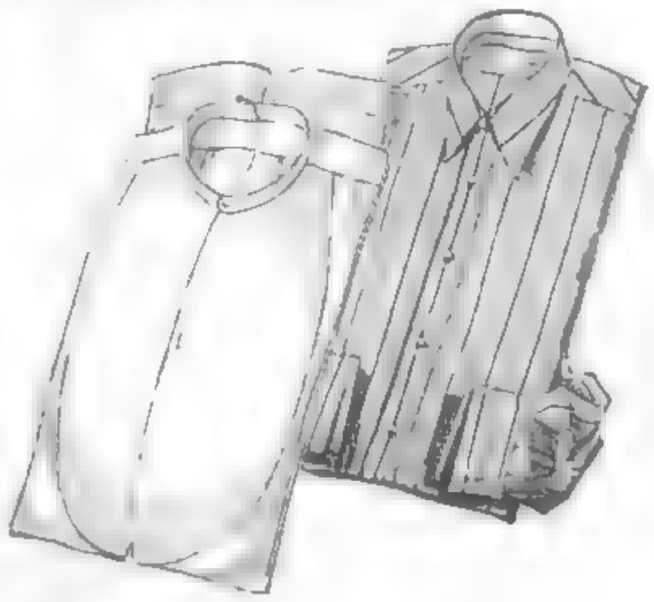
Simple dignity in fine imported linen is the typical Cornell man's first requirement in handkerchiefs.





Here are shown the choice of Cornell's best-dressed man among Ide collars. The Tavistock is a low collar with long points, close together to make the face look narrower. The Idetux he considers a distinctive wing collar.

The Malvern Madras reflects this Cornell man's taste in Ide colored collar-to-match shirts. The Monocourt 400 meets with his especial approval for evening wear.



(Continued from Page 175)

Robin will come home when she's ready. Charles is so impetuous. There's no knowing what he'll do."

Nancy spoke into the telephone again. "Charles, you mustn't go," she said. "Aunt Alice insists." And after a moment: "Charles?" And she rattled the receiver.

When the operator answered, Nancy said in an irritated tone, "You disconnected us." And while the operator manipulated her plugs Nancy explained to the older woman, "She cut us off." But a moment afterward she said into the telephone, "Oh, I'm sorry. Thank you very much." Hung up the receiver then and stood uncertainly.

"He's gone," she told Aunt Alice. "He just dropped the receiver. Didn't even put it on the hook. He's gone."

The older woman stood still, biting at her finger tip again in a worried way, but after a moment she made a gesture of resignation. "Well, it's out of our hands," she said gropingly.

But Nancy did not hear. She was looking thoughtfully at the telephone, and after a moment she murmured, half to herself, "Charles couldn't have acted any more worried if it had been me!" There was a resentful frown between her eyes.

XIII

THE establishment known to an unsavory fame as the Tom Cod Inn was formerly even more unsavory than in these its latter days. There is a little harbor on the South Shore into which fishermen sometimes put to land their cargoes of cod and haddock. The harbor is small, and the village which it serves is no more than a fringe of houses and stores along the waterfront. Beyond the village, where deeper water runs in close to the shore, there are half a dozen wharves; and upon one of them, somewhat remote from the others, there stood formerly a fish house, an open shed in which were ranged ranks and files of split and salted codfish, polluting the clean ocean air.

An enterprising person by the name—strictly synthetic—of Anderson, saw in this fish house certain possibilities; and it was he who converted it, by a considerable expenditure, into the Tom Cod Inn. At the landward end of the wharf he built an entrance hall, cloakrooms, an overflow dining room and a kitchen; the fish house itself he sheathed and finished, and without raising the roof, he added a second floor. Thus the ceilings are low and the air in the place, filled with the smoke of many cigarettes, is at times oppressive. There is a well in the middle of the second floor, so that diners at the tables above may look down upon the dancers below; and there is also a trap door in the middle of the dancing floor, usually open in summer and surrounded by a railing. Below, the tide rises and it falls; through the trap it is possible to see the oak piles coated with mussels and barnacles; and now and then a dancer more than usually unsteady on his feet topples through or over the railing and takes an inadvertent but a sobering swim. In summer the place is comfortably cool, in the spring and fall it is uncomfortably so. But even at these seasons there is a fair and profitable patronage.

When Robin suggested to Rich that they go there to dine, even Rich ventured a mild protest. "It's a bit raw," he told her. "Mostly kids, or a rotten lot of older folk."

"I know," Robin agreed. "But I'm curious. And Dennie took Nancy there."

"That occasion did not turn out well," Rich reminded her.

She smiled at him. "We're older, somewhat more discreet," she retorted. "I'm sure you'd always have too much presence of mind to hide me in a henhouse. And if there was a raid, I'd promise not to lose my head."

He chuckled recklessly. "You're a perpetual surprise to me, Robin," he declared. "All right, we'll go."

But he had, afterward, his misgivings; and on the drive down from town he showed a disposition to silence. Robin, watching him sidewise, faintly reproached herself for making him the instrument of her plans. Poor Rich. It was unfair to him. He might even fall in love with her. His thoughts must have run with hers: for when she had reached this point in her reflections he broke the silence, said abruptly:

"You know, Robin, I'm not the marrying kind."

She asked, startled and surprised, "Why do you say that, Rich?"

"Well, we've been together a good deal," he reminded her; and her pity for him changed to scornful understanding.

But she only said, "You needn't worry, Rich. I'm not planning to entrap you. I like you very much, but I certainly could never think of marrying you."

"No?" he echoed, half surprised.

"No." She shook her head, almost sadly.

"I've heard other girls say that," he confessed curiously. "It's always rather puzzled me. Any particular reason?"

"Dozens of them," she assented, smiling a little, now on surer ground.

"Let me have half a dozen as a sample," he suggested, faintly sullen. But she laughed at him.

"I'm afraid if I did you'd turn around and take me home," she said. "And I don't want to go home for hours."

"If that's all, I'll promise not to take you home till you say the word," he assured her grimly; and she seized upon this promise.

"I'll hold you to that," she told him. "We're going to stay tonight till the last gun is fired."

"You'll have enough before that," he predicted, regretting his word.

"But I'm to say when," she insisted; and he reluctantly agreed.

They rode thereafter in silence; and they turned at last off the main highway toward the little village by the shore, passed through its single deserted street, and came to the brightly lighted portals of the inn, half a mile beyond. In front of the place there was a circle of turf surrounded by a gravel drive, and Rich parked his car in a crevice among the others ranked there.

When they stepped inside the door the proprietor—the strictly synthetic Mr. Anderson, a stout and swarthy man—came to greet them. He addressed Rich by name. Everyone, Robin remembered, knew Rich.

"I've kept a table for you upstairs," Mr. Anderson explained in a confidential and ingratiating tone. "You want to be where you can see, but not too crowded neither."

Rich nodded. "That's quite right," he said. And he asked Robin, "Will you leave your coat?"

She shook her head. "Let's keep them," she told him, so she and Rich followed Mr. Anderson.

Robin, frankly curious, was looking all around her. An effort had been made, she saw, to give this establishment a salty flavor worthy of its name. There were nets hung against the dark and smoky walls, and she saw a trawl line coiled in a tub in one corner, and a dory filled with flowering plants occupied the wall opposite the door. Mr. Anderson led them into the main dining room, where there were tables closely packed against the walls, surrounding the dancing floor. The orchestra was playing when they entered, and the place was full of smoke and heavy stale air, and of red and shining faces. They had to pick their way. On one side of them were the tables littered with cigarette ashes, half empty glasses, and miscellaneous and unattractive débris. The closely packed dancers bumped and buffeted them as they followed Mr. Anderson toward the narrow stairs. He led them to a table in an alcove above the main floor, from which they could look down; and when they were settled there, Robin said curiously:

"But Nancy said when the policemen came in, they got out through a French window. There aren't any windows here, French or any other kind."

"There's an overflow dining room beside the kitchen," Rich explained. "She and

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MUTEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

SEE WHAT
the weather has done to the hats
of your friends. Perhaps your
own has a moat in its crown! But
go to your Knox dealer and get
a spring felt hat that will look
well in spite of wind and weather.

KNOX
HATS

452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. — Roosevelt Hotel (*Madison at 45th*)
161 Broadway (*Singer Bldg.*) — Waldorf-Astoria (*Fifth Ave. at 34th*)
The Paramount Bldg. (44th *and* B'way)
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

And at accredited Agencies everywhere

R. H. Reiss

Treasurer and General Manager, International Tailoring Company of New York and Chicago, says he could not tend to all his numerous duties without The Dictaphone in his office and one at home

"My Dictaphones *made* me—"

"And that's true for my Secretary, too."

See what The Dictaphone can do toward making you. Read coupon offer below.

"IT S hardly too much to say that The Dictaphone has been my making. At any rate, I should be at a loss without its help to manage the four concerns which look to me for executive guidance."

The speaker is R. H. Reiss—and his chief position is that of Treasurer and General Manager of the International Tailoring Company, the world's largest producers of men's made-to-measure suits

"I find The Dictaphone indispensable for memos and instructions. It is so much handier than shorthand. Often I dictate only outlines, leaving my Secretary to complete the job.

"Frequently I turn directly from telephone to Dictaphone and record oral agreements or orders needing prompt attention.

"At home my second Dictaphone records memos, or conclusions reached by study of business problems. Sometimes a department head spends an evening with me there and we agree on certain policies. My advertising manager, for example, came out last week and with The Dictaphone we crystallized a season's advertising policy.

"Only by Dictaphone can I maintain the intimate contact needed with some 30 department heads in our three plants making thousands of suits daily. I should be handicapped in other duties without my Dictaphones."

Helen Delahanty, Secretary to Mr. Reiss, dictates to her dictating Dictaphone many letters and instructions for his signature. She oversees salesmen's letters, keeps contact between factories and Mr. Reiss, and handles most of his personal business.

Miss Delahanty says: "I could not organize my work without the dictating Dictaphone. It enables me to make every moment at my desk count."

Hundreds of other executives and secretaries say much the same thing. They never dreamed how much The Dictaphone could do for them. How long will you deny yourself its advantages? Use the coupon *now*.

Helen Delahanty

Secretary to Mr. Reiss, avers she simply couldn't organize her work without her Dictaphone

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau St., New York City

☐ Please notify your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong with Shorthand?"

Name . . . . . .

Firm . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

For Canadian inquiries address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 99 Melinda St., Toronto, Canada
World-Wide Organization: London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.

S-1

Dennie were sitting in there." And he added after a moment, "You know, Robin, Dennie's wild about Nancy. That business has made him settle down a bit too. Dennie has his points!"

"She liked him," Robin said.

"She dissembles it," Rich reminded her with a smile. "He's tried to see her a dozen times. But she's always tied up, or says she is. I've had to restrain him from picking a row with Charles."

"She'll forgive Dennie by and by," Robin predicted cryptically; and Rich laughed and asked:

"How do you know?"

"I know," Robin assured him.

"Well, I'll tell him so," he said. "If he doesn't have a kind word soon, he'll be jumping off a bridge somewhere."

Their dinner began to be served. Below them, the music was almost constant, at times jangling and full of a barbaric challenge, again soft and all seductive. Dancers filled the floor. They were, Robin judged, of every age and condition; and she watched them with a fascinated curiosity. Sometimes, at the tables, she saw flasks appear.

"Have they been raided since that night?" she asked Rich guardedly.

He shook his head.

"I have an idea Anderson arranged that for the sake of the advertising," he explained. "He tells me business has almost doubled since the raid."

"He's a curious man," she commented. "He doesn't look as though his name were Anderson."

Rich chuckled. "Doubt if it always was," he agreed; and he asked casually, "Care to dance?"

"Let's try it once," she decided; but that once more than contented her. The floor was crowded, the air heavy. When they came back up the narrow stairs she was panting, and stopped by an open window at the stairhead to fill her lungs with air. "Wasn't that terrible?" she exclaimed.

"You asked for it," he reminded her.

"I'm covered with heel prints to the knee," she declared. "And there are elbow marks between all my ribs!"

"Yet those others like it," he suggested.

She leaned her elbows on the window sill. The night was, for the season, warm; below them the water lay; and in the starlight she could see the harbor's outlines, and a beacon blinking at the end of the bar, and beyond, against the horizon, the irregular flashing of the light.

"I wish our table looked out in this direction," she murmured.

"Better come and sit down," he said. "There's a chill in the air."

"There are worse things than a chill," she reminded him, as they returned to their places.

"I'll see if we can change," he agreed, something morose in his tones.

"I'm giving you a lot of trouble," she said apologetically; and he made her a sardonic bow.

"Yours to command," he assured her; and she bit her lip in silence. But when, somewhat later, the proprietor stopped to ask whether all was well with them, Rich remembered Robin's wish and sought to gratify it.

"Haven't you a table," he asked, "that looks out toward Minot's?"

The other man said deprecatingly, "But, yes, Mr. Luce. Two of them. Unfortunately, they are engaged." He added confidentially, "However, I think one of the parties is going a little later on. If you'd like to move."

Rich looked at Robin. "Worth while?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she assured him.

"I thought you'd soon be ready to go home," he explained. "It gets pretty rough here by and by."

She shook her head chidingly. "You weren't to suggest going till I did," she reminded him, and Rich nodded to the proprietor.

"Change us when you can," he directed briefly.

They had almost forgotten the matter when at about midnight their waiter told them the other table was free. Rich, as they rose, looked at his watch suggestively, but Robin laughed at him.

"Don't do that," she insisted. "Things are just beginning here. There's more of a crowd than ever. I want to see it through, Rich."

"They'll be dancing here till daylight," he admonished her.

"But we don't have to dance," she reminded him.

He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I'm under orders, I suppose," he conceded. "But you've no business here this late. You ought to be at home."

"If you don't mind," she retorted. "I feel perfectly secure with you."

She was pleased with the new table. They could look down upon the dance floor on one side, and on the other a window faced the harbor. She insisted that Rich open it, and he did so; but the breeze had swung toward the land, and they had to close it again.

"The sun rises over there, doesn't it?" she commented; and he said:

"It will when the time comes."

"If you don't quit being so surly, I shall make you stay till then," she warned him.

He shook his head. "The place will be empty before that," he told her. "This crew scurries away before sunrise, like a lot of gnomes."

He was becoming more and more uncomfortable, and Robin, perceiving this, exerted herself to distract him. She led him to point out persons on the floor below whom he recognized, and to tell her something about them.

"You know everyone, don't you?" she commented. "I never saw a man who had so many friends."

"Acquaintances," he corrected her. "I don't forget faces nor names. And of course I see a lot of people in the course of my work day after day."

Robin nodded inattentively. She was becoming restless and uneasy. The crowd on the floor was beginning to thin, and there were empty tables here and there; she had been for some time covertly watching the door that led in from the entrance hall, yet seeking to conceal from Rich this scrutiny. But now her attention, fixed in that direction, became so concentrated that she did not hear Rich's casual word; nor did she hear the approach of the swarthy proprietor till he stood at her elbow. The man spoke to Rich, in his habitual confidential tone.

"A gentleman called for you, Mr. Luce," he said; and Robin listened with a quick attention.

Rich looked up in surprise. "Called?" he repeated.

"On the telephone," the other explained. "The cashier took the call, and she knew the table I had given you and looked up there. That alcove was dark, so she told him you had gone; had left about midnight. I was too late to catch her, and I couldn't trace the call."

Rich glanced at Robin. "Wonder who the devil that was," he murmured.

"Who knew you were coming here?" she asked, and he shook his head.

"No one," he assured her. "I don't advertise such things. They may have been trying to find you."

She laughed lightly. "Oh, no!" she insisted. "I told Aunt Alice I'd be late. She won't worry about me."

He looked at his watch. "You know this is absurd," he said in a tone almost of irritation. "Our staying here this way." The proprietor was still waiting, and Rich asked him, "How long ago did this call come?"

"Fifteen minutes, half an hour," said the other, with an expressive shrug.

"They may be worried about you," Rich insisted to Robin. "Haven't you had enough of it?"

"I want to see the sun rise out there," Robin told him; and he laughed shortly.

(Continued on Page 181)

ASK YOUR BANKER

Look upon him as your Business Counsel

Ask your banker. Men in every kind of business respect his judgment. His ripe experience makes his counsel invaluable. During the whole of his business career he has been intimate with the most progressive methods of business and accounting—with every short-cut to efficiency. He is the man most competent of all to advise you on your figure-problems whether your business is large or small.

Ask your banker. He knows the value of having before you accurate figure-facts every day. He knows the advantages of modern figuring equipment and methods. Probably your banker will advise you to consult the local Burroughs man. For over 90 per cent of the banks themselves find Burroughs machines the most dependable, accurate and labor-saving—a dividend paying investment. *Ask your banker.*

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.,
6204 Second Blvd.,
Detroit, Mich.

Burroughs

Burroughs Adding Machine
of Canada, Limited
Windsor, Ont.

MACHINES
FOR EVERY FIGURE
PROBLEM

Any paint beautifies. Lead paint makes the beauty lasting. *Dutch Boy white-lead gives a pure all-lead paint.*

WHAT to do and how to do it? These questions puzzle every house-owner when the time comes to redecorate the home, either inside or out. We offer the facilities of our Department of Decoration to you. As a starter, send for the booklet (in color) "Decorating the Home." Follow with any specific questions that may be bothering you. Individual service gladly given.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St.
Buffalo, 116 Oak St. — Chicago, 900 West 18th St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 326 Clementina St.
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY *for* DURABILITY

Continued from Page 178

"I can't stick it that long," he said shortly. "That's a little too much for me. I must be in court at ten o'clock."

"Oh, if you're getting sleepy," she said challengingly.

"Not at all," he retorted, nodded dismissal to the proprietor, and looked at Robin again. "You know," he said abruptly, "I'm beginning to be suspicious of you."

"Suspicious?"

"I've a notion you're using me," he told her; and he added grimly, "You know that isn't considered safe."

"Why, how absurd!" Robin countered.

"I'm no more modest than any other man," Rich assured her. "But I'm not sufficiently conceited to think you've been cultivating me for myself alone."

"You're conceited enough," Robin told him. "I haven't been cultivating you."

"I've had a feeling, for an hour or so," he said accusingly, "that you're waiting for something, that you expect something to happen here."

Her hands were clenched below the level of the table where he could not see, and her tone was uncertain. "Don't be ridiculous!" she insisted.

He leaned back in his chair and laughed a little unpleasantly. "All right!" he said. "I'll play the game! But I warn you, don't count on me too surely."

She met his eyes and smiled. "After all," she told him gently, "if I didn't count on you, I wouldn't be here!"

He frowned at that, shook his head. "You make it a bit thick at times," he warned her. And she raised her brows and turned her eyes away. He said no more; and for all her outward composure she was grateful for his silence. She began to watch, once more, the outer door, and Rich watched her till she became conscious of his scrutiny, and turned and met his eyes and laughed in what she meant to be a disarming fashion. But she won no answering smile from him; and she thought desperately that unless Charles came soon, Rich would insist that they start for home.

It was in this moment while her glance was turned toward Rich that Charles at last did come. Robin heard a disturbance on the floor below them; and she looked down to see Charles, hatless and without a tie, his face very white beneath the shock of his disordered hair, talking to Mr. Anderson in a loud and angry tone.

"You told me they left at midnight," Charles was saying. "But his car's still parked outside."

The proprietor spoke to him in a low and deprecating fashion; and Robin, suddenly and honestly frightened at what she had done, turned to Rich and caught his arm.

"Please," she cried softly. "They must have sent him to look for me. If he finds us he'll make a scene. Please get me out of here."

Rich hesitated, and she saw that he was angry. He jerked his head toward the floor below. "Is this what you've been waiting for?" he demanded.

She did not answer directly. "Please, Rich," she repeated. "You've been so good to me. Get me out quickly, before he sees us here."

He hesitated for a moment, then laughed shortly, and rose and lifted her coat. She slipped her arms into the sleeves.

"There's no way to get out," he said icily, "except across the floor."

"He'll stop us," she insisted.

"If he does," said Rich without moving his lips, "I'll undertake to stop him." She would have taken his right arm, but he shook his head. "No, the other," he said. "I may need that one free. Come."

Robin obeyed him; and they turned toward the narrow little stair. The dancers were by this time almost gone; only a score or so still sat among the tables, yet Robin drew her scarf defensively across her countenance. She was trembling and afraid; fearful of these passions she had herself evoked. They were halfway down the stairs when she saw Charles coming to meet them at the foot. She hesitated, and Rich freed his arm and went ahead of her. Thus the two men met at the stair foot and stood a moment, bristling in silence there.

Then Charles and Robin saw that his face was purple with anger—said doggedly, "You miserable hound!"

Rich smiled. "Good evening, Waterhouse," he replied. "Or good morning, rather. Are you just arriving? Most of us are going home."

Charles looked past Rich and met Robin's eyes; and he mumbled uncertainly. Rich once more offered Robin his arm; and with a hurried little nod to Charles, she took it, and she and Rich started across the floor toward the door. Charles, she knew without turning her head, stalked close behind them. She tried to walk with a certain dignity, but could not help feeling that she was, in fact, scurrying like a guilty and affrighted child; and she admired the composure with which Rich kept his countenance to the fore and paid no heed to the man behind.

About them there was a little buzz of curious conversation, and a laugh here and there.

The proprietor hovered on their flank. He seemed, Robin thought with an unwilling smile, anxious for them to go.

They emerged into the entrance hall, and Rich stopped at the cashier's desk imperturbably to pay his check there. While Rich was thus engaged, Charles came to her side.

"You come home, Robin," he said hoarsely. "You come home with me."

But Rich, at that, swung around. "Pardon me, Waterhouse," he interrupted. "I am escorting Miss Pattee."

"You!" Charles muttered, and fell silent, helpless in his own furious and baffled rage.

Once more they moved toward the outer door, Charles, as before, just behind; and the two men walked like watchful dogs, stiffly upon their toes. They came to where Rich had parked his car, and Rich opened the door to help Robin in. But at that Charles laughed in a hoarse, triumphant fashion.

"You'll not take her home, Luce," he said.

Rich asked politely, "Why will I not?"

"Not in that car," said Charles. "I ripped off all the wires!"

"You damaged my car?" Rich echoed in a level tone. And he added, half to himself, "That's a little too much!"

"You can't start it," Charles declared.

"I'll start this instead," said Rich quietly, and Robin, although she had nerved herself for this moment, could not repress a cry of warning as she saw the beginning of the blow.

Rich, as he struck, lunged forward, leaving her a little behind him and at one side. She shrank away, now, past the front of the car; and she pressed her hands to her mouth, while the two men swirled like battling dogs out from between the cars and across the gravel drive to the bit of level turf beyond. Someone had heard her cry, and two or three people ran out from the portals of the inn. Mr. Anderson was among them. Perhaps it was a regard for the reputation of his establishment which drove him to attempt to interfere. He showed no disposition toward any physical action, but he hovered about the grappling men with expostulatory gestures, and his protests became more and more clamorous till Charles, kicking out behind, caught the proprietor of the Tom Cod Inn with a vigorous heel fairly amidships.

Mr. Anderson said, "Oi!" and sat heavily down upon the turf, fingering himself with fearful, exploring hands. He made thereafter not even a vocal attempt to interfere.

Robin was left outside the immediate arena, but she climbed on the hood of Charles' car, and from that point of vantage was able now and then to see. She was not qualified to judge the merits of a bout of fisticuffs. She had never seen even a polite boxing match, and this encounter was far from a polite one. Both these men were in their fashion—the fashion of amateurs—skilled boxers, but in the stress of this occasion they forgot the rules of the game. Their encounter was strictly give and take, and each seemed content to take so long as he could give. You could not have found any of their blows in the textbooks. They invented new ones as they went along; and Robin from her vantage could discern only a confusion of struggling men, could not discover how the tide of battle turned.

Rich had landed the first blow, but after that for a while there was no great damage done. Each man was too hot for cool destruction. An accidental collision with the top of Charles' head crushed Rich's nose and somewhat discouraged him; his interest in the fight was, after all, based on irritation rather than on any stronger passion. When by and by his own loss of balance as much as Charles' assaults sent him down in a sitting posture, he remained for a moment in that position, keenly conscious that these proceedings were, after all, not only unreasonable but undignified.

But Charles was by no means ready to let the affair end thus indecisively. In that decorous man anger had been mounting for days. Bound to Nancy by his own indiscretion, he had learned to chafe and fret at those fetters, at the flimsy net which restrained him; and the cool indifference with which Robin had received his remonstrances had been like a maddening barrier, holding him away from her. Also, his own sense of dignity had chained his hands. But now he had cast aside all restraints, shattered all decorum, tasted the hot intoxication of battle; he had found a fierce delight in the impact of his fists upon the flesh of the man he hated; his nostrils were full of the bouquet of the wine of victory, and he cried hoarsely:

"Get up and take it, Luce."

Rich wagged his head where he sat upon the turf. "What's the sense of this?" he protested.

"Blast you!" Charles cried, in a great voice. "Get up, before I come for you."

"Don't be an ass!" Rich urged; but Charles took a step toward him, and Rich scrambled to his feet. He tried to put up his arms about his face defensively. The thing was chance, but it was conclusive. Charles took a good easy swing with plenty of follow through. Rich rose a little from the ground, his feet quivered in the air, and he went down like a rag and did not move again. And Charles stood for a moment appraisingly above his fallen foe.

Then, satisfied, he turned away; he looked around. He saw Robin perched precariously upon the hood of his car, and he started for her. The circle parted respectfully to let him through.

As he approached he was not prepossessing. His lip was split, his eye curiously swollen and shining, and there was a confusion of smears across his countenance, but he seemed unconscious of these things. Robin waited uncertainly, and he said stiffly, through his swollen lips:

"Get your shoes off my car!"

She scrambled meekly to the ground.

"Get in," he directed. "Get in and sit down."

"I've got to take care of Rich," she urged.

He caught her by the arm. "Let the waiters pour a bucket of water on him," he said harshly. "I'm not going to fool with you."

She might, if she had wished to do so, still have resisted him, but his grasp upon her arm was tightening; and she yielded, took her place in the seat of his car, trying to make herself as little and as inconspicuous as possible while he climbed beneath the wheel and jammed his heel upon the starter. A moment later they leaped ahead along the drive, and the lights of the Tom Cod Inn were lost behind them as they swung through the village street and into the road beyond.

Robin had a hysterical desire to laugh. She looked behind her at the disappearing

(Continued on Page 185)

And Then He Earned $10.00 in One Day!

S. W. RAMSEY, *of Louisiana*

SUPPOSE you needed $10.00 extra by tomorrow night! How would you earn it? S. W. Ramsey of Louisiana needed extra cash, so he wrote us, got busy—and in a single day earned $10.00!

How?

1 He sells us his spare time, sometimes in the morning, again in the afternoon; more often in the evening. Such odd hours are worth to him up to $1.50 or $2.00 each!

2 He tells his friends, neighbors, and strangers, as he happens to meet them, that he represents *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, and that he'll be glad to send in their renewal and new subscriptions. Ramsey uses the material we send him; so he has nothing to invest except the price of stamps for mailing orders. He's his own boss—works when and where he pleases.

3 Would you like as good an opportunity to make extra money in your neighborhood? Then clip and mail the coupon now!

CLIP HERE

The Curtis Publishing Company
791 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me more about your cash offer.

Name ..... *Age*
PLEASE PRINT

Street

City.. *State*

Advanced Engineering Features

100-Horsepower Engine

The White Six chassis is powered by a six-cylinder, 100-horsepower White engine, which combines smoothness, quietness, ruggedness, simplicity, accessibility of construction and flexibility of operation at various speeds and loads.

Seven-Bearing Crankshaft

The crankshaft is heavy and rigid, statically and dynamically balanced. The constant clearance pistons, and other features are additional factors tending to increase the smoothness of engine performance.

Overhead Valves

Overhead valve construction of the engine was adopted to improve the engine economy throughout the complete range of speeds and loads. This construction helps accessibility and reduces materially the cost of maintenance.

Four-Wheel Metal-to-Metal Westinghouse Air Brakes

Four-wheel service brakes are standard equipment to increase the dependability and control of brake action under all operating conditions and to increase the average speed of the bus. These brakes are of metal-to-metal construction, air-pressure operated. Hot or cold, wet or dry, the brakes maintain the same positive action under easy control of the driver.

Nine-Inch Balloon Tires

Nine-inch balloon tires, single front and dual rear, are used to establish a new standard in riding comfort. Balloon tires are adapted to carry economically heavy loads at high operating speeds. Combined with properly designed steering mechanism, they facilitate the handling of the bus, permitting higher average operating speeds without discomfort.

Double-Drop Frame

A double-drop frame brings the center of gravity of the bus closer to the ground, increases the roadability of the vehicle, and gives additional comfort and safety to the riding public.

Two-Stage Springs

The rear springs are of two-stage construction and these stages are so proportioned as to properly control the deflection of springs through the complete range of pay loads. When the bus is fully loaded, the rear springs are in reverse camber, which feature, combined with two-stage construction, results in the desirable spring action of the chassis.

Superior Performance, Economy, Comfort

Every part of the chassis and every detail was worked out to obtain the proper balance of all working units, to assure economical chassis performance under various operating conditions of present and future bus transportation.

for

the first time

a Six-Cylinder Bus Engineered

THE White Six-Cylinder Bus with 100-horsepower motor has been developed to meet the new era in highway transportation and the complexities of present-day traffic by establishing new standards of performance, flexibility, comfort and higher speed. . . . . To these advantages are added superior power, control and safety.

It is to highway transportation what the de luxe Pullman train is to railway passenger transportation.

The White is completely designed from radiator to tail light, incorporating every feature of the equipment as an integral part of the original chassis design. The result is a bus—impressively powerful—that is a revelation in ease

WHITE

and WHITE

in bus transportation!

for today's and tomorrow's needs

of motion, absence of vibration, and extreme flexibility.

Positive Control at All Speeds. An important special feature of the White Six Bus is its positive and unfailing control. At all speeds the operator is always complete master of its marvelous power and speed, assuring perfect security and peace of mind to passengers. With ample power for all grades and needs and requisite speed for fast operating schedules, the White Six is remarkably easy to handle and its certainty of control insures safety under all conditions and emergencies.

With its advanced features, adaptability and luxury, the White Six Bus is certain to contribute added prestige to White as the leader in the motor bus field.

Four-Cylinder Whites. The adding of the White Six in no way lessens the important position of Four-Cylinder White Busses. Four-Cylinder White Busses have always been money makers for their owners. They fill a definite need. The White Company will continue to manufacture four-cylinder busses to meet the varied demands of bus operation. Back of every White Bus, both fours and sixes, is the stability, long experience and established reputation of The White Company.

Model 54 —six-cylinder—25 to 29 passengers
Model 50B—four-cylinder—25 to 29 passengers
Model 53 —four-cylinder—16 to 21 passengers

THE WHITE COMPANY - - *Cleveland*

BUSSES
TRUCKS

Write for the White Six and White Four Bus broadsides, giving complete specifications and detailed information.

© THE WHITE CO., 1917

this summer~

Enjoy Your Vacation Hours *Motoring on the Water*

THIS summer—know the joy of motoring on the water. Go where road maps are the sunny skies. Go where you can follow any trail you might desire through shady inlet or clear rippling stream.

There is no sport like water motoring. As you hear the call of distant shores you answer, knowing full well that your Johnson will get there and back swiftly and safely.

Know the thrill of Johnson speed. Know the ease of Johnson operation—starting, steering and controlling. And, above all, know the freedom from worry—from mechanical troubles—that a Johnson can give to the water motorist.

This year Johnson enhances its outstanding leadership in the outboard motor industry with four motors that are marvels of mechanical perfection. Revolutionary mechanical developments have greatly increased the power of all twins.

Thru an exclusive arrangement Johnson owners can have their motors insured against fire and theft at a very moderate cost.

If you are considering the purchase of an outboard motor, you owe it to yourself to see—or better, try one of these new Johnson motors. Johnson dealers are prepared to sell you on easy payments. If you do not know who handles them near you, send the coupon for further particulars.

Highlights on the Aquaflyer
(not illustrated)

The sensation of the Motor Boat Show! This beautiful boat makes available the speed, comfort and luxury of craft formerly costing several times as much.

Through large scale production and sales methods Johnson is able to offer at an incomparably low price, a boat that easily attains a speed of 18 miles per hour. First cost and maintenance have been reduced to a fraction.

Advantages never before found in a speed boat are included in this wonderful craft

The seventeen foot hull of gleaming mahogany is marked by graceful lines and perfect balance in the water. It is remarkable for its safety construction features. Non-sinkable, light, weighs less than 500 pounds. Very ruggedly built.

Powered with a Johnson Big Twin outboard motor installed in a sound-proof hatch at the stern.

It will travel in shallow or deep water with a maximum of safety. It can be beached as readily as an ordinary canoe and does not require expensive facilities for housing.

The Aquaflyer is built with that same degree of precision and exactness which has characterized every Johnson achievement.

Write for further details.

Mail this Coupon

JOHNSON MOTOR CO.,
130 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.
Send complete information on:
☐ The Four Johnson Motors for 1927. ☐ The new Johnson AQUAFLYER.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 130 Sample Street, South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Distributor: Peterborough Canoe Co. Peterborough, Ont., Can.

Export Division: 75 West Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

WATERWAYS ARE NEW HIGHWAYS OF HAPPINESS

Johnson
Outboard Motors

(Continued from Page 181)

lights. "I don't suppose I'll ever come here again," she said wistfully.

Charles did not speak. By and by, however, he fumbled in his pocket for his handkerchief, and with it made some small repairs upon his countenance, driving with the other hand.

Robin, beside him, asked, "Shall I drive?"

"No," he said.

"Do you want to stop and clean your face?"

"No," he repeated, and she hesitated a moment, and then urged softly:

"Let me have your handkerchief. I'll do it."

"Be still," he bade her.

So she was still, and for a longer time. But by and by her attention returned to the road they followed, and she realized that it was unfamiliar. She watched for a while, and then she spoke to Charles.

"Charles," she said, "you're on the wrong road!" He did not reply, and she added, more insistently, "This isn't the way home."

"We're not going home," he retorted.

That held her for a little silent, but at last she asked, in a tone all meekness and submission, "Where are we going, Charles?"

"It takes five days to get a marriage license in this state," said Charles. "We're going somewhere where they've got more sense about such things."

Robin took a moment to consider this. It was more than she had counted on; more than even Aunt Alice had foreseen. She thought, sorrowfully, of clothes.

But after all, this way he would not see Nancy again until it was too late. There was, in that fact, some reassurance. She sighed and settled more comfortably in her seat and let her hand rest upon his arm.

XIV

CHARLES decided they should go to the Riviera for six weeks or so, until the first excitement died. Mr. Pattee and Aunt Alice and Dennie Luce and Nancy came to see them off; and when Aunt Alice kissed Robin she whispered:

"But be careful he doesn't try to rescue any more abandoned women!"

Robin flushed. "You're so unfair to Charles," she protested.

Aunt Alice laughed softly. "To be sure, so I am," she agreed. "Good-by, my dear."

Three days later they were in mid-Atlantic. There was no moon, but Robin did not regret its absence. She was very well content to sit wrapped in her rug, at length in a steamer chair, with Charles by her side. But there had been through these delightful days a load upon her conscience and at the end of a long and contented silence she sought to ease it by confession.

"Charles," she said softly, and his fingers tightened around hers.

"Yes, Robin."

"Charles, I've something to tell you."

He hesitated, and his tone was vaguely changed. "You don't need to feel you must tell me anything, my dear," he assured her.

She took his hand in both hers. "But I want you to know, Charles," she explained "That I—didn't really behave badly" .

His hand in hers was still and rigid. "Have I reproached you?" he asked.

"I was just playing with Rich," she insisted. "Please believe me. I just did it to ——"

He silenced her with a pressure of his fingers. "Robin," he said in his most dignified tone, "I want you to know that the past is dead and buried. What you have done is forgotten. You mustn't ever think about it again. Remember, I've forgiven you."

"Forgiven me?" she echoed, faintly angry.

"I love you," he replied, "no matter what you've done."

She stirred in her chair, and her movement was almost explosive. But he said no more, and after a little her anger passed. Then by and by she smiled. Something Aunt Alice had said recurred to her.

"I suppose I was—wicked!" she murmured contritely.

"There!" he bade her. "That's all ended! You're in my care now."

The darkness hid her eyes, hid the mirth in them, and her voice was all respectful "You're my knight, aren't you, Charles?" she suggested.

He denied this in a deprecatory tone "Oh, no, Robin; I'm just an ordinary man," he said. But she could see that his head was proud and high.

(THE END)

Whycocomagh, Nova Scotia

A delightful and economical plan for your summer trip abroad . . .

Half the fun and thrill of Europe is in going there—on a Cunarder. New pleasures and comforts surround you, whether you travel Cabin or «Tourist Third», and the cost has been reduced to the lowest level in years.

Dancing on moonlit decks to the syncopated strains of a college orchestra, swimming in the salt water beneath the sun in an improvised deck tank, playing bridge or settling the problems of the universe with delightful companions . . .

For here you will meet a host of well-known and well-bred people among whom there is a genial friendliness that experienced travellers associate with Cunard Cabin ships.

Beautiful modern ships with large comfortable staterooms, many private baths, and a cuisine praised by connoisseurs.

«Tourist Third» is a lark—a trip that takes one to Europe in accommodations that constantly amaze experienced travellers and gain a host of new friends on every trip . . .

Altogether a new standard in low fare steamship travel.

Plan to go in early June or after mid-July.

Let us send you full particulars of this new plan for an economical European tour.

CUNARD LINE

Cabin Channel Service

PLYMOUTH · HAVRE

LONDON

1840 · EIGHTY · SEVEN · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1927

When you build in the American style

Sometimes it is called Colonial . . . sometimes, Georgian. But your home is American and deep rooted in the nation's traditions whether you build in the direct simple style of New England, the comfortable Dutch cottages of old New York or the grand manner of the southern colonies.

FOR homes so typically American, Sargent handles, knobs and other pieces are particularly authentic and complete. But more—they meet every modern demand for permanence, convenience, security. They are of rust-proof, time-defying brass and bronze. They connect with Sargent easy-spring locks, the most modern protection for entrance and inner doors. Write for the free Book of Designs for patterns appropriate to the Colonial and other styles of architecture—and with your architect choose Sargent locks and hardware for every door and window. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION

(Continued from Page 7)

problem the nation faces if she cultivates and improves her natural aptitudes. She possesses a great gift in the intuition which has always been hers. In the past she used it for self-protection. Unable to go out into the world and thresh things out, she had to arrive at her conclusions by intuition instead of argument. Now that she is out in the world, her intuition still remains a treasure she must not misuse.

It will be a great force if it is properly developed. Her sense of beauty and her feeling for quality as opposed to quantity are her other chief assets. But in most ways there seems no reason to believe that her mind will work very differently from a man's, provided it has the same training. And it should have. Everybody needs the same kind of human preparation—men and women, rich and poor.

I do not see, for instance, why young girls who expect to inherit wealth should not be trained exactly as are girls who must plan to make their own living in the world. Boys in countries which have universal military training acquire valuable military discipline. I have been wondering if perhaps a similar system for our girls, rich and poor alike, might not be possible. Certainly our present form of education avails little either for discipline or thoroughness. Apparently it cannot contrive, like the European method, to be general yet at the same time specific.

In Europe, as here, boys and girls are trained for special professions, occupations or arts, but over there they acquire general information at the same time.

When Emma Calvé, the singer, first came to the United States she was carried away by the women's voices that she heard throughout the country.

"They sing gorgeously," she exclaimed in mingled ecstasy and horror, "but they have no education!"

The European believes that if you are to sing it is important to know painting, history, algebra, as well as harmony, voice placement and scales.

Calvé took a number of American girls to Europe for training, but she had to begin at the very bottom of their education. They were ignorant, and had not even begun to prepare for life, she said.

The Young Girl's Training

If I were to have charge of the education of a young girl I should take care that she had, first of all, training in idealism, beginning with definite religious instruction. I should not dictate the kind of religion, for everybody must choose his own brand of spirituality, and no church or Sunday school offers a completely satisfying sample. What we need is fewer creeds and more faith. Creeds are man-made, finite; faith is infinite and essential. I am convinced that an atheistic world cannot develop. I doubt if even atheists believe it can.

I was interested in the analysis of the first 10,000 answers to a religious survey conducted by the New York World, which showed that a large percentage of those who had received religious instruction in their youth favored it for their children, even when they professed to have outgrown religion themselves. That is typical. We cannot imagine a progressive world without faith. Everybody must achieve it; otherwise there is no life. We need it to justify all that means most to us.

Humanitarianism has been suggested as a religion, or a substitute for religion, but it will not do. It is too appallingly finite, though claiming to teach love, service and self-sacrifice, all of which are spiritual if they are anything.

It seems to me that one of the most satisfactory developments among the younger generation is the religious reaction they are experiencing. I know a group of young literary people in France who, from being agnostic, have become almost ascetic. Through wide and continued study and thought they have reached the conclusion that agnosticism will not serve. They have gone back to faith. I believe the whole world will eventually swing back through its youth and build better than ever before, because less materialistically.

We in America have always had a more or less materialistic religion, from the days of our Pilgrim Fathers. Stern necessity made their religion materialistic. Those old realists knew they had to fight for what they got. All the same, the teachings of Christ, whom they professed to follow, are not materialistic. And even the modernists, who do not believe Christ was divine, agree that if He was a man and lived He was a great teacher, worthy to be followed by the finest thinkers.

Marriage and Careers

After religion the next step in a girl's training should be discipline. We have gone mad in our schools and everywhere else on individuality. As a result we are cruel to our children. We let them follow their untrained impulses in home and school, leaving them to learn what discipline is after they are out in the world. We act as if individuality came full-grown along with the infant. The truth is that personality and individuality must be based upon heredity, to which is added life's experience.

Even the flower that comes out of the ground is cared for and trained disciplined by trowel and spade. The more care it is given, the more beautiful it grows. If its seed is carried away and planted by the wind a plant springs up in which some quality of the parent persists, but in a less perfect and developed form. Incidentally, the gardener keeps weeds away from the roots of a flower, but we let our young people fight the weeds themselves. That is all wrong. The young girl must be subjected to standards. Both good and bad germs are contagious and she must be inoculated against the bad and exposed to the good.

Her education should give her general information and at the same time fit her specifically for a profession or career. It should teach her the importance of beauty—beauty of mind, beauty of spirit and beauty in externals. We lay no stress on this, and produce many ugly things—such as modern art, which I resent.

The life program of the girl should include marriage, if possible. Certainly, it should not definitely exclude the idea of a husband. A woman said to me the other day, "As a young girl I decided to have a career, and then and there, of course, gave up marriage."

Why "of course"? What a silly nation we are in many ways! No matter what it is about, we always go over all the way. We must forever be snapping off and moving on. Doctors prescribe change for every ill and it has become the national cure-all. In the old days marriage was considered the only possible career for a woman. If she evaded it she was regarded as a creature set apart for queernesses and crotchets. Today an ambitious woman feels that she must thrust marriage out of her life.

It is absurd. Plenty of women are combining careers and husbands. An increasing number are making a success of what men once predicted was impossible—that is, they are working side by side with their husbands, in the same profession and in the same establishment.

There is a woman doctor in one of the great New York hospitals who met in the classroom of a medical school the man she

(Continued on Page 189)

"No one could make Stradivarius violins by mass production"

Thomas A. Edison now answers a questionnaire

FROM his laboratories Thomas A. Edison has from time to time issued questionnaires. Now, he has consented to become the interrogated—has agreed to lay bare his half-century of effort to give the world perfect Re-Creation of music.

In plain, untechnical words, Mr. Edison here tells how he has made a marvelous musical instrument with all the painstaking care and individual detail of a Stradivarius Violin.

The questions asked Mr. Edison were:

Ques. Do you take advantage of the economies of mass production in the making of your phonograph?

Ans. I consider the New Edison Phonograph a musical instrument and not a machine to be made in the manner of cheap furniture or other things in which the highest uniform quality is not a prime essential.

Ques. Isn't it possible to make instruments of Edison quality by mass production?

Ans. No greater proof of the fallacy of this, as far as phonographs and other musical instruments are concerned, can be offered than the vain efforts of violin manufacturers to make violins of Stradivarius quality by mass production. For although every part of the instrument may be exactly alike as to size, unless there is the individual human touch, there is bound to be a variation in tone quality.

Ques. How can the layman tell the difference between a phonograph made by mass production and one made by craftsmen?

Ans. Anyone is apt to be satisfied with existing conditions until he hears something better; may even excuse distorted tone for want of a superior instrument. But when an ordinary phonograph turned out in quantity is compared side by side with one in which human hand work has played its part, the glaring difference instantly is apparent.

Ques. What do you consider the truest test of phonograph quality?

Ans. There is no measure of tone quality like the human ear. For this reason I urge comparison between the New Edison and other phonographs. To this end, I have advised every Edison dealer to place—without obligation to the prospective buyer the New Edison in any home where comparison with other types of phonographs is desired.

Ques. How would you describe the tone of the New Edison Phonograph?

Ans. It is sheer nonsense to speak of the *tone* of a *phonograph* or of its resonance. A phonograph should have no tone of its own. The instrument should be *only* a medium of Re-Creation. Obviously you should be unconscious of it and hear only the beautiful music it Re-Creates.

I worked for five years and spent more than $3,000,000 in experimental work to remove any false tone from the New Edison. Even when I, myself, was satisfied with the results I did not stop there. I insisted that the New Edison be submitted publicly to the test of side by side comparison with living artists whose performances had been recorded. Exacting music critics could detect no difference between living and Re-Created performance.★

Like a Craftsman of some old world guild, like Stradivarius in his work shop, Edison craftsmen individually make each New Edison Phonograph.

Why There NEVER Can Be a Better Phonograph

After all, the phonograph serves but one purpose—to Re-Create voice or instrument with human reality. When a phonograph does this, nothing more can be asked—it has reached perfection.

That the New Edison Phonograph achieves this is fact—not theory nor hopeful expectation. During more than 5,000 tests in Carnegie Hall, New York, Symphony Hall, Boston, and in other noted music centers, side by side tests were made with living artists who sang or played before a critical public in direct comparison with the New Edison Phonograph.

Eminent musical critics who attended these tests found it impossible to detect the living voices or instrumental performances, from the New Edison Re-Creation. Thus it was proved that the New Edison Re-Creates with literal fidelity and in a way that baffles the keenest ear in the effort to detect the living performance from the Edison Record.

Hear the New Edison Phonograph today at your nearest Edison dealer's—also get him to play one of the Edison 40-minute records—the inventor's latest achievement—a record no larger than the usual short playing record which permits you to enjoy without interruption a complete concert on one double-faced record.

The New Edison has always sold by comparison—compare it yourself with any other phonograph and let your own ears decide.

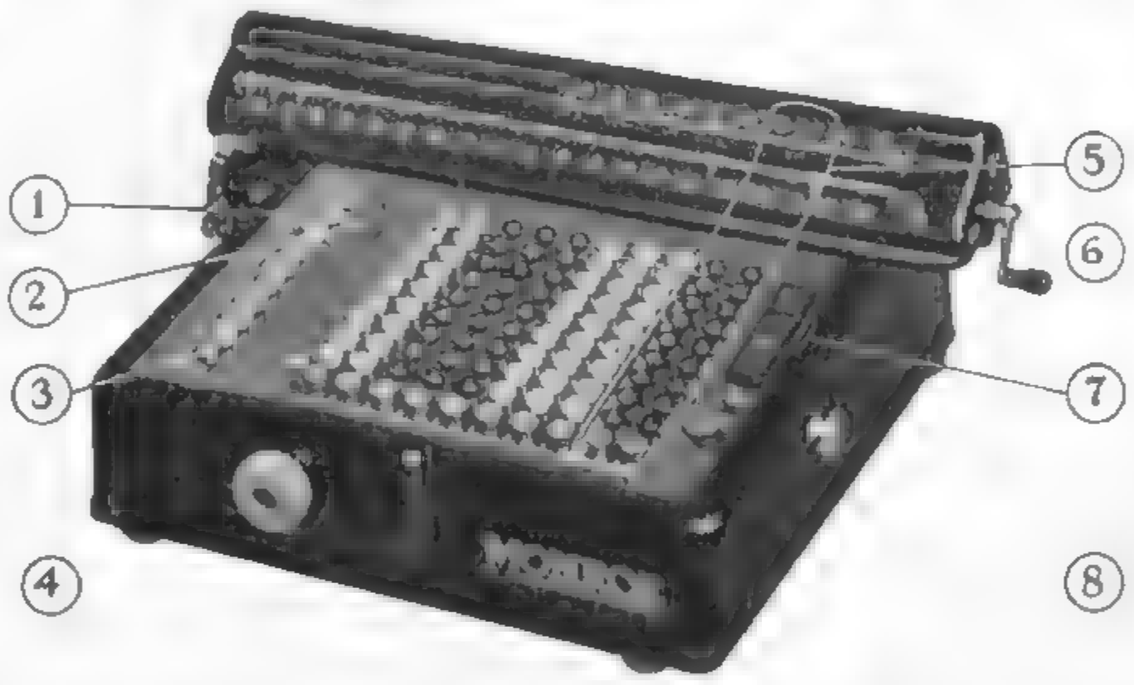
The NEW
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

OK Thos A Edison

★ WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

Announcing the New MONROE Full Automatic (Electric)

With many Exclusive Features



ANOTHER revolutionary forward step scored by Monroe—the FULL AUTOMATIC! A machine that reduces figuring to the ease and simplicity of "pressing a button"! Amazing and almost unbelievable in its performance—it has startled thousands who have witnessed or operated it on both sides of the Atlantic.

With all its uncanny automatic accomplishments, it retains the versatility and flexibility of our other models—a typical Monroe throughout—a machine of *Exclusive Features.*

—Unique features of operation and construction you should know about; multiplication at a finger touch, division entirely automatic and mechanical, addition or subtraction by depressing the amount and actuating bar simultaneously—and done in a fifth of a second!

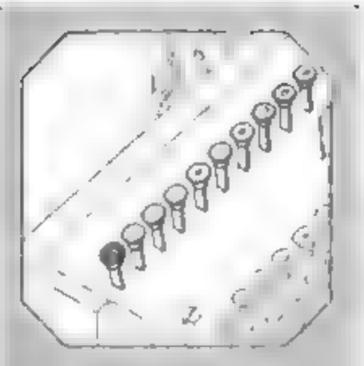
A high speed machine, yet nothing sacrificed to gain it. Perfect alignment of keyboard and dials; only *one part* to operate when clearing dials; a machine that for most work may be operated with *one hand;* small enough to be an ideal desk machine, yet large enough to do its job.

—And scores of other *practical* features that mean utility, long life, economy, time-saving, accuracy, ease and convenience of operation.

Monroe Features have established Monroe Supremacy; the International Jury at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial gave the Monroe the highest award among calculating machines.

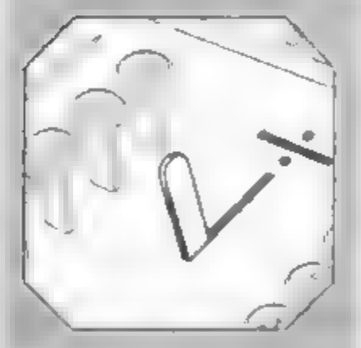
Without cost or obligation, you may see the marvelous new Monroe Full Automatic in action on your own figure-work. Write for the "Book of Monroe Features." Fill in the coupon.

There are more than 175 Monroe models, ranging in price from $150.00 and up. "A machine for every desk" and for every figuring need.



① **Automatic Multiplication with Automatic Shift**

Monroe Automatic Multiplication is uncanny! Set one number on Keyboard, depress keys of other number, press key—instantly result appears. Carriage shifts automatically. You touch nothing but keys and a button on the machine does the rest. See it!

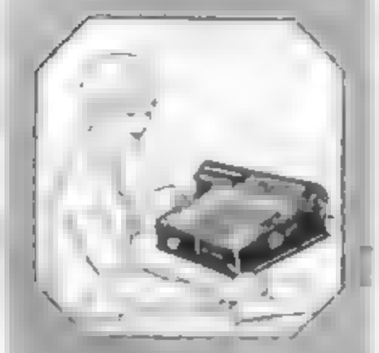


② **Full Automatic Division with Automatic Shift**

An amazing achievement! Simply set Dividend and Divisor in dials—push Division Control Key—press upper keys—and with lightning speed the entire division is performed—with not the slightest effort on part of operator.

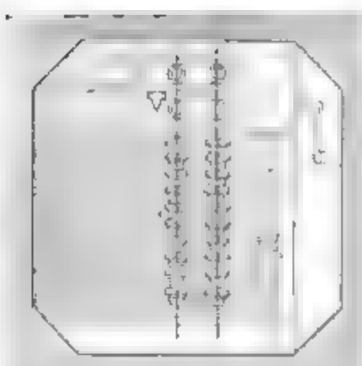
③ **Automatic Carriage Shift**

When the keys are depressed carriage automatically shifts one column right. Depressing key repeatedly shifts carriage as many places as desired.



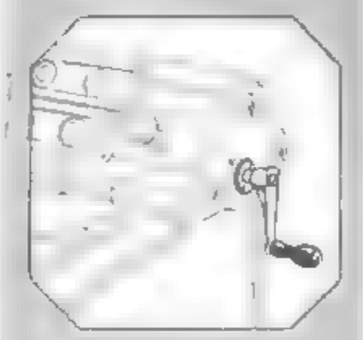
④ **One-Hand Operation**

Its full automatic features permit of the handling of the machine with one hand, leaving the other hand free to follow figures on sheet or to do other work in connection with books or papers in use—another outstanding advantage.



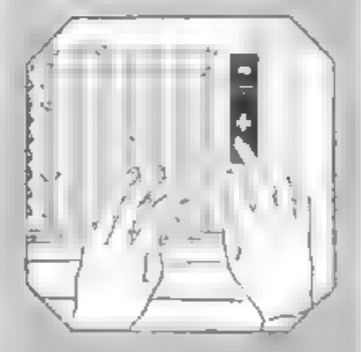
⑤ **Straight-Line Column Arrangement**

The dials, upper and lower, are arranged in exact columns with the keys on keyboard. Figures on dials stand out like headlines in a newspaper. Facilitate ease and speed in reading—a feature of utmost importance.



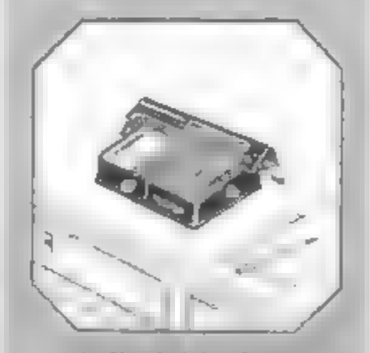
⑥ **Instantaneous Dial Clear-Out**

The One Crank clears either or both dials in a fraction of a second by an easy, simple movement that becomes almost automatic. *Only one part to operate* — the simplest mechanism yet devised for restoring two sets of dials to zero.



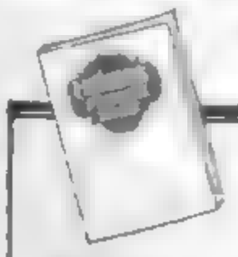
⑦ **Short-Cut Addition**

The simultaneous depression of keys and Plus + Bar adds the number instantaneously. This is also true of the Minus — Bar when subtracting. This practical operating advantage is possible only on the Monroe.



⑧ **A Desk Machine**

"The Machine for Every Desk" perfectly applied by users to all previous Monroe models and now to the Full Automatic Models.



Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.
Orange, New Jersey

☐ Send free copy: "Monroe Feature Book"
☐ Arrange demonstration: Full Automatic

Name of firm _____
Name of individual _____
Street and number _____
City _____ State _____

Watch for Monroe Ads—One of a series designed to give the busy executive facts that will assist in selecting the machine best suited to his needs

(Continued from Page 186)

later married. The two worked together with test tubes and scalpels, and the woman passed her examinations ahead of the man. They interned together and now are physicians in the same hospital. They have one child and a delightful home life. I believe they are not the exception, but the rule.

I heard the other day of a successful lawyer who was giving up his practice to go to work for his wife. She had started a business because she was bored with nothing to do. It turned out so successful that she begged her husband to come into it. Technically, of course, she will still be head of the concern, but they will undoubtedly consider themselves partners.

We get nowhere with all our discussion about equality. There is really no such thing anyway. And why, if there were, would it need to be a moot question between men and women? Two things that are different are not necessarily equal, but if they complement each other the result is a success. We even argue about which is more important for the baby, the father or the mother. Yet one is as essential as the other for the child's existence, and he needs both as he grows older.

Undoubtedly we shall have less of this kind of argument as men and women realize more fully that their differences and resemblances merely fit them perfectly for partnership.

Among the similarities to themselves that men have discovered with some surprise is the fact that women enjoy a good stiff fight. And though the woman who has her own way to make—living in a hall bedroom, perhaps, while her dream now blazes, now almost flickers out—may find it hard to believe, her sister who has inherited money misses a great deal in life.

The rich woman starts on a false basis through no fault of her own. She is compelled to miss the sense of measuring up with the standards of other workers struggling toward the same goal. She can never know the drive, the exhilaration of feeling that she is going on by means of her own efforts—that within herself are potentialities to force her past fixed limits.

A Lost Objective

The saddest part of it is that, since there is no genuine pressure of necessity, the leisured woman does not actually know what ails her—why she is restless and bored. If she starts a piece of work she is likely to allow inertia and unimportant externals to slow her up. That is why the volunteer woman gets a deserved reputation for unreliability. Because she is not being paid she takes for herself the privilege of fixing her own hours and making her own rules. She seems not to realize that she ought to play the game.

All the same, the volunteer woman played a commendable rôle in the war. For a time she found a keen happiness in the midst of tragedy. Her whole life was given a new meaning and objective. She got up in the morning at the hour she used to come in from parties, put on a simple uniform in about a quarter of the time it had formerly taken her to dress for a luncheon, snatched a hasty breakfast and was off to the canteen, ready to stay two or three days if necessary.

It was to be expected that after the war many of these volunteer women would balk at going back to a round of luncheons, teas and balls, with only an occasional bit of settlement or social service work to remind them of their old responsibilities. But 90 per cent of them did go back, and many of the 90 per cent are discontented today. What satisfied them was the sustained effort toward a given objective. They haven't been able to replace that objective. Some of them, even after the interval, are finding leisure so irksome today that they are setting themselves up in business or going out after jobs.

There has been criticism of the leisured woman who takes a job, on the score that she usurps the place of a woman who needs the money. It seems to me that this objection is invalid. We do not have a leisure class for men. Why should we have one for women? Leisure merely means that you may choose what you wish to do. I do not see why the choice should necessarily be limited to card parties and indolence for women.

Suppose we leave it to the employer. It is up to him to get the best person he can for the job he wants done. If that best person happens to be a girl whose father is going to leave her $1,000,000, should that fact militate against her? I do not think so. What we must have is a competition of quality. If the leisured woman falls down in this competition let her be eliminated. If not, let her stay. That is the standard with men. Why should it be different with women?

Unfortunately women for the most part seem to be divided into two classes. Half cry out against their sisters, labeling them unfair as bosses and unfit for authority generally. The other half exaggerate the achievements of their sex and want a woman's bloc, with women arrayed against men for a test of strength. Between the two, it seems to me, there must surely lie a happy mean.

Short-Winded Executives

Certainly the woman's bloc would be a dreadful move. Any bloc is that, and one of women would be especially bad. We shall gain our point much more quickly and easily by peaceable methods.

The feeling against a woman boss seems once again to be a product of woman's lack of impersonality. Just as she always expects men to be prejudiced against her, so apparently does she look for faultfinding and officiousness from her own sex, when it is placed in authority over her. With time the feeling will disappear.

One of the reasons why the disappearance will take time is that the woman boss necessarily lacks the hereditary mind of experience in dealing with other women. The general capacity for handling women is a varied and technical problem and does not come by instinct. In the home, woman has dealt mainly with man, and a home executive is different from an office executive. Watch a group walking uphill. Pretty soon somebody gives out because of short breath. Woman still has much shorter breath than man, in the business of being an executive. I do not just now know of any woman who could possibly be the efficient president of a great railroad, for instance. Yet in time there will be plenty of such women. It requires only evolution.

Need for this evolution is one of the chief reasons for the American Woman's Association. I wish every woman in the country could know about this organization. In 1928 a twenty-four-story clubhouse will be opened to members—a clubhouse equipped with bedrooms, assembly rooms, roof gardens, dressing rooms, gymnasium, swimming pool and bowling alleys. Twelve hundred women will find living comfort there at an average of fifteen dollars a week.

All the members will use the gymnasium for better health, the parlors for receiving their guests, and hundreds of conveniences to make their daily routine easier. In addition the 5000 will get a little of the spiritual joy of a home. Any woman who is worth her salt must always want her own four walls.

It does not necessarily follow that because she has temporarily abandoned marriage, she must also abandon home things. Bachelors have never done it. If they have not homes they join clubs. But until now there has been nothing of the kind for the moderate-salaried young woman. There have been vacation homes and rest rooms for factory workers and shopgirls, it is true, but nothing for the woman of vision and ambition who starts at thirty dollars a week in a hall bedroom, but has no intention of going on that way.

This is the potential woman for whom the American Woman's Association is intended.

WHEN Lieutenant Walter Hinton made his flight up the valley of the Amazon seeking the source of the Parima Watershed, he *had* to stay in the air. For below stretched an impenetrable forest where a landing meant certain death.

All tools but one had been stripped from the plane in order to save gasoline. That one was a NICHOLSON File. Lieutenant Hinton says:

"We cut our NICHOLSON File in half for the weight saved represented a pint of gasoline. But half a NICHOLSON File was far more useful to us than any other tool would have been. It could do a score of repair jobs in the air."

This striking proof of the usefulness of NICHOLSON Files is equalled only by their convincing record doing everyday jobs in industry and the home.

Lieutenant Hinton carried a 6″ Flat Bastard File. Your hardware dealer can show you a duplicate—also the rest of the NICHOLSON Line.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

—a File for Every Purpose

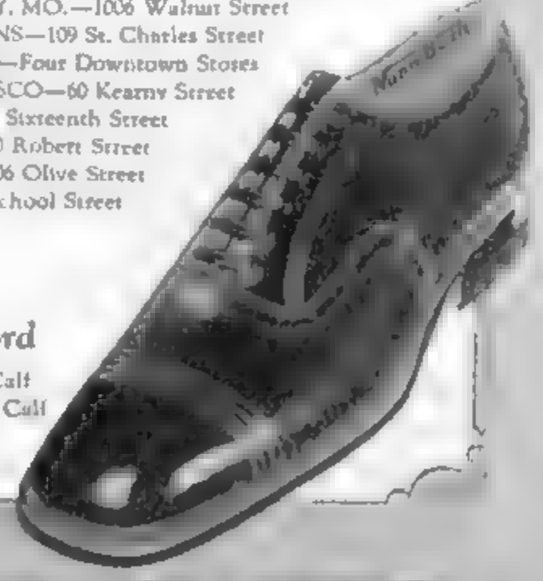
Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords for Well Dressed Men

THE footwear for the thoroughbred — the gentleman — NUNN-BUSH *Ankle-Fashioned* Oxfords. No gaping at the ankle, no slipping at the heel.

Men who dress well know the name on this oxford is the recognized term for fit, comfort and style that *stays* stylish.

$8 to $12. Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in these exclusive Nunn-Bush Stores

NEW YORK—1462 Broadway, 133 Nassau Street
CHICAGO—42 No. Dearborn Street, 32 W Jackson Blvd., 115 So Clark Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.—1006 Walnut Street
NEW ORLEANS—109 St. Charles Street
MILWAUKEE—Four Downtown Stores
SAN FRANCISCO—60 Kearny Street
DENVER—607 Sixteenth Street
ST. PAUL—400 Robert Street
ST LOUIS—706 Olive Street
BOSTON—6 School Street



The Brentford
4545—Tan Russia Calf
3545—Black Russia Calf

Nunn-Bush
MILWAUKEE

To her it will mean a training school for leadership, a mental exchange where she can hear what other women are doing and profit by the experience and advice of those in her group.

We need schools for leadership, for we have all too few leaders. Our emphasis is so altogether on the unfit, we work so continually from the bottom up, that our supply of real executives is always low. As a nation, we love our charity. We like to sob a little as we relieve misery. And charity is all very well, but we must not forget the other side.

Among the 183 professions represented in the membership of the American Woman's Association are eleven manufacturers, all of whom own their businesses. Two hundred and eleven additional members are also in the owner class, and sixty-five are members of firms.

Some of the businesses owned by the women are lumberyards, hotels, electrical-contracting shops, a shipping, towing and lighterage company, a steamship agency and a hand-bookbinding shop.

Members with unusual occupations include a tug dispatcher, a steel-window estimator, an adjuster, a compensation adviser, a financial analyst and a seed analyst.

Apparently chaperons are not entirely out of fashion, for there are several on the roll. In two cases, at least, women entering men's professions have taken over the masculine designation of their job, as witness "choirmasters" and "paymasters."

The Chief Vocations

Among the other professions and occupations are three horticulturists, three farmers, four bacteriologists, sixty-one doctors and sixteen lawyers.

Teaching is still woman's chief vocation, if we are to accept the evidence of its preponderance among A. W. A. members, but secretarial employment runs it a close second. There are 939 teachers and 933 secretaries.

The club has one honorary member in each state—an outstanding woman with whom club officials are always in close touch. When ambitious girls in various communities set their faces toward New York City, as most such girls do sooner or later, the honorary member will let the club know about them.

An arrangement will probably be worked out which will make it possible to put newcomers up for membership and allow them to live at the clubhouse for two or three weeks while they are getting settled. Any woman who has ever known the experience of trying to adapt herself to a strange place can appreciate what this will mean.

But not every girl is material for the American Woman's Association. Only the selected girl is eligible—the girl who may have to begin humbly, but has within herself the ambition, pluck and energy which will push her up and up in her profession.

The association wants the type of woman who has, like every worthwhile person, two ambitions—the obtainable and the unobtainable. The unobtainable is the star to which we strive. It keeps us up to our best efforts.

Femininity, with all that it means, is the most beautiful thing in the world. Individuality is a precious treasure, to be guarded with great care. The A. W. A. is a living not a preaching institution, but it will spread this doctrine, and it will do it by example rather than precept.

An Investment in Humanity

To that end, successful women who do not themselves need the club as inspiration and help have been asked to join it, and hundreds have done so. These are women who have reached the very top in their own fields. Among those who are already members are Schumann-Heink, Mary Pickford, Elisabeth Marbury, Galli-Curci, Blanche Yurka, Lucrezia Bori. As soon as more of these women realize the club's need of them, they will come into it, not as a philanthropy but as an investment in humanity which will pay dividends.

It is unfortunate that economic conditions make it necessary for the organization to be large. Living costs so much that it is impossible to have adequate equipment unless there are many members. But within the great body there will be many small groups, so that quality, beauty and the personal touch will not be lost, as they usually are when things are too big.

Every member of the A. W. A. is a stockholder in the corporation which is building the clubhouse. Every member is selling stock in the enterprise. Most encouraging of all, every member believes in what the club can do for women.

I, for one, am sure that it marks the finish of the old-time woman question and the beginning of the time when women will take their places beside men as partners, unafraid, useful, successful and free.

PHOTO BY PAUL VAN ZANDT

Across Puget Sound From West Seattle, Washington

*Bi-Spinning** makes this possible

If Trufab Socks don't wear better and look better *longer* than any socks you've ever worn . . . *We want you to have your money back!*

TRUFAB hose have something besides dashing good looks that makes you proud of your ankles. They have the ability to stand up under wear as *good-looking* socks never have before.

They do away forever with the early-morning gamble with the dresser drawer. You can unfold a pair just back from the laundry and *know* they are free from yawning holes and runs.

Bi-Spinning is the name of the exclusive process, used only in Trufab socks, that has enabled us to take the guesswork out of hosiery buying for men. Bi-Spinning reinforces the whole sock—not just the heels and toes.

You can't see this new strength, you can't feel it—but it's *there*. We know it's there, you'll know it's there—that's the reason we can challenge you to test this unconditional guarantee.

**About Bi-Spinning*

BI-SPINNING is an exclusive Trufab process, a scientific manufacturing method by which, instead of *extra* threads, or *bulkier* threads, each thread has been invisibly strengthened, thus reinforcing the whole sock.

Formerly, heels and toes only, were reinforced; the instep and leg, the parts that show, were neglected. Now these most important areas are neglected no longer—Trufab admits no premature holes where they show the most.

And the most remarkable feature of this reinforcement is—you can't see it, you can't feel it, but a *wearing trial* of Trufab socks will prove forever its existence.

So we repeat: If your first Trufab socks don't prove to you that Bi-Spinning makes your socks better looking, better wearing, always fresher in color and brighter with original lustre than any socks you've ever worn—your money is cheerfully yours again.

And speaking of money, you will find Trufab hosiery at most good stores at prices ranging from:

35c to $1.00

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS

Founded 1902 ATHENS, GEORGIA

New York Offices: 366 Broadway

An extremely smart English ribbed silk and rayon pattern in the new solid colors for Spring $1.

Tru-fab

Bi-Spun

HOSIERY *for* MEN

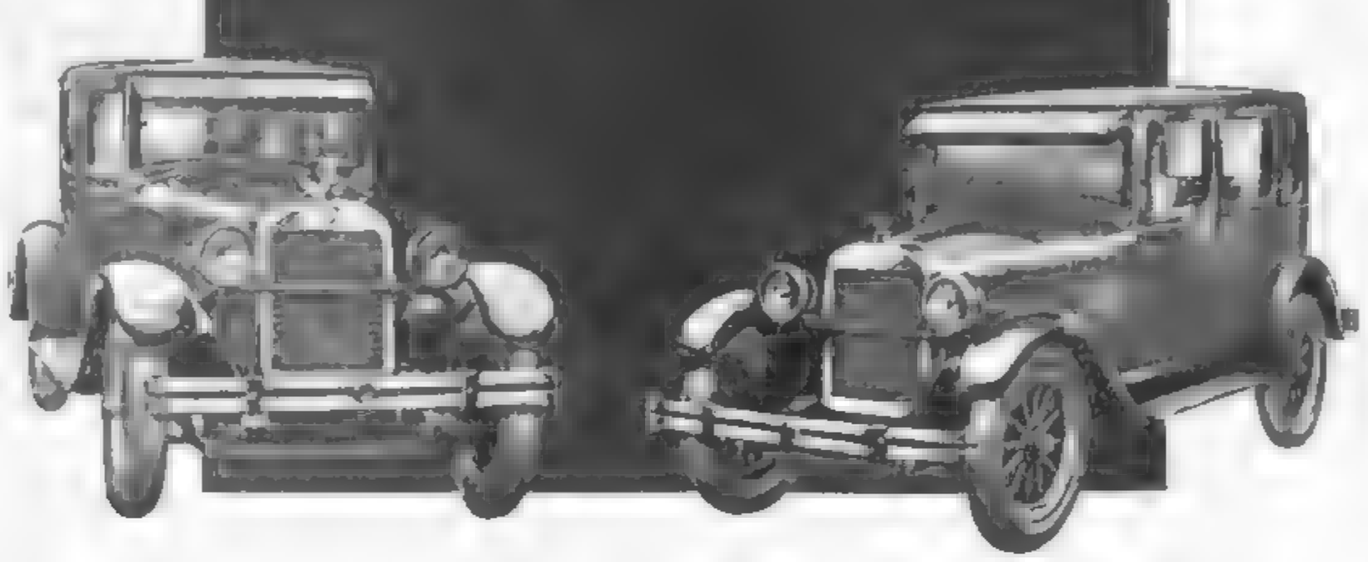
Invisibly Reinforced

Thin vertical stripes in a two-toned effect give this number a distinction that will be especially appreciated at 75c. Other very attractive patterns for 50c.

The New

HUDSON & ESSEX

WITH THE SUPER-SIX PRINCIPLE RELEASED TO FULL CAPACITY



now equipped with Auto-Lite

In giving full expression to the performance capacity of the Super-Six principle, Hudson and Essex renew also their traditional rôle of body and equipment leadership.

Among the many things that contribute to your enjoyment is easy starting.

And, naturally, Auto-Lite is standard equipment on both Hudson and Essex.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO
Also Makers of DéJon

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS

(Continued from Page 23)

Obregón formally ratified the assurance given on behalf of the Mexican Government by its commissioners.

In consequence, Obregón was formally recognized by Washington, and on September 3, 1923, diplomatic relations between Mexico and the United States were resumed. Various other matters of importance, including the setting up of two claims commissions to hear and adjudicate American claims for damages in Mexico, were requisites to recognition, but the interpretation of Article 27 was the most important.

Obregón is an extensive landowner and a capitalist on no mean scale. He knew perfectly well that once he got busy with socialistic regulatory laws his own interests would be impaired. So he passed the buck to his friend and successor Calles, whose succession to the presidency in 1924 was agreed upon between them at the time of Carranza's overthrow in 1920.

Calles is canny as well as courageous. As I pointed out in a previous article, he made a splendid start. He launched a good-roads program, cut down the deficit that he inherited, curbed agitation and inspired business confidence.

In October, 1925, when he had been in power for exactly ten months, Calles sent to congress the first legislative proposals to make permanently effective the provisions of the new constitution, and the trouble began. First among them, so far as the interest of this article is concerned, was the Petroleum Law around which the existing controversy largely rages.

This law starts out by reasserting the government ownership of petroleum deposits and states that petroleum works can be carried on only under concessions from the federal executive. Under it the oil industry is declared to be a public utility in all its branches. The government accordingly claims the right to regulate it in every detail. In order to obtain concessions, foreigners must renounce protection of their governments.

Confirmatory Concessions

The sections that have made trouble demand that every owner of oil land, acquired prior to 1917, must obtain what is called a confirmatory concession to operate the property. This concession can run for only fifty years from the date of acquisition or the performance of the positive act. Failure to take out one of these confirmatory concessions within a year from the date of the enactment of the law results—so the law provides—automatically in forfeiture of all rights to the property.

The law became effective December 31, 1925. At once the oil companies were up and doing. Most of them filed writs of *amparo* against the operation of the law within fifteen days after it became effective. Practically all were dismissed by the courts on the ground that the action was premature and that there was "no wrong in the mere promulgation of the law."

A year of grace was given to the companies in which to file applications for the confirmatory concessions. This meant that the zero hour broke at midnight on December 31, 1926. As the crucial time approached, a number of smaller companies bowed to the law. The eight largest and most important units, whose output is approximately 70 per cent of the total Mexican production, stuck by their guns and thus laid themselves open to confiscatory action. The Mexican Government has made the point that the yielding companies represent the bulk of the acreage. This, however, is not so in respect to the acreage which alone is involved in the international controversy—namely, that held by foreigners prior to May 1, 1917.

Up to the Supreme Court

Moreover, the acreage now under confirmatory concession is largely owned by Mexican and unimportant foreign interests which in the main have done little or no exploitation. The companies that hold out for the integrity of international property rights—and this is the supreme issue involved—are the great enterprises with vast networks of pipe lines, tanks, refineries, railways, terminals, wharves, tank steamers and all the other essentials to oil development on a big scale.

One of these companies—the Transcontinental, which is the Mexican subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey—is making a final test of the efficacy of the Petroleum Law in the matter of the confirmatory concession. On January twenty-eighth last it obtained a writ of *amparo* in the state of Vera Cruz, where many of its oil lands are located, against the Secretary of Commerce, Labor and Industry, restraining the application of the Petroleum Law. The court granted the writ and it is now up to the supreme court to make a final decision.

Upon this decision depends a considerable portion of future alien oil development in Mexico. If the lower court is affirmed, there will be a breathing spell. If it is reversed, it means practically the end of private rights in Mexico except as they may be protected by the governments of the foreign owners. In the interim, the Mexican Government has refused to issue drilling permits to the companies and has canceled upward of 200 drilling permits previously granted. The usual stagnation

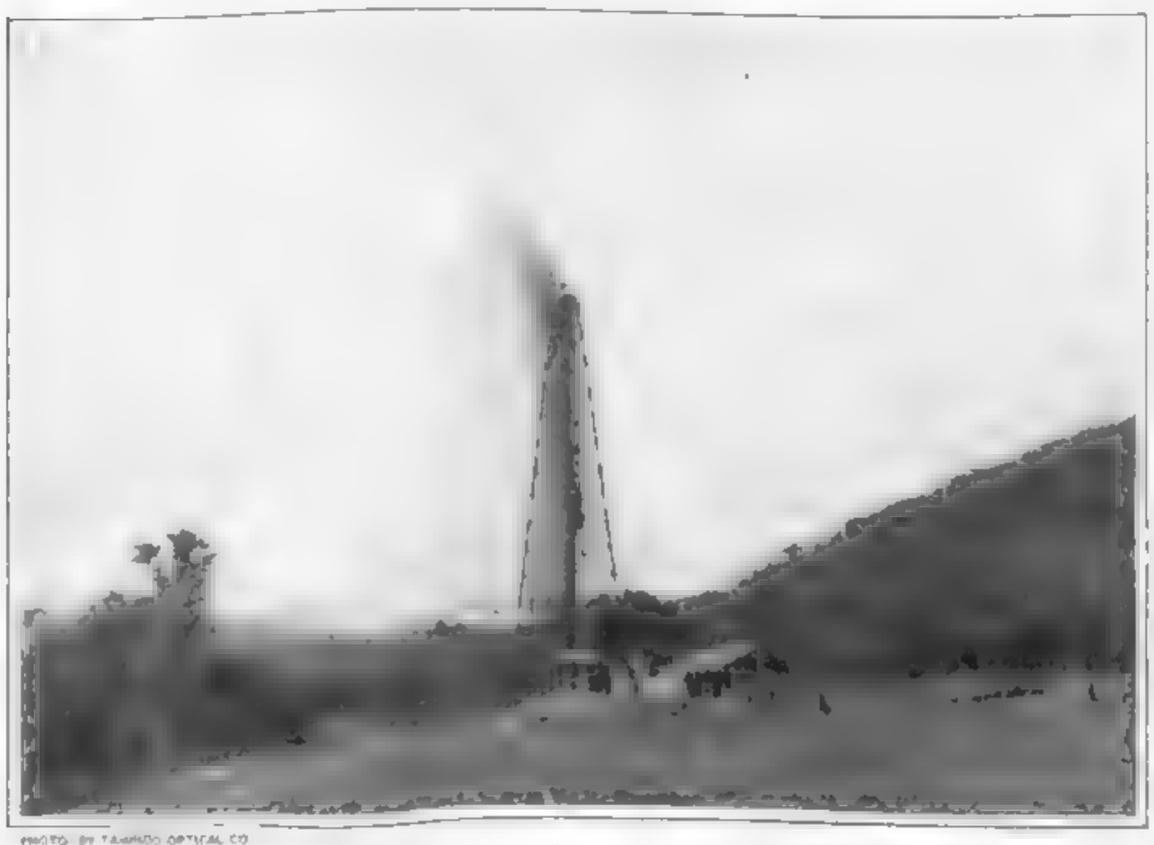
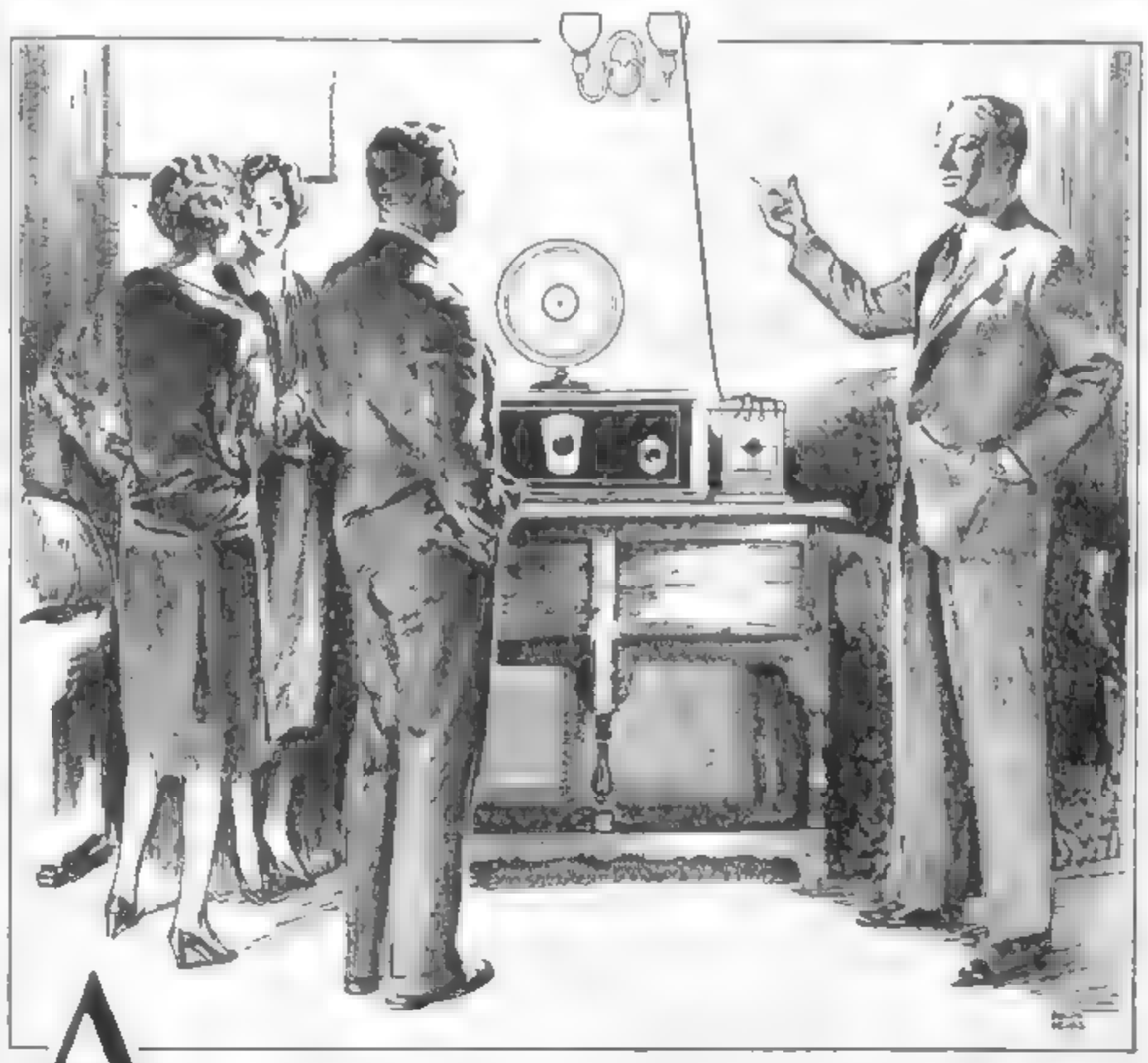


PHOTO BY TAMIMO OPTICAL CO.

35,000-Barrel Oil Well, Southern District, State of Vera Cruz

RAYTHEON IS THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER



AN EX-PUTTERER'S Oration on Radio Paradise

REMEMBER the Putterer Period in radio? Do I! Man, it was only a few months ago that I got my reward for being such a patient, good-natured putterer!

Sometime last year I finally drew a front-row seat in a sort of radio paradise—free at last from B-battery bother—free to sit back, and enjoy the full beauty of every program brought to me by a super-abundance of dependable B-power.

Raytheon did it! I discarded my old B-batteries, and hooked up my set to a good old dependable light-socket with that little Raytheon-equipped B-power unit there on the table. Its simple Raytheon tube makes ordinary house current do the work of *fresh* B-batteries—and more.

That night the Putterer Period ended for me. This is a new era of fuss-proof sets and real radio satisfaction.

Any night for nearly a year now, I've been able to turn on that light-switch, and get better B-power and clearer, truer reception than I've ever had. Always top-notch—always the same—simply because there's a light-socket with power enough to run a washing machine, always ready with a steady and adequate reserve surplus, from which the little Raytheon tube takes only the trifle it needs. And if it needs more for a low bass note—or for a sudden increase in volume—there it is.

RAYTHEON—just a long-life rectifying tube—the heart of the best B-power units! It changes (rectifies) ordinary light-socket electricity to direct radio B-power. Nothing to get out of order—no solutions to watch—no filaments to burn out—simply a rugged, gas-filled rectifying tube guaranteed to keep doing its job for at least a year.

Today you may walk into your dealer's shop, ask for a Raytheon-equipped B-power unit to replace your B-batteries, hook it up with your set tonight—and forget it. That's how simple it is.

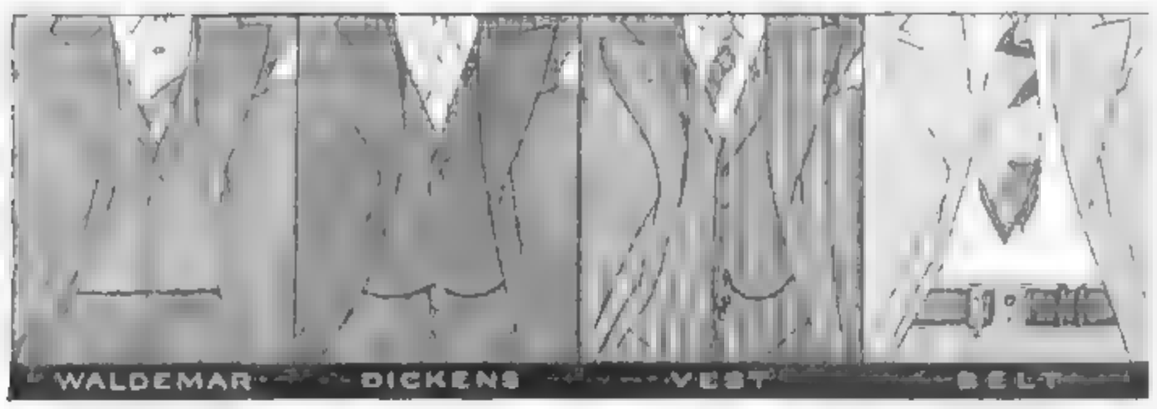
These Better Radio Power Units are Raytheon-approved and Raytheon-equipped

ACME B-POWER SUPPLY
ALL-AMERICAN CONSTANT-B
BOSCH NOBATTRY
BREMER-TULLY B-POWER UNIT
BURNS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
CORNELL VOLTAGE SUPPLY
CROSLEY A, B & C POWER
ELECTRON CURRENT B SUPPLY
ERLA HUM-FREE B ELIMINATOR
GENERAL RADIO PLATE SUPPLY
KINGSTON B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
MAJESTIC "B" CURRENT SUPPLY
MAYOLIAN "B" SUPPLY
MODERN "B" POWER
NATIONAL POWER SUPPLY
SPARTON RADIO B-POWER
STERLING "B" POWER
VALLEY B-POWER UNIT
WEBSTER B-POWER UNITS
ZENITH A, B & C POWER

ONLY those manufacturers whose B-power units have been fully tested and approved by the Raytheon research laboratories are entitled to use the Raytheon rectifying tube or this symbol in connection with their products.

Raytheon

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Are you wearing the watch chain you deserve ?

YOU may be wearing a chain that you don't particularly like—too heavy . . . too light . . . old-fashioned . . . worn out.

With you, it's time to buy a new chain! Men in every line of business find a style in Simmons Chains suited to their life and occupation.

Simmons offers you a wide range of designs to choose from in the four standard styles illustrated above—Waldemar, Dickens, Vest and Belt. What's more, Simmons Chains set a standard in quality. They give years of service because of our patented process of drawing natural gold, green gold or white gold over a stout base metal.

Let your jeweler show you his assortment of Simmons Chains. Try each style and you'll quickly find one that you will take pride in wearing and will be best adapted for your occupation. For a gift there is nothing more appropriate than a Simmons Chain. Prices $4 to $15.
R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
CHAINS

which follows political interference with commerce and industry has begun.

Since the Petroleum Law is retroactive, it not only violates the agreement made between the American and Mexican commissioners in 1923 but is in direct conflict with Article 14 of the constitution. It is now quite evident that all those 1923 concessions, as well as Obregón's declaration, were made by the Mexicans solely with the idea of obtaining the much-needed recognition by us.

In connection with the refusal of the important companies to acquiesce in the Petroleum Law is a fact that has not hitherto been pointed out. It shows that even if these organizations had conformed to the law, they would be up against it and for the following reason:

Under the Petroleum Law, all rights held before May 1, 1917, must be turned over to the government and confirmatory concessions taken out in lieu of them, as I have already pointed out. You have seen how all the property involved was acquired before 1917. Now for the nigger in the woodpile. Under the law itself, and the constitution, foreign corporations cannot be granted any concessions for the development of petroleum deposits. Therefore American and other alien corporations are legally barred from receiving the confirmatory concessions. It means that they are not in a position to obtain anything in return for their previous private rights once they surrender them. Private ownership of petroleum is thus wiped out.

A Choice of Deaths

Putting this in another way, if the alien corporations claiming preconstitutional petroleum rights should apply for and receive confirmatory concessions, these concessions would be technically illegal and the Mexican courts could so declare them at any time. Hence the alien oil companies, in the picturesque phraseology of one of the victims, "have to choose between committing suicide and being murdered."

So much for what might be termed the historical sequence of the oil controversy. Two aspects remain to be analyzed. One is the effect of the petroleum legislation, the other is the international significance of the issue involved.

Since 1917 the oil industry in Mexico has been in jeopardy, because there was always the likelihood of retroactive action. Despite this constant menace, the oil companies poured millions into the country, until the American stake in petroleum alone reached more than $350,000,000. This huge investment represented far more than a succession of oil wells. It has meant development of many square miles of territory upon which cities, towns, tanks, pipe lines, refineries, highways and railroads sprang up. It further meant employment of tens of thousands of people and the betterment of their mode of life. Oil was a new industry, and the foreigner, especially the American, made its development possible.

The government has had from the start a big interest in oil in that its largest income from any single source is from the oil taxes. In 1922, when the oil output had just passed the peak, the national revenue from the oil export and production taxes alone was $43,000,000. For that year the entire Mexican budget was nominally $191,829,304.21, but actually probably much less. The production and export taxes form only part of the heavy oil taxation. There are various other direct and indirect taxes that increase the toll of the companies by millions. In some years the oil companies contributed nearly one-third of the entire amount of money that streamed into the national treasury. Apropos of this, let me reproduce a statement made to me by the head of one of the great American companies in Mexico. He said:

"A great deal of misinformation has been heard ever since the first American oil boiler was trekked over the southern border of Mexico about the riches taken from that country without leaving behind a fair recompense to the Mexicans. But the oil companies knew only one way to go about it, and that was on the basis of proper compensation to landowners and governments."

Already the effects of the legislative program are disastrous. Work on about two-thirds of the oil wells has been suspended as a result of the cancellation by the government of 279 drilling permits. This, in turn, has caused widespread unemployment in the fields.

On the day I write this paragraph, a statement, inspired by the cancellation of drilling permits and the subsequent increase of unemployment in the fields, was issued by the Association of Producers of Petroleum in Mexico. Among other things it said:

> Thus effect upon effect is flowing naturally and by inexorable law from the primary cause, the government's avowed purpose of enforcing its confiscatory constitution and Petroleum Law.
>
> When it is considered that oil production in Mexico is still almost entirely confined to properties acquired before the new constitution went into effect in 1917, that by far the larger part of those properties is owned by the so-called rebellious companies, and that those rebellious companies have been producing approximately 70 per cent of all the oil produced in Mexico, the government's apparent anxiety regarding unemployment in the oil fields may be readily appreciated.
>
> During the past five years, by the working of the same inexorable law of cause and effect, oil production in Mexico has declined from 185,000,000 barrels in 1922 to 150,000,000 in 1923, to 142,000,000 in 1924, to 116,000,000 in 1925, to about 90,000,000 in 1926.
>
> In the same period the government's revenues from petroleum export and production taxes alone have declined, in approximate figures, from $48,000,000 in 1922, to $30,000,000 in 1923, to $27,000,000 in 1924, to $21,000,000 in 1925 and to $18,000,000 in 1926.
>
> Similarly, the number of employes in the Mexican petroleum industry has declined from approximately 40,000 to substantially less than half that number. The companies, however, realizing the hardships which must almost inevitably follow loss of employment, particularly under present economic conditions in Mexico, have undertaken so far as possible to find other work for those employes normally engaged in the drilling which the Mexican Government has ordered stopped.

But the oil and kindred legislation reaches much further. In Mexico, the bulk of all commercial and industrial enterprises is in foreign hands, because the Mexicans themselves lack the financial and technical equipment with which to promote large enterprises. They go in for land, mortgages and cattle. The attitude of the present government is such as to stifle initiative throughout the republic. Investment is at a standstill. As I pointed out in a preceding article, the drastic legislative program has caused the worst business depression that Mexico has ever known, even during the revolutionary periods.

Secretary Kellogg's Answer

The fundamental as well as the international significance of the oil issue has escaped the notice of the majority of the American people. They believe that it is merely a private row between rapacious oil companies and drastic governmental regulation. It is a much bigger proposition.

Intimately involved is the integrity of private property rights. If the oil companies accepted confirmatory concessions they would exchange unqualified and inalienable rights of ownership now held for concessions to operate by the precarious grace of the government. I know no better statement of the case than to reproduce an extract from the note of Secretary of State Kellogg to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs which entered official objection to the Petroleum Act as a violation of faith, law and precedent. In referring to the confirmatory concessions and the Mexican usurpation of vested rights as expressed in actual ownership, he said:

> The foregoing conception of the nature of vested interest, with the results to which it leads in practical application, as I have indicated, cannot be accepted by my Government. It strikes at the very root of the system of property rights which lies at the basis of all civilized

(Continued on Page 197)

Clean, Smooth Streets
OF LASTING BEAUTY

The lasting beauty and even surface of concrete pavement, combined with its remarkable durability under the heaviest traffic, make it the ideal material for downtown streets as well as for residential districts. Write Portland Cement Association, Chicago, for a booklet which tells all about concrete streets.

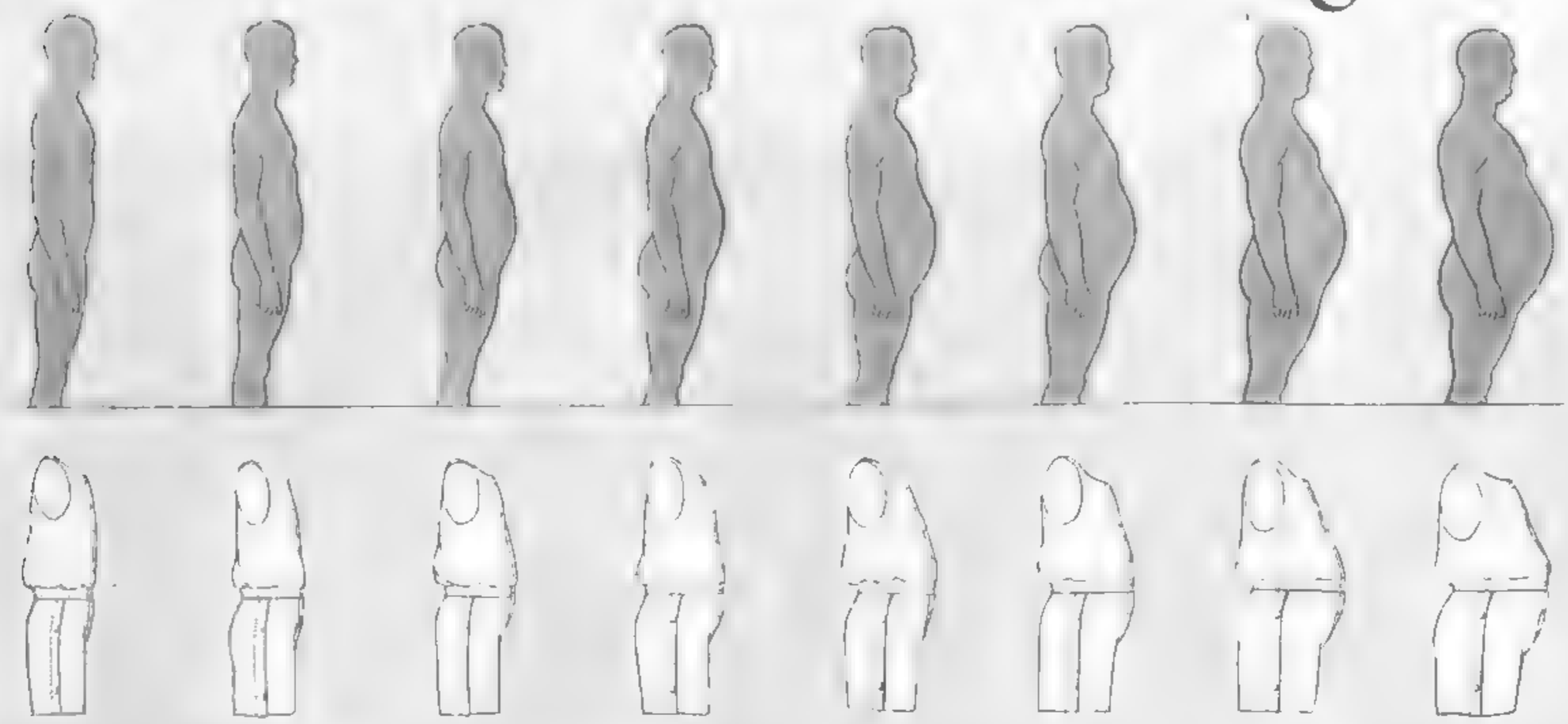
WHAT impression does your town make on visitors—on you? Of course you who live there want it to be beautiful and attractive—because it is good business, and for your own happiness.

Consider your streets. Are they crumbling under motor traffic which must pick its laborious way around ruts and holes in a street designed for the horse and buggy? Or are they smoothly paved—clean and attractive—a good advertisement? Do they make the visitor wish to return?

Concrete is the ideal pavement for this motor age—in roaring metropolis or prosperous rural town. It is economical both to build and maintain, distinguished in appearance and—the safest pavement wet or dry.

CONCRETE
for permanence

Where does a man take on weight?



—his Underwear should "take on" size at the same place

A MAN takes on weight in front—he becomes more corpulent. His back remains practically straight.

A suit of underwear should be tailored to allow for this change. If it is the ordinary "sack" type of Unionsuit there will be as much cloth in the back as in the front—obviously a misfit.

Rockinchair is the only Underwear fashioned to fit a man of any proportion. It is cut in two pieces—a shirt tailored to fit—drawers tailored to fit—both bound together at the waist by the famous Rockinchair band. It is impossible to get perfect fit when the front of the garment is made of two straight pieces of cloth reaching from the neck to the knee.

Rockinchair originated the sanitary, convenient side leg opening and the bloused effect in the back, affording absolute freedom of body movement.

Rockinchair is the only Unionsuit made in the five basic-model groups: Regulars, Slim Jims, Short Stouts, Little Joes, and Big Bills—each with a full range of sizes. There are 36 distinct sizes for 36 distinct builds.

If you are one of the men who has never been converted to the Unionsuit, Rockinchair will please and hold you.

Stop in today at the store nearest you handling Rockinchair. The clerk will take your three measurements, Chest, Waist and Trunk. His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then pick out your size and model. It will give you a new conception of style, comfort and fit in a unionsuit.

Write for "The Story of Rockinchair"

HENDERSON AND ERVIN—MARK HENDERSON, *President*—285 Madison Avenue, New York

ROCKINCHAIR

36 Sizes for 36 Builds—Which is Yours?

3
Measurements are Necessary for Proper FIT in a Unionsuit.

CHEST
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Chest measure.

WAIST
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Waist measure

TRUNK
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Trunk measure

All three measurements are necessary. It requires only a minute or two for the retail salesman to measure your Chest, Waist and Trunk (trunk from middle of right shoulder, down the front, through the crotch and up the back to the starting point). His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then automatically select your size and model.

You will never know what FIT in a Unionsuit means until you wear *YOUR* individual suit of Rockinchair

(Continued from Page 194)

society. It deprives the term "vested" of any real meaning by limiting it to a retrospective significance. The very essence of a vested interest is that it is inviolable and cannot be impaired or taken away by the state save for a public purpose upon rendering just compensation. Not then can be secure if it is to be deemed vested only in the sense that it has been enjoyed in the past and that it is therefore subject to curtailment or destruction through the enforcement of laws enacted subsequent to its acquisition.

On the subject of the confirmatory concession the secretary said:

The Mexican Government claims the right to convert unqualified ownerships into terms for years by the simple device of requiring the existing titles to be exchanged for concessions of limited duration. Owners of the soil who acquired their titles prior to May 1, 1917, are, by the provisions of Article 14 of the Petroleum Law and of their regulations issued thereunder, required, under penalty of forfeiture, to apply within one year for confirmation of their titles and to accept concessions for not more than fifty years from the time the exploitation works began. In these circumstances American nationals who have made investments in Mexico in reliance upon unqualified titles would be obliged to file application virtually surrendering these vested rights and to accept in lieu thereof concessions of manifestly lesser scope and value. The use of the word "confirmation" in this relation is, to say the least, misleading. The operation would be nothing but a forced exchange of a greater for a lesser estate. That a statute so construed and enforced is retroactive and confiscatory, because it converts exclusive ownership under positive Mexican law into a mere authorization to exercise rights for a limited period of time, is in the opinion of my Government not open to any doubt whatever.

Indications are not lacking that the Mexicans are preparing to swoop down and file concessions on American-owned oil properties the moment there arises a situation in the present involved controversy that will give them the slightest excuse for alleging to officials that the foreign owners have jeopardized their titles by not accepting the confiscatory laws.

As a matter of fact, efforts were made to seize the alien-owned oil properties directly the year of grace allowed for the filing of confirmatory concessions expired. On January seventh, a small Mexican company which had been constituted in the previous December denounced the rich properties of the Huasteca Petroleum Company in the state of Vera Cruz. Within this area is located the famous Cerro Azul Number 4, the greatest gusher in all oil history. The Secretary of Commerce, Industry and Labor refused to permit the denouncement, however.

Oil the Irritant

The refusal indicated no friendly feeling for the oil companies. For one thing, the company was too small for consideration. Refusal also left an avenue available for retreat. By an opposite course, the secretary would have burned the bridge which, before the international controversy is over, the Mexican Government may find it discreet to use. Arbitration has been suggested. But the Mexican Government has maintained all along that the constitution of 1917 is a sacred and inviolable document and therefore immune from arbitration. How then, you may well ask, can any issue that is a by-product of that constitution be the subject of arbitration?

Many persons have wondered why the American oil companies have actively taken up the challenge of the Mexican Government when big British and Dutch concerns also are involved. The reason lies in the Monroe Doctrine. Adequately to oppose Mexican aggression and confiscation, it might be necessary to employ force. This would run afoul of the principle involved in the policy enunciated by our Government that there can be no armed intervention by a foreign power on the Western continent. The British and the Dutch companies are making common cause with the Americans, however.

To round out this section a pertinent comment may not be out of place. The petroleum controversy with Mexico is just another evidence that since the World War, oil has failed of its traditional soothing purpose. It has become, perhaps, the principal international irritant. From the San Remo Conference, where the Allies allocated the petroleum spoils of the great struggle and rubbed Uncle Sam the wrong way, to Mosul, which brought Britain and Turkey almost to grips, flowing gold has stirred up strife. The Bolshevik seizure of the rich Baku fields contributed a diverting chapter to the greasy serial of conflict. Hence oil diplomacy almost ranks first in the anxieties of chancelleries.

Full mate to the Petroleum Law in anti-alienism is the Alien Land Law. Though less spectacular than the petroleum act, it is significant of the Mexican policy toward the foreigner. He can acquire land henceforth only by being a man without a country.

Only Minority Stockholders

The Alien Land Law is another regulatory law of the constitution of 1917. It was enacted on January 21, 1926. As with the Petroleum Law, a year of grace was allowed to take advantage of its provisions. The oil statute leaves no doubt as to its purport. The Alien Land Law, on the other hand, is so nebulous as to baffle the most astute international lawyers. On one point it is clear—namely, the antagonism to alien ownership of property, especially for agricultural purposes.

Article 1 of the law enforces the provision of the constitution that no foreigner may acquire ownership over lands and waters within a strip 100 kilometers wide along the frontiers and 50 kilometers wide along the seacoast, nor can he be interested in Mexican companies which may acquire ownership within these limits.

Typical of the Mexican legislative state of mind is Article 2, which reads:

In order that any foreigner may form part of a Mexican company which holds or may acquire ownership of lands, waters and their accretions, or concessions for the exploitation of mines, waters or mineral fuels, within the territory of the republic, he must satisfy the requirement set out in Fraction 1 of Article 27 of the constitution—that is, to agree before the Department of Foreign Relations to consider himself a national with respect to that part of the property which pertains to him in the company, and therefore not to invoke the protection of his government so far as such property is concerned, under penalty, in case of failure to observe the agreement, of forfeiting to the nation such properties as he may have acquired as an associate in the company in question.

This section is worth emphasizing. It means that no foreigner can be a member of a Mexican company that acquires lands or mining concessions anywhere in Mexico without renouncing his citizenship rights in relation to the property.

Aliens who, prior to the promulgation of the law, owned 50 per cent or more of the total interest in any kind of company possessing properties for agricultural purposes may retain them until their death. Their heirs must dispose of them within five years of the inheritance. Foreign corporate bodies, however, are required to surrender their properties within a period of ten years. Failure to conform to this limitation renders the properties subject to sale at public auction. In the future no more than a minority of the stock of a Mexican corporation possessing lands for agricultural purposes may be held by foreigners, either individual or corporate.

Like the Petroleum Law, the Alien Land Law encroaches upon vested property rights. Just how this works was set forth by Secretary Kellogg in the same note to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs from which I have already quoted. Referring to the Mexican demand that the oil companies take out confirmatory concessions for what they already owned outright, he said:

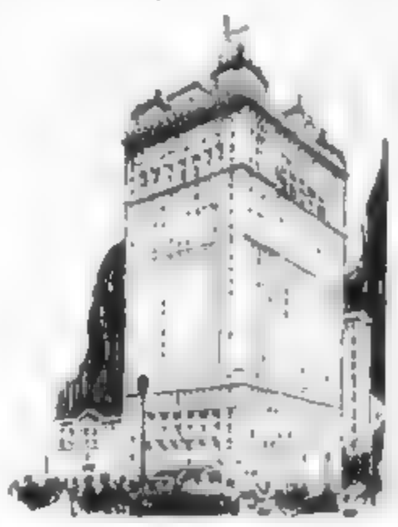
On the same theory it is sought to justify the provision of the Alien Land Law calling upon foreign absolute owners of stock in Mexican corporations holding rural property for agricultural purposes to dispose of their corporate interests in excess of 49 per cent within the term of ten years. Here again a plainly vested interest through ownership of stock is divested

Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL

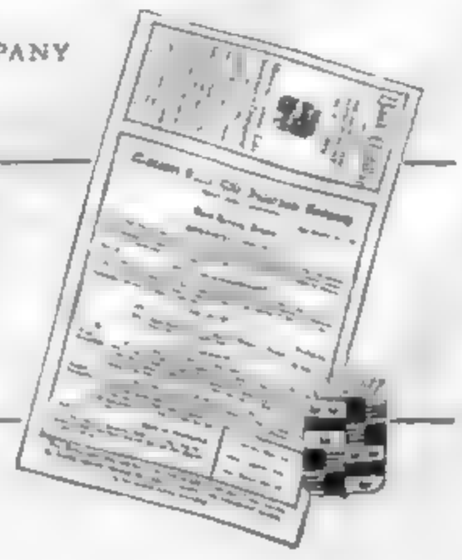
"At one of the great crossroads of the world"

You'll find it a friendly place to rest and sleep; you'll find it one of the delightful abiding places of Earth. Men feel at home. They find the things they like and they meet the men they know. The rooms are high and clean and quiet and they look down on never-forgotten things; on the mystery of a river dividing two nations; on millions of lights at night in windows; on curious long lanes of street lights that stretch away to somewhere else as though on the spokes of an open fan. The beds are bountiful and comfortable, so comfortable you'll not likely remember others as restful nor any ever as sleepy ... There are twenty-nine stories. There are 1200 rooms: all have bath; all are outside. 560 are priced at 4 and 5 dollars a day ... We welcome you here at one of the world's great crossroads, in one of the world's great hotels. We'll do our utmost to make your stay memorable and make it pleasant.



THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

HAVE you read of the Book-Cadillac Hotel accident insurance policy; how it protects each guest of the hotel? As you leave, you'll find attached to your receipted time-stamped bill, an accident insurance policy. It protects you for 24 hours, paying $2500.00 for loss of limb, $25.00 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries and $5000.00 in case of accidental death.



"Thay Pleathe!"

You are always more at ease over the safety of your child if you know your trustworthy dog is playing the part of protector and pal.

Such a dog is a treasure. If you would keep him healthy and contented to a ripe old age, give heed to his food. Be sure that he gets a balanced ration of meat and wheat.

SPRATT'S supplies these vital elements in a highly nutritive, easily digestible form. Fifty years' experience in the care and feeding of dogs is represented in SPRATT'S—the perfect food for dogs of all sizes, ages and breeds.

Sold by all good grocers and pet shops. If your dealer is not supplied, he will get SPRATT'S for you. Insist on the genuine—accept no substitutes.

SPRATT'S PATENT L'T'D
Newark, N. J. St. Louis San Francisco

Write for this famous book about dogs. It tells all you need to know about care and feeding. A special section is devoted to the [illegible] Fill in coupon and mail to cover postage

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES *and* PUPPY BISCUITS

When you overhaul Install

McQUAY-NORRIS

PISTON RINGS
Compression rings and oil rings

PISTONS
Gray Iron-Lynite-Nelson Bohnalite

PINS
A pin for every piston

BEARINGS
Crankshaft and connecting rod

McQUAY-NORRIS MANUFACTURING CO. *General Offices:* ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Factories: St. Louis, Indianapolis, Connersville, Ind. (Two); Toronto, Canada

by compelling the holder, without his desire or consent, to dispose of the same within a limited time under conditions which may or may not be favorable to the transfer.

The point that the secretary makes must also be enlarged, because it shows the economic injustice of the law and the way it plays into the pockets of the Mexicans. In the first place, after the expiration of the time limit, the alien-owned property must be sold.

The owner, in such circumstances, cannot choose his market, and this entails financial sacrifice. Secondly, he can sell it only to a Mexican.

Limitations of space prevent a detailed analysis of the many other laws that followed thick and fast once Calles got his Mexico-for-the-Mexicans campaign under full swing. Everywhere the rights and holdings of foreigners are curbed and curtailed.

The new Forestry Law, for example, enables any Mexican as well as the Mexican Government to denounce privately owned land for forestry purposes. The Irrigation Law has drastic powers of expropriation. In line with all this peremptory regulation is the new Mining Law, which bristles with handicaps.

Under it the beneficiary of any kind of mineral concession must employ at least 90 per cent Mexican labor. Compensation for Mexicans must be on a pro-rata basis with that of highly skilled foreigners. The small prospector or miner on a limited scale is penalized almost to extinction.

Equally drastic is the Immigration Law. The regulations imposed on foreigners entering Mexico today are almost as searching as those enforced on the frontiers of belligerent countries during the World War.

Some of the worst offenses are being committed in the name of the Agrarian Law, which is the pet Calles hobby. This statute really has a high purpose, because it seeks to give the peon the opportunity to work out his own destiny. But enforcement of the law has frequently become a medium for extortion and injustice. The whole agrarian procedure, however, will be dealt with fully in the next article.

The natural consequence of all this crystallization of anti-alien sentiment under the guise of regulatory laws is an impaired business confidence and the almost complete stifling of enterprise among the agencies that have given the country its progress and prosperity. The big agricultural companies, as well as individual landed proprietors, refuse to plant crops, because they do not know when their lands will be seized for colonization or irrigation schemes.

Industrial undertakings are at the mercy of antagonistic construction of the statutes under which they live and work. Tourist traffic has practically ceased on account of the endless red tape which the simplest journey entails.

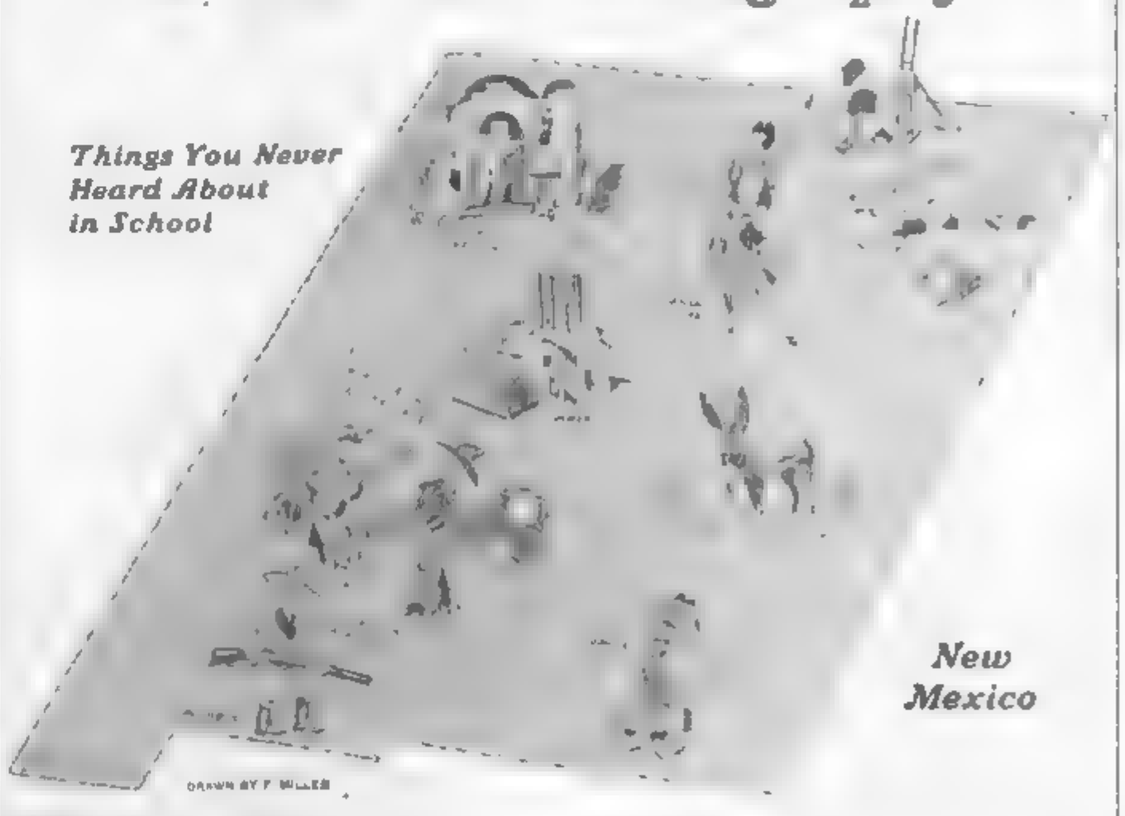
One final observation: There is a disposition in various uninformed but emotional uplift quarters in the United States to regard the Calles legislative program as a phase of what is termed the Mexican social and economic revolution.

Nothing is more remote from the truth. In intent and purpose it is entirely political. Since the Madero revolt in 1910 politics has constituted the principal business in Mexico. As a result there has been no practical theory of government, certainly so far as justice to the foreigner is concerned.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next will be devoted to the land problem.

A Vest-Pocket Geography

Things You Never Heard About in School



NEW MEXICO is the complex state. It is a land of snowy peaks and sunny valleys, where the twentieth-century tourist parks his flivver to gaze in wonder at the tenth-century pueblo. The pueblo was the original American apartment house.

An apartment house is a multifamily dwelling place where you know your neighbor's dinner menu but not her name. New Mexico is rich in history, both written and unwritten, and is a great field for archæologists. An archæologist is a scientist who can find a tooth and build a prehistoric animal to match.

The state is noted for its great sheep ranches, its pure healthful atmosphere, and as a setting for many of the he-man novels in which the strong, silent son of the sand-swept spaces rescues the headstrong Eastern heiress in dire distress and a pair of knickers. It is the home of the Spanish rancho and the Santa Fé fiesta.

By means of irrigation the state produces much cotton, grain, alfalfa, sugar beets and potatoes. Other products are Indian pottery, turquoise, the famous Mexican jumping bean and hot tamales. A hot tamale is a cross between the cook's mistake and vengeance for '48. It sometimes is eaten after a too liberal imbibition of mescal has brought about a blissful lack of concern in subsequent happenings.

WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.

PARIS SAYS "Date Your Hosiery"

A charming little hosiery record and number tags make "dating" easy. Free with every purchase of the Durham styles listed. Get them from the nearest Durham dealer.

WHY does the Parisienne always look as though she had just come from the smartest *couturier?* What is the secret of her *chic?* Style first, to be sure, but everything must be so well made that it looks new as long as she wears it.

Yet, in buying hosiery even keen French instinct for value can not be sure of wearing qualities. There is only one way to test long wear in hosiery—by actual use. That is why Paris says—"Date your hosiery."

Avoid Guesswork

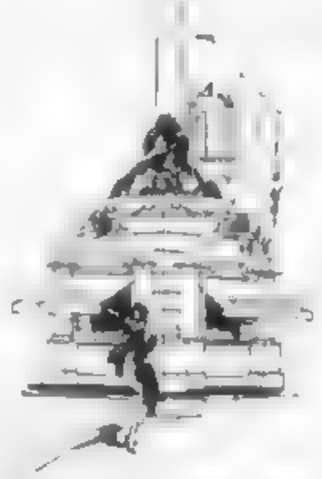
"Dating" simply means keeping an exact record of how long your hosiery wears. It enables you to measure the value of Durham Hosiery and to compare it, dollar for dollar, with any other kind.

With every purchase of Durham styles listed below you receive six pairs of numbered cloth tags, enough to dare six pairs of stockings. Also the attractive "Pair and Compare" booklet, in which to keep an exact record of how long your hosiery wears. This simple method, first introduced in Paris by one of the smartest women's shops, does away with all guesswork.

Satisfy Yourself

A glance tells you Durham Hosiery is stylish. But even the eye of the expert cannot detect the hidden qualities that mean weeks of additional service. We know that the use of the finest materials, Durham special reinforcement at wear points, and the infinite care used in every step of manufacture, mean at least 20% more wear.

But we do not ask you to take our word for it. "Date your hosiery" and let the record prove it. Go to the nearest Durham dealer and obtain the "Pair and Compare" booklet with numbers for dating—the easy way to prove that hidden honesty means extra wear in every pair. Durham Hosiery Mills, New York City, N. Y.



Hosiery that is durable as well as stylish is a requisite to the wardrobe of the smart voyageur. If you are planning a trip abroad write us for the name of the shop that offers Durham Hosiery exclusively in Paris.

DURHAM HOSIERY

Durable ..... made with infinite care in the world's largest hosiery mills

FOR WOMEN: In season's charming colors—*Phyllis* or *Phantom,* full-fashioned, silk to top, $1.95 . . . *Penelope,* full-fashioned, service silk, $1.85 . . . *Daphne,* all-purpose silk, $1 . . . *Periwinkle,* silk reinforced with Rayon, $1 . . . FOR MEN: *Traymore,* silk reinforced with Rayon, 50 cents . . . *Dollar Bill,* finest mercerized lisle, 3 pair, $1 . . *1700 G. S.* lisle sox U. S. Marines couldn't wear out, 25 cents FOR CHILDREN: *Polly Prim,* triple strength heel and toe, 25 cents . . . *Mohican,* with derby rib 25 cents *Ruggles,* strong, comfortable, 29 cents. *If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name with order and remittance. Specify size, style and color.*

© 1927, D. H. M.

Of the important automatically controlled domestic oil burners a very substantial proportion is equipped with Honeywell controls.

Your Oil Burner needs this *dependable automatic control!*

Oil burners produce a quick fire—one of the very many advantages that have won such popularity for this method of home heating.

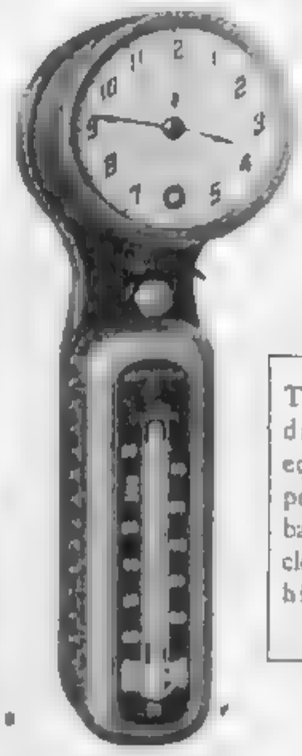
It is one of the reasons why the best automatic regulation is essential if you are to derive the best results from your oil burner.

If you would know the real comfort and convenience to be had from an oil burner installation, buy a burner equipped with the *Honeywell* Complete System of Automatic Control.

Honeywell, by virtue of its simplicity, the certainty and the dependability of its functioning, and the added measure of convenience, safety and economy which it will bring to your installation, is the system of automatic control which can be relied upon to assure perfect heating comfort.

It is not simply that *Honeywell* will, for example, automatically lower the temperature at bedtime and automatically raise it to any desired temperature at any predetermined hour in the morning. It is not simply that by adjusting the Thermostat you may have any temperature you wish—and be assured of a healthful, even temperature.

Honeywell, of course, will accomplish these things. But in addition *Honeywell* provides an absolute protection against any emergency. It prevents over-heating, firing into a dry boiler, or fuel-flooding. It is positive assurance against its own possible failure. It is a dependable guardian at all times whether you are at home or away.



Type R—New 15-day thermostat equipped with dependable jeweled-balanced movement clock and accurate, high-grade thermometer

If you would know the comfort of a perfectly heated home, the convenience of automatic regulation, the enviable sense of safety from any possible over-heating emergency, see that your oil-burner is equipped with *Honeywell*.

Honeywell controls are listed as standard by Fire Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. They are built for any type of oil burner, for any kind of heating plant, burning any kind of fuel—oil, coal or gas.

Honeywell controls are also made for electric and gas refrigeration and various industrial applications.

HONEYWELL HEATING SPECIALTIES CO., WABASH, INDIANA

HONEYWELL

Temperature Regulators

THE LIFE-SAVING BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

support. Some hospitals rely too much on philanthropy, and drain out of that necessarily limited reservoir more than their legitimate share of cash.

Half a dozen institutions in New York, each engaged in some phase of hospital work, made the discovery some time ago that they were wasting money in the sort of duplication of effort that causes banks and newspapers and grocery stores and hotels to effect mergers.

The discovery was made by the application of sound business thinking to the situations of these institutions. Besides, some of them were crippled in their efforts by outworn plants.

As a result, a rough plan of consolidation was worked out and a joint administrative board was formed to perfect the scheme. The institutions that engaged themselves to a plan for a medical center were Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Neurological Institute of New York, the Sloane Hospital for Women, the Presbyterian Hospital in the City of New York, the Babies Hospital in the City of New York, and the Vanderbilt Clinic. When completed the medical center will include also the Presbyterian School of Nursing and the State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital.

All these institutions are going to be erected on a single plot of ground high up on Manhattan Island; but instead of having eight heating plants, eight power plants, eight laundries, eight purchasing departments, there will be one of each. The consolidated heating plant for the medical center can be operated, claim engineers, with precisely the same size force which at present is required by the existing plant of the Presbyterian Hospital alone.

The economies referred to are but a few of those contemplated. Under the new arrangement the Vanderbilt Clinic will be the out-patient department for all these institutions; there will be one electrocardiographic laboratory instead of half a dozen; there will be one master laboratory and one master X-ray laboratory. Naturally, each department after the consolidation can afford to pay higher for the services of technicians than could the scattered forces of the divided institutions, and that is management.

The Labor Policy

The executive who has been engaged in effecting this consolidation of hospitals said recently:

"We are going to have a labor policy in this medical center. If you talk about labor policy to the general manager of any big automobile factory or railroad or bank you can expect him to be able to tell you in a sentence or two what is the labor policy of the business he controls; but if you speak of a labor policy around the average hospital, you are speaking a foreign language. They do not know what a labor policy is, and this lack of knowledge is reflected in a labor turnover that in some institutions equals 100 per cent annually.

"It is a crime for a hospital to use a trained nurse as a messenger; it is just as much of a crime to have an unnecessary multiplication of jobs requiring exceptional ability; or an unnecessary multiplication of jobs that have no future; or to waste the time of any member of its specially trained personnel; and it is equally criminal for a hospital to waste any of the money that is intended to be used in the work of saving lives."

The good intentions of those who are wasting hospital energy through lack of sound business methods are, as a rule, not questioned by the severest critics of even the most poorly managed institutions. This criticism is seldom directed at the professional skill of any nurse or physician, but is leveled at those practices which would, if followed long enough, bankrupt the richest business organization in the country. But there are hopeful changes occurring.

A man who has devoted his life to the study of hospital management was sent through the plant of one large institution in the East noted for the generous character of its service.

One of the first things that struck his trained eyes was the lack of a linen chute connecting the upper floors of the hospital with the laundry in the basement. Because there was no linen chute, there had to be hampers on every floor of the building; and aside from the unsanitary character of such a system, there was one salary on the laundry pay roll that represented little else than the time of one porter spent in hauling a hand truck from floor to floor, needlessly interfering with the free flow of elevators, as he gathered up the soiled linen. Sometimes when he dawdled on his route the workers in the laundry were idle.

Unpaid Bills

In the X-ray department of that hospital the investigator found that there was no standard schedule of charges for X-ray service; no regular reports were turned in of the number of examinations made; and such charges as were made were based largely on the whim of the technician in charge.

The greatest waste in that institution, however, was found to be predicated on a haphazard method of admitting patients. Sometimes patients who walked into the institution to ask for treatment were interviewed by the superintendent, sometimes an interne dealt with them and sometimes a clerk.

During the entire proceeding of admission such patients had to wait for a half hour or more in a dark and poorly ventilated hallway adjoining the superintendent's office.

Ambulance cases were admitted directly to the wards, the interne on ambulance service determining the need. Accident cases, when in need of hospital care after treatment in the emergency room, were referred directly to the wards. Because of the absence of a central admitting place and a uniform system of admission, it frequently happened that the office of that hospital never had any record whatever of certain patients in the institution, with the result that some who were well able to pay for treatment were never asked to make any payment.

This hospital had been receiving a very small amount of its maintenance cost from its patients. This was largely due to the fact that a prejudice of the superintendent governed this situation. That official felt that if the matter of payment were taken up at the time of the patient's admission the impression might be produced that the hospital was discriminating against free patients.

Consequently it happened frequently that the matter of payment was not taken up at all until a patient had been discharged from the hospital.

In his report the investigator suggested that no diminution of real charitable service would have been brought about if in every case there had been reasonably tactful inquiry at the time a patient was admitted, and if there had been fixed at that time the amount the patient should be required to pay.

There is a sound business reason for such a practice, even though the institution concerned is proud of the amount of its charitable work.

At one of the best managed of the country's hospitals the director was asked recently the total of his uncollected accounts from former patients.

"It was $46,000 this morning," he replied, "and I'll sell you the lot, representing one and a half years' unpaid balances, for $5,000. I don't pretend to know why it is

Now no pipe-lover need be pipe-shy...

EVERY MAN deep down in his heart cherishes the desire to take unto himself a pipe—yet many a poor paluka suffers disappointment because of his inexperience ... while other shy souls are frightened at the expense of properly providing for a pipe....

Ask the advice of any man who's solidly wedded to a perfect pipe and you'll find he attributes the success of their happy union to one thing: Granger Rough Cut... For there's nothing like Granger for assuring happiness and harmony between a man and his pipe.

Here's tobacco worthy of the most wonderful pipe in the world... and because it is sensibly packed, in a practical foil-pouch *(no costly tins)*, it sells at a price that settles the "*expense*" problem... If a man and his pipe stick to Granger they're bound to live happily... *ever afterwards!*

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

What our chemists call "an almost perfect seal for tobacco condition"—a heavy, soft-foil package with an extra outside wrapper of glassine

no costly tins, hence ten cents

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is markedly efficient as an Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

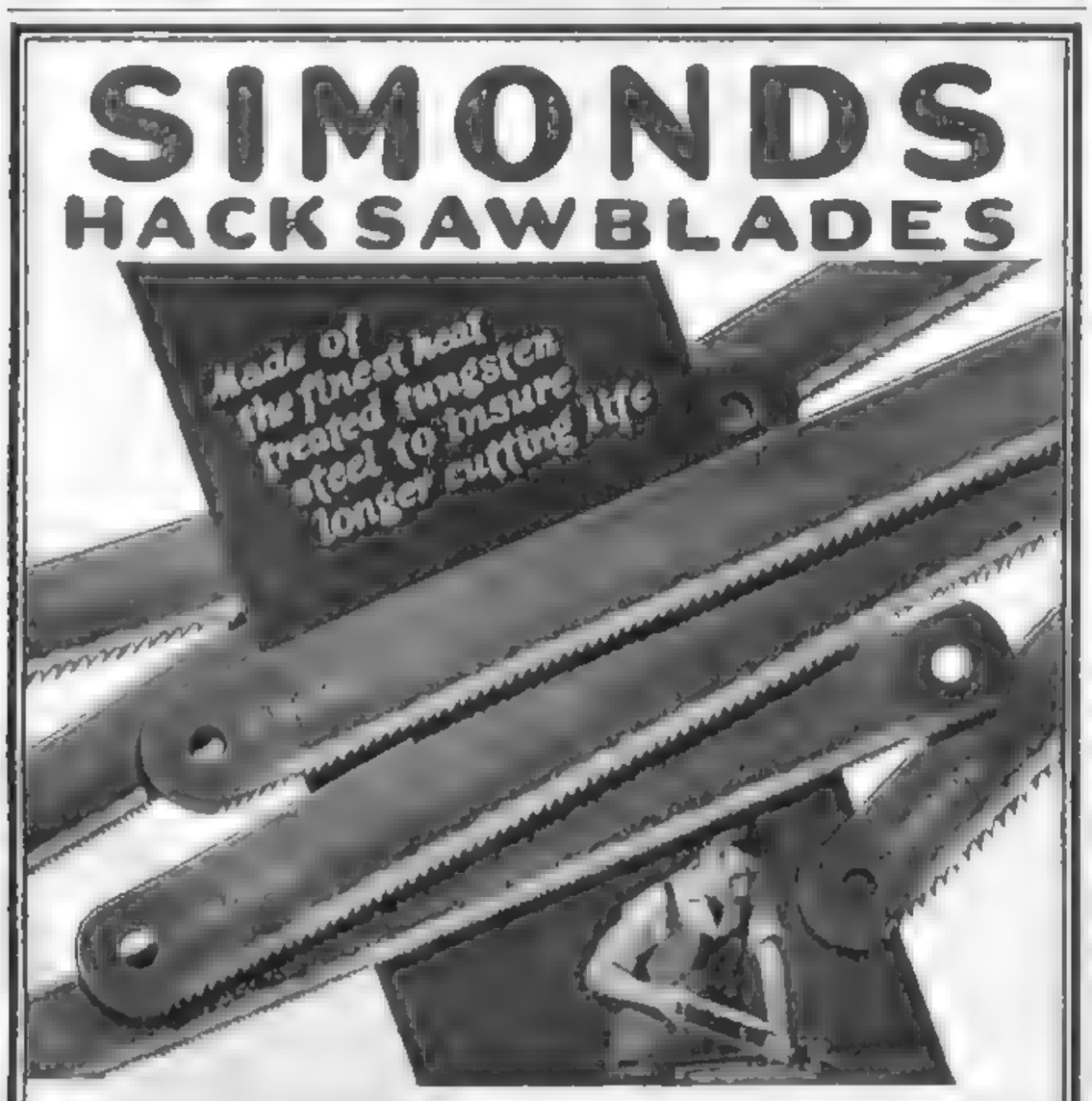
Always insist upon genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions; also authoritative list of uses.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

SIMONDS HACK SAWBLADES



NEARLY A CENTURY OF GOOD-WILL BUILDING

SIMONDS' reputation for making fine cutting edges of tempered steel dates back nearly a century to 1832. Therefore, you can accept the Simonds name on Circular, Band, Cross-Cut and Hack Saws, and on Files and Machine Knives, as assurance of well-established excellence—excellence that is apparent in longer service life and greater cutting efficiency. In buying cutting tools, it pays to specify "SIMONDS". Write for copy of booklet, "Hacksaw-ology".

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

so, but it is undeniably true that the average hospital bill is uncollectable—by ordinary means three months after the patient leaves the institution. Perhaps it is because a patient has always at the rear of his mind the thought of the hospital subsidy; but whatever the reason, when an account is three months cold it is a collecting job for an expert."

Again, on the tongues of the in-betweens, the people who are neither rich nor poor, this matter of careless dispensing of charity has a bitter flavor. How does it affect the shoe-store salesman when he goes to a hospital to deliver up a troublesome collection of gall stones that may be threatening to turn his four children into orphans? With salary and commissions, he is earning $2500 a year. Obviously, he can afford to pay something. He would like to repay the hospital for all that he costs it, plus a reasonable profit of, say, 20 per cent.

A Charity Tax

The trouble is that the hospital—the average hospital—has no means of determining how much this shoe-store clerk's occupancy of one of its beds is going to cost. The usual way is to total the expenditures for a year and, roughly, as they say—and rightly—divide that by the number of pay beds in the institution. From there the route to a calculation of his bill is, for some hospitals, a simple matter of dividing the cost per bed per year by the number of days in the year.

The per-diem figure thus achieved may bear some relation to accountancy, but it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with fairness, because the shoe-store clerk, at a time when he should be receiving every scrap of aid society can give to him, is asked by means of that hospital bill to pay not only for his own gall-bladder repairs but for a share of the cost of the accouchement of the pathetic wife of some irresponsible and inefficient husband of the community who does not find charity unpalatable.

In hospital service, there ought to be employed some system of accounting that would enable the person of moderate means to meet the emergency represented by a stay in a hospital without having to pay a sort of charity tax as well. Anyone who gives a half hour of thought to the need of hospitals, and their vital importance to any community, is sure to realize that there should be more and not less of charity dispensed through hospitals; but certainly no part of that money for philanthropy should be collected from a family already sorely tried by the serious illness of one of its members. Yet that seems to be precisely what occurs in many institutions under the existing system of hospital charges.

There is something else written into the hospital bill of the shoe-store salesman that bears no relation to his gall bladder. It is a share of the overhead expense of the institution from which the entire community benefits, a part of the cost of training the student nurses and the student doctors, the internes of the establishment, because the hospital is of necessity a school. Without such schools, all of us would pay a heavy tax in terms of existence; but at present too much of that tax is collected from the breadwinners of the nation at the times when they can least afford additional strain—as, for example, when there is a new baby, or a complete cessation of family income for weeks or months.

Lacking any sound basis for making charges, many hospitals charge too much for some things and not enough for others. They charge five dollars for a Wassermann test that costs them about fifty cents; or ten cents for a dose of two cathartic pills costing about one-third of a cent apiece; or twenty-five cents for a dressing costing two or three cents. In far too many institutions these extra charges average 50 per cent of the basic charges.

The board of trustees of one of the largest hospitals in the country, one that possesses a generous endowment, grew dissatisfied some time ago with the character of the management, and decided before erecting a new plant to contract for the services of a really good business executive who had the additional qualification of being a doctor of recognized ability.

They fixed his salary at a sum in the neighborhood of $12,000—counting the automobile placed at his disposal and his living, it is probably the equivalent of $18,000—and told him, somewhat timidly, to go to work

One of the first changes that executive asked for in the hospital business placed in his charge was for the use of a part of the endowment fund for the erection of apartments to house about 50 of the most highly skilled employes of the institution. These employes had been renting their living quarters and paying on the average $1200 a year apiece in rentals.

"But I don't see any great saving in that scheme," objected one of the trustees. "Even if you deduct, as you propose, $1200 a year from the salaries of all those we house, where does the hospital benefit?"

"Taxes!" joyfully exclaimed the director. "About $300 a year of each $1200 is being paid out by the various landlords of our employes in the form of taxes. We are a tax-exempt institution and may properly regard the housing of employes as an institutional function. Besides, if we were living in a perfect state, the cost of health would be returned on the tax duplicate, as is now done with education."

When the trustees had each figured that out on the small pads that are placed in front of them at every meeting, they had made the delightful discovery that the housing of employes would enable them to save enough each year to pay the new director's salary and show a profit besides. If taxes go down, of course, their profit may diminish; but does anyone expect municipal taxes to be reduced?

A considerable part of the mounting costs of hospital service during the last ten years has been due to the needs and demands of doctors for expensive equipment to aid them in pursuing modern methods of diagnosis and treatment. Actually, most of these tools are time-saving devices, and when applied to ordinary factory processes would be employed to cut costs rather than to increase them.

Efficiency Methods

In the old days, when a doctor's fishing equipment when angling for the cause of ailments was a stethoscope, it was frequently considered necessary to keep certain classes of patients in hospitals for days and days while attempts were made to guess what was wrong. Nowadays the moderately skillful as well as the very best of doctors base their decisions as far as possible on information revealed to them by X-ray photographs, the fluoroscope and the electric cardiograph. They get accurate information concerning obscure ailments as quickly as the normal mortal can penetrate the secrets of a railroad time-table. All this has tended to shorten the stay of the average patient in a hospital bed, and in the well-managed institutions speed of recovery is viewed with the same sort of pride that a manufacturer derives from shortening the period between the purchase of raw material and the delivery of finished products f.o.b. Detroit.

In one of the hospitals of the country that have adopted sound business practices, in one month of a recent year there developed fifteen cases of post-surgical infection.

The director sent word into the wards that he would like to see Doctor Blank in his office concerning a hospital matter.

The doctor arrived shortly afterward, gay with his normal manner of bedside joviality. "I got about two minutes to spare you, young fellow," he said playfully.

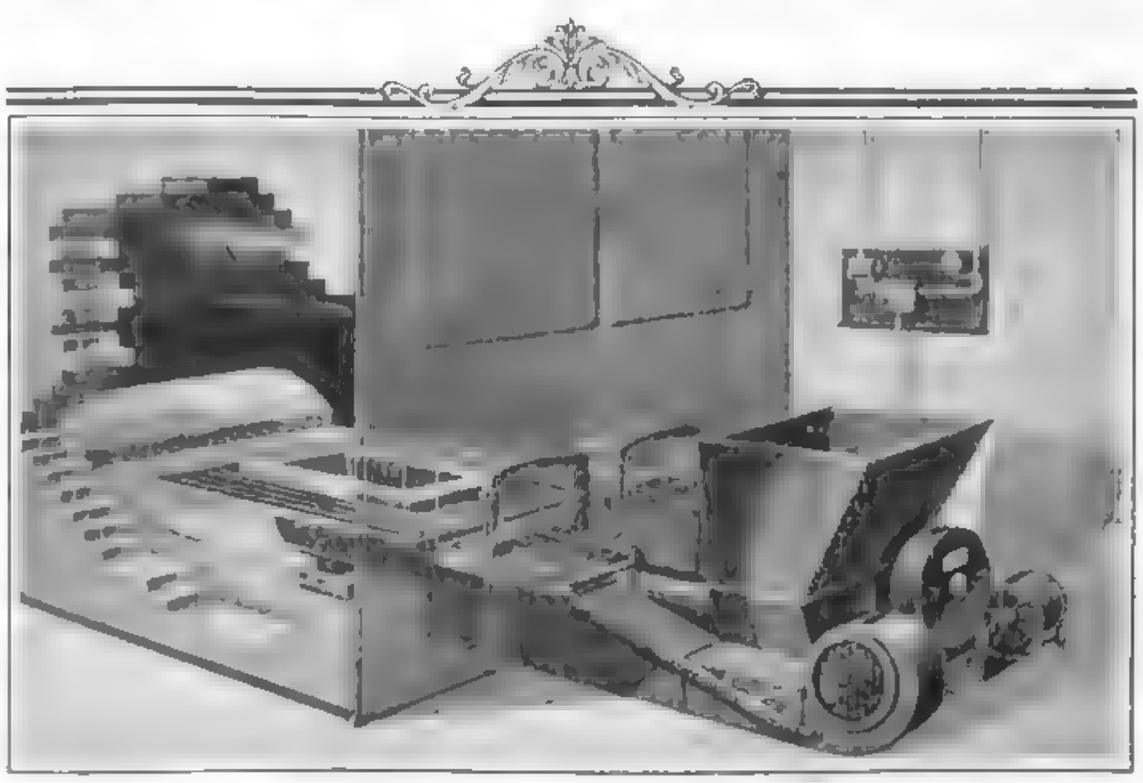
"I need about one-fourth of that," returned the director coldly. "I merely wished to tell you that you had better be more careful about washing your hands."

The surgeon began to splutter with wrath.

(Continued on Page 205)

"Have you heard about the Iron Fireman?
"That's the automatic coal burner Johnson is using at his plant, isn't it?
Yes, we're using it, too, and it's doing wonders in our boiler room."

"—have you heard about the *IRON FIREMAN?"



What the carburetor is to your car the Iron Fireman is to your heating or power system—a steady, dependable mechanical [illegible] from 5 to 100 H P which automatically underfeeds coal to the fire-box, releasing its gases and scientifically mixing these with air for perfect combustion

BUSINESS MEN everywhere are interested in the betterments and economies which the Iron Fireman brings. So this successful method of automatically firing the boiler is one of the most profitable subjects in business circles today. The Iron Fireman cuts fuel costs—*drastically*—because it burns *cheaper* coal and *less* coal. It saves labor. It prevents smoke. It automatically holds temperature or boiler pressure where you want it. The furnace room stays clean. It burns coal—the dependable source of cheap heat and power.

Saves 15 to 50 Per Cent of Fuel Costs

USERS' figures show fuel cost savings of 15 to 50% and more after installing the Iron Fireman. Three simple reasons explain why: *First*, the Iron Fireman gives perfect combustion—gets *all the heat* from the coal burned. Nothing goes up in smoke. It makes a hotter fire. *Second*, because it is automatically controlled, the Iron Fireman feeds the fire only the amount of fuel needed to keep the temperature where it's wanted; no blowing off steam one minute and furiously firing up the next. *Third*, you use cheaper coal. The Iron Fireman successfully burns the cheaper grades of coal—bituminous or lignite, screenings or buckwheat—and gives you better results from them than you can get from the more costly coals when hand-fired. Many users have cut their cost per ton of coal 25%—40%—and even more!

Even Heat or Pressure Automatically Maintained

AUTOMATIC controls, specially designed for the Iron Fireman by L. R. Teeple Company, Portland, Oregon, automatically maintain even temperature or boiler pressure. Keep the hopper full of coal; and minimum attention to fire is all that is required. Greater comfort and increased production result from this steady, even firing—another source of extra profits for Iron Fireman owners

Saves Labor—The Fireman or Janitor Can Do Other Work

BACK-BREAKING manual labor is no longer a necessary evil in the boiler room. Let mechanical power, automatically controlled, do the drudgery—save costly man-power for other kinds of work. Labor saving is another important possible source of extra profits for you.

Dealers and Users Everywhere

EVERYWHERE industries, office buildings, hotels, apartments, laundries, schools, greenhouses and manufacturing plants of every description are turning to the Iron Fireman as a source of extra profits and of greater comfort and convenience. "Extra Profits From the Boiler Room" is an interesting paper about the Iron Fireman. Let us send it with a list of prominent users in practically every state in the Union. What it is doing for them it will do for you. Get the facts, then decide.

THE IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PORTLAND, OREGON • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
Dealers and service representatives in all principal cities

Write for your copy
of "EXTRA PROFITS FROM THE BOILER ROOM." Address, Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., 984 E 17th Street, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

*Ask about the Iron Fireman, Jr., for homes.

The IRON FIREMAN
Automatic COAL *Burner*

Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu
Warren & Wetmore, Architects, New York City.
Ralph E. Wooley, General Contractor, Honolulu

Royal Hawaiian Hotel -

CHAMBERLIN EQUIPPED

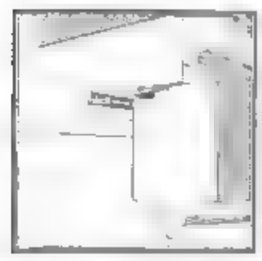
COLD ROLLED BRONZE and Brass Weather Stripping Thruout

THE imposing luxury of the new Royal Hawaiian Hotel climaxes the brilliant diversions of Hawaii. Likewise the selection of Chamberlin by its builders is crowning testimony to the leadership and distinction that Chamberlin has held for 34 years—the best but most economical weather strip service that money can buy. In the largest outstanding structure as well as in the modest, modern home a Chamberlin installation is permanently efficient because the Chamberlin Company alone controls every detail—the manufacture, sale, installation and servicing of its weather strip products.

This fixed Chamberlin policy definitely assures you of a weather strip installation that cannot be obtained elsewhere. And, as final assurance of enduring satisfaction, the Chamberlin Company guarantees and services its equipment "for the life of your building".

Chamberlin Weather Strips can be installed in the windows and doors of buildings old or new. Their protection is needed in every clime, against wind or cold, snow or rain, soot or dust. They are made of highest quality non-corrosive zinc or of cold-rolled bronze and brass, the selection of the architect for the 1,053 windows and doors of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Write us today or call our nearest branch for a free estimate of your weather strip requirements.

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD



The sk[illegible] of the [illegible] Chamberlin [illegible] towering tight-sewing [illegible] insuring [illegible] proof. As [illegible] forms and [illegible] properly engage [illegible] exacting Chamberlin standard of installation

At the hinge side of both single and double in-opening casements the Chamberlin interlocking weather strip seal is put to the outer face of the sash. Here it baffles the driving forces of rain and weather, barring the leaks that too often find their way past the unprotected casement door or window

How desirable the double casement window! But how vulnerable to the forces of wind and rain are the centers even though they are locked! Here again Chamberlin craftsmanship best accomplishes the intricate but positive engagement of two sealing strips. If mouldings or astragals are not already a part of the sash Chamberlin installs them to protect the weather strip and further to safeguard against the inleaking of rain or air.

How ruinous to curtains and walls when rain seeps in and trickles down over the sill! Let this Chamberlin double-trough, double-contact, ingenious metal (brass or zinc) barrier solve that problem. From top to bottom Chamberlin casement weather strip equipment is the best and most carefully installed weather strip that you can buy.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP COMPANY . . . DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Chamberlin Branches Listed in Local Phone Books: Akron, O.; Albany, N. Y.; Allentown, Pa.; Amarillo, Tex.; Ann Arbor, Mich.; Atlanta, Ga.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Baltimore, Md.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Camden, N. J.; Champaign, Ill.; Charlotte, N. C.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; Columbus, O.; Dallas, Tex.; Davenport, Ia.; Dayton, O.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Duluth, Minn.; Elkhart, Ind.; Elmira, N. Y.; Erie, Pa.; Flint, Mich.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Hagerstown, Md.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Hempstead, L. I.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jackson, Mich.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Jamaica, L. I.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Kenosha, Wis.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Lawrence, N. H.; Lancaster, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Louisville, Ky.; Memphis, Tenn.; Middletown, N. Y.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.; New York, N. Y.; Norristown, Pa.; Oakland, Calif.; Omaha, Neb.; Peoria, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Plainfield, N. J.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Reading, Pa.; Rochester, N. Y.; Rockford, Ill.; Sacramento, Calif.; Saint Louis, Mo.; Saint Paul, Minn.; Salina, Kans.; Salisbury, Md.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Calif.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; South Bend, Ind.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; Springfield, Mo.; Stamford, Conn.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Terre Haute, Ind.; Toledo, O.; Topeka, Kans.; Trenton, N. J.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; White Plains, N. Y.; Wichita, Kans.; Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Williamsport, Pa.; Wilmington, Del.; Worcester, Mass.

(Continued from Page 202)

"There's no advantage to be gained by losing your temper," pursued the director. "I am simply cautioning you to wash your hands more carefully when you prepare for another operation in this hospital."

"What makes you think you are qualified to ——" began the surgeon.

"Listen!" commanded the director. "Fifteen cases of post-operative infection in this hospital in a month is enough to convince a school child that something is wrong. It is not necessary for me to ask anyone's advice in this situation, because eleven of these cases of infection are your operations. Wash your hands!"

The next month there were only half a dozen cases of infection, but all were patients of that same surgeon. This time the director sent for the offender as curtly as if he had been a bank president summoning a third assistant cashier. "Doctor," he said, "you are through."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are fired from the staff of this hospital. You can't operate here any more."

Two hours later the director received a telephone call from the president of the board of trustees of the hospital. This old gentleman, one of the most influential men of the city, tried to be tactful as he explained that Dr. John Blank was in his office complaining of his treatment.

"What can you tell me about it?" finished the president of the board.

"If Doctor Blank is there in your office, I won't tell you a thing," retorted the director; "but if you wish to come to my office in the hospital, I'll be glad to explain what it's all about."

Doctor Blank stayed fired from the staff of that hospital for more than a year. Only a surgeon can appreciate fully what a blow this must have been to him professionally. After he was reinstated, he became the most rigid technician operating in that institution. The nurses who are admitted nowadays to the operating room in which he is working grow foot-weary from bringing him fresh linen, and he waves a scalpel as if it were a stiletto at any one of his assistants who shows even a trace of slackness.

It may be that some members of the medical profession might feel that the director who fired Doctor Blank overstepped the bounds of his authority, but this is not true of Doctor Blank's staff associates, who realize that the director is the person chiefly responsible for making their hospital the best workshop of its kind in a pretty large area of this country.

A Miss-Information Bureau

Some of them have been on the staff long enough to recall the time when their patients were distressed by the lack of human understanding in the reception room of that hospital. There was the case in one of the other hospitals of that city only recently of a factory hand whose wife had been operated on during the morning. The husband had kept on at his work, because even the loss of a day's pay would have been disastrous in that period of stress.

An hour after the time the husband knew had been set for the operation, he obtained his foreman's permission to slip out of the factory grounds to a drug-store telephone and call the hospital.

"How is my wife, please? This is John Gabowski speaking."

"We can't give you any information over the telephone." The reply was from a pert switchboard operator, but to John Gabowski her voice had the ring of authority. It was as if the head of the hospital had spoken. Nevertheless, he persisted.

"My wife was operated on this morning. Please tell me ——"

"You are holding up the wire. I can't give you any information over the telephone."

A soul-shaking thought racked poor John Gabowski then. He believed this was just a trick of the hospital to keep from telling him that his wife had died. In desperation, he besought the druggist to help him get some intelligent word from the hospital. The druggist then put in a call for the hospital. He was more suave than John Gabowski and asked to speak to someone in authority. After five minutes, he succeeded in getting in communication with a doctor whom he knew on the staff of the hospital. The doctor, after making an inquiry, reported that Mrs. Gabowski was getting along nicely, and beginning to emerge from the influence of the anaesthetic.

When the druggist turned to convey this good news to John Gabowski, however, he discovered that the frantic mechanic had gone. Lacking the money for speedier transportation, he had got aboard a street car, and nearly an hour later arrived as a sort of human storm at the doors of the hospital.

The Hospital Hostess

The Gabowskis' doctor made quite a stir about that incident, but the superintendent of the hospital was outwardly unmoved.

"We have to be careful about giving information over the telephone," she said. "I'm sorry the man was worried and I'm sorry he lost a day's pay, but that's the rule."

In the hospital from which Doctor Blank was fired, and in some other hospitals throughout the country, the telephone operators are selected today as carefully as any student nurse. They are well paid and know that their jobs depend absolutely on their own tempers. If they lose their tempers, they lose their jobs. But sweetly speaking telephone operators only partially solve the problem which embraces the entire field of that which the business world speaks of as goodwill.

In one Middle-Western hospital, nowadays, when anyone enters the front door, a woman rises from behind a table and goes forward as graciously as if she was welcoming a guest into her own home. It does not matter how shabbily the person is dressed, nor what the mission. She is uniformly charming and eager to be helpful, because that is what she is paid for.

If the person she greets should be someone seeking admission to the hospital as a patient, the hostess—that is the title written after her name on the hospital pay roll—escorts her charge to the admitting room. If instead of being a patient, it is a salesman of paint or radium or guinea pigs or silverware, or any one of the myriads of things which all hospitals must buy, he is received just as graciously as if he came with a gift of money. If the purchasing agent of the hospital chooses to be more abrupt, that is a different matter. The point is that the hostess is able to classify persons coming into the institution and to guide them without loss of time to the proper department head.

"A hospital is dealing constantly with humanity in an abnormal state of mind," explained the man who hired that hostess, in discussing her duties not long ago. "We watch her more closely than anyone else in the institution. If she shows a trace of crabbedness, we give her a rest for a few days."

The smile of that hostess is the contact point of the hospital with the world. If some mother arrives in hysterics, soon after an ambulance has delivered at the emergency room some small load under a sheet that is rapidly turning scarlet, it is this woman's mission to comfort her. If there is only that grimmest of human stories to tell, she tells it with a gentleness that is wholly admirable.

Who would dare to deny that such work is of equal importance in a big hospital to that of any professional task?

Since deficits are inevitable in the management of any community hospital, this element of goodwill is of prime importance as a phase of management. There is plenty of evidence at hand, however, to

If you're there or on the way wear

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Florsheim Shoes are manufactured and priced so that men on the way up can afford them and those who have arrived appreciate them.

Mail Style $10 *The* WHIPPET, *Style M-238*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

Helen Gubler Sent Us a Coupon Like This—

Miss Helen Gubler of Utah

The Curtis Publishing Company
823 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I m interested in your cash plan for more money. Please tell me about it, but without obligating me in any way.

Name ____ Age ____

Street ____

City ____ State ____

Now We Pay Her More Than $70.00 a Week

Miss Gubler one summer found that she could earn more money as our subscription representative than she could in any other way. So now she devotes her whole time to our plan. Perhaps you cannot, like Miss Gubler, give us all your time. But even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can turn them into welcome dollars in a pleasant, dignified way as do hundreds of busy men and women. You work at your own convenience—and you need no business experience.

Mail the Coupon Above for Our Cash Offer to You—Now!

Come to Oregon

475,000 vacationists visited Oregon in 1926..

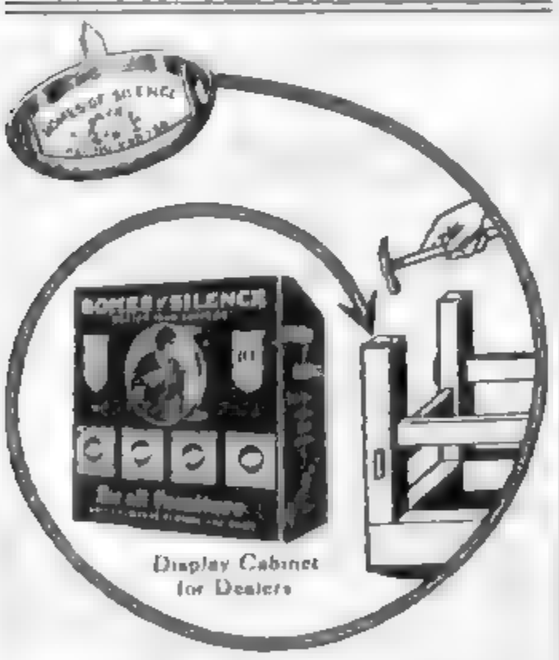
Why? Because the temperate summer climate, the snow-capped, glacier-clad mountains, the majestic rivers, turbulent mountain streams, enchanting fresh water lakes, the magnificent seacoast with its promontories, bays and sandy beaches, its evergreen forests and splendid system of paved highways, its 38 golf courses, and facilities for fly and deep sea fishing, offer a sane and invigorating vacation for the business man and his family. Oregon is the center of the Pacific Coast Empire—a playground for the people of two continents

Portland Chamber of Commerce
Room 745 Oregon Bldg
Portland, Ore

Please send illustrated folder—"Oregon the Vacation State."

Name

Address



Display Cabinet for Dealers

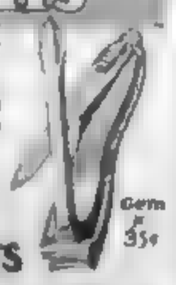
Fine for all furniture—Six sizes—Set of 4 for 10 cents—Applied with a hammer—Name inside each slide—

DOMES of SILENCE

Henry W. Peabody & Co. 17 State Street, New York

Neat Nails

Men and women who know the value of good appearance keep their nails always neat, with the handy pocket manicure. Used everywhere, quickly and easily, with either hand, to clean, trim and file nails. Gem 50c Gem Jr. 35c



THE H. C. COOK CO., ANSONIA, Conn.

Gem Clippers MADE IN U.S.A. Gem Jr. 35c

LIBERTY

One Million Liberty Chicks 1927. All flocks culled by authorized inspectors. Thousands of customers testify to their Ability. Write for Catalogue and Prices today

Lyken Poultry Farm & Hatchery, Dept. 60, Bloomville, Ohio

show that it is a phase that is being neglected in the majority of institutions; chiefly, perhaps, because that little matter of labor policy concerning nonprofessional workers has been too long overlooked in this business of saving lives.

In one of the best managed hospitals, only one department head has been changed in more than ten years. In the average hospital, the lay help come and go so often that the end of each year generally finds few faces around the tables where the employes eat that were there the year before. Much of this shuffling of workers is directly due to underpayment, which is never an economy; more of it is due to the lack of any effort to provide avenues of advancement for those who are neither doctors nor nurses. In every field of business it is recognized that a high labor turnover is costly in many obscure ways. In those industries where the fire hazard is great, it has been found that reducing the labor turnover reduces the fire risk as well.

All these elements that enter into good management—the fixing of responsibility, purchasing control, labor policy, uniform accounting, the conservation of goodwill—are paths as familiar to a certain type of mind as the intricacies of the human anatomy are to any good surgeon. It takes about as long to make a sound business executive as it does to make a good medical man. The hospital that enlists that sort of intelligence to conduct its administration will be able to save more lives for the same amount of money, and because of the smarter administration it may expect to have less trouble getting the money.

Amusement on Tap

Some of the hospitals have been sharp enough to stop some of their biggest leaks through the adoption of food-control systems such as are employed in the best managed hotels. The head of one of the largest chains of hotels in the country was deluged with inquiries a while ago after it had been published somewhere that he had saved $100,000 a year by standardization of the equipment in his hotels. Most of those inquiries came from persons in charge of hospitals, and the hotel man was somewhat amused by this until he was reminded that most of the buying problems of any hospital are closely akin to those of a hotel. One of the newest hospitals in the country is a structure that with a few alterations might be transformed overnight into a luxurious hotel of the first class.

This building is absolutely fireproof; sound is deadened by walls and floors that are nonresonant; there is a ventilating system quite as elaborate as that in the newest of modern picture palaces; the high-speed elevators are so constructed that not even an unskilled operator may cause them to start or stop in any other manner than gently; and if an operator stops within eighteen inches of the floor, the car automatically lifts or lowers itself to the floor level. As a means of reducing traffic in the corridors, there is a pneumatic-tube system for the prompt delivery of messages, records and reports. Every room in the building is wired for radio reception, and in the telephone-switchboard room there is a master set in charge of an operator whose job it is to keep a steady flow of entertainment going to every pair of head phones in the building. Amusement is on tap in that hospital as readily as hot and cold water.

An Engineering Job

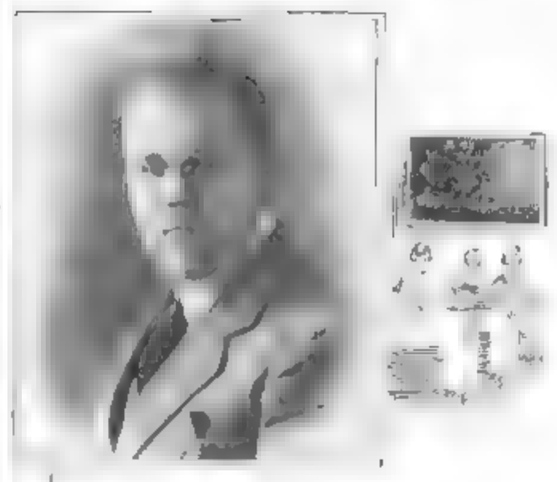
Two automatic high-speed dumb-waiters carry the stream of laden dishes, drugs and other supplies to all floors, and there is a hospital post office that is the center of a web of chutes. There are uncounted devices in the building for saving time and pain, which in the long run means saving life. All the exposed metal, the doors, beds, dressers and chairs are painted with a preparation that is not affected by ether, alcohol or alkalies. The door knobs are of glass, and wherever possible, bright work has been replaced by glass so as to reduce to a minimum the number of labor hours necessary for polishing.

That structure represents a capital investment of nearly $2,500,000, and the maintenance of such an instrument for the prolongation of life, with all its complicated mechanisms, is an engineering job—not medical—of huge proportions. There is involved not only the question of keeping elevators, heating apparatus, plumbing and other stacks in first-class condition, as in any other skyscraper, but as well all of the delicate machinery of the laboratory. If one part breaks down, the whole mechanism is affected. If an elevator jams, if the heat fails, lives may be lost.

The men who are giving the bulk of that billion dollars which is being spent each year by the hospitals of the country might give more; they might, to the great good of their countrymen, give to the hospitals some of that administrative canniness that enabled them to make the money they contribute to hospitals. The wise spending of that billion is a job for a man skilled in management.

More than $300,000,000 was spent during 1926 for the construction and equipment of new hospitals, and for 1927 there is a likelihood of even greater expenditure. The elimination of waste, the maintenance, the management of these plants, is a job that can be expressed in terms of life-saving just as definitely as if the persons who are going to run them were the surgeons who will operate in them.

A Cloud of Mallards, Goose Lake, Arkansas County, Arkansas. In a Previous Issue This Photograph Was Used With an Incorrect Credit and Legend



Do You Want Extra Cash for Something Special?

WHEN Charles D. Wildrick, a senior teacher of mathematics in a New Jersey high school, wanted money for a few "extras," he filled in a coupon like the one below. With only a few minutes now and then to spare, he has made $3.00 a day extra.

You probably could find use for $5.00 to $25.00 a week extra in addition to your regular income. Right? Whether it's for spring clothes, a new set of tires or to fatten your bank balance, here's the way to make it:

How Much Do You Need?

To earn the necessary cash you need *now*, you have only to forward to us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* from folks you know right in your own neighborhood. You need no previous experience to be successful. No capital is required.

Profits begin from the very start. We tell you how to go about it, furnish you with everything you need and assist you in every way to make good.

Though you have only an evening a week or an hour a day to spare, let us show you how to turn otherwise idle moments into cash. And the time to start is

NOW!

Send this coupon for full information

The Curtis Publishing Company
818 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mail me your cash offer. I'm interested, although I don't promise anything.

Name

Street

City

State..... *Age*

Consider the shoes in *your* home that only *look* too old to wear

THEY are in the closet corner in almost every home. Their uppers still good. Their soles still sound. Only their looks condemn them.

And where lies the fault? Is it the shoes? Or is it that you have neglected their needs? For shoes do have needs—very definite needs to protect them against the abuses of wear.

Into the life of every shoe will come scuffs. Sooner or later color will fade. The penalties of wear are inevitable unless you do something to prevent them. And there is something that you can do—something that will lengthen the life of every shoe in your home.

Have *you* overlooked this simple method by which millions are keeping shoes *young*?

If there is just one pair of shoes in your entire family that needs attention make this test today.

Clean the shoes thoroughly of dust and dirt. Remove the old polish by applying Dyanshine liberally and wiping off with a cloth. Then polish with Dyanshine.

The touch of its magic dauber will transform their appearance. Faded spots will disappear. Scuffs will lose their ugliness and blend back into the color of the shoe. Clean, soft, transparent lustre will replace the old artificial "shiny" look.

How Dyanshine works to preserve the life and beauty of your shoes

First, it softens the leather with preserving oil. Shoes are protected against hardening, cracking and lifeless leather. Dyanshine keeps the leather filled with vitality—builds up its resistance to exposure and abuse.

Second, the leather drinks up the color restorer. It penetrates instantly. No fading spots can escape its transforming qualities. No scuffs can keep their identity once it touches them. Color remains clear, clean and lustrous.

Third, a touch of shining wax is deposited within the pores of the leather. A few strokes of your cloth or buffer brings a soft, clear lustre that only newness itself can rival. No odor lingers to embarrass you. No wax remains to rub off on clothing.

Have you been overlooking Dyanshine's protection for your shoes? It is at your dealer's in tans, browns, black and white, and a neutral polish for any shade or color of leather. Fifty cents for a bottle of more than fifty-shines. If you do not find it, send fifty cents to us with the color of your shoes. We'll send the polish postpaid. Barton Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Dyanshine has a three-fold action on your shoes. It preserves the leather, restores the color and provides a soft, transparent lustre. Made entirely without the use of nitro-benzene, nitro-benzol, anilin oil or shellac, it has no acid reaction whatever. It is safe for you and safe for your shoes.

To conceal scuffs. Trim the scuff until free from frayed edges. Then touch each scuff a time or two with the dauber. This brings the color back uniform with the rest of the shoe. Proceed then to polish the shoe—rubbing with a soft cloth or buffer to bring the lustre

To restore color. Clean the shoes thoroughly by using Dyanshine as a cleaner. Do this by applying liberally and wiping off with a clean cloth. Then apply Dyanshine for shining—giving an extra touch or two to faded spots. Clean, smooth color comes back like magic.

To prevent cracking. The preserving oil in Dyanshine never shows—you never see it. Yet it protects the leather against hardening and cracking. Shoes shined once or twice a week remain soft, full of life and vitality, free from cracking and stiffness.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

"I recognize Country Gentleman subscribers as buyers of our best merchandise"

"We are tremendously interested to see manufacturers of men's and women's apparel, also home-furnishings, increasingly bring their product to the attention of the people in the country.

Probably one-third of our charge accounts are out-of-town, and the proportion of cash trade is even larger.

I had occasion to look over your *Country Gentleman* subscription lists of various districts, from which our trade is drawn, and I recognize these people, in a large measure, are buyers of our best merchandise, and their names appear extensively on our books as 'prompt pay.'

It is safe to say that 95% of your readers, in our shopping territory, visit our Peoria merchants.

We have noted, in recent years, a great change in the tastes of farmers and their families. This is characterized by a newborn 'style consciousness' and appreciation of things up-to-date.

Today, we are catering to the 'country gentleman,' his wife, sons, and daughters, with the full realization that they are keeping fully abreast of the times, and that their merchandise demands are exactly the same as city folks'.

Some years ago, it was an event for people in rural communities, to visit the city. People living along hard roads, which lead to Peoria from all directions, come in to shop almost as frequently as our Peoria customers; in fact, they are regular patrons of our movies, and think nothing of driving thirty or forty miles, after eleven o'clock, at night.

Our own business has prospered because we have been quick to respond to the changing needs of our country customers, and manufacturers, who have not noted these changing conditions among a large part of our buying public, should not longer delay in reaching the outlying trading areas.

When so many farmers ask us for nationally advertised merchandise, we know that some manufacturers must find that it pays.

Yours very truly,

C. E. Block

Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
BLOCK & KUHL CO., Peoria, Illinois"

The other side of the story—the farm woman who drives from her home in the country to buy what she wants in the city—will be told in this space next week.

They live in the country, but they shop in town

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

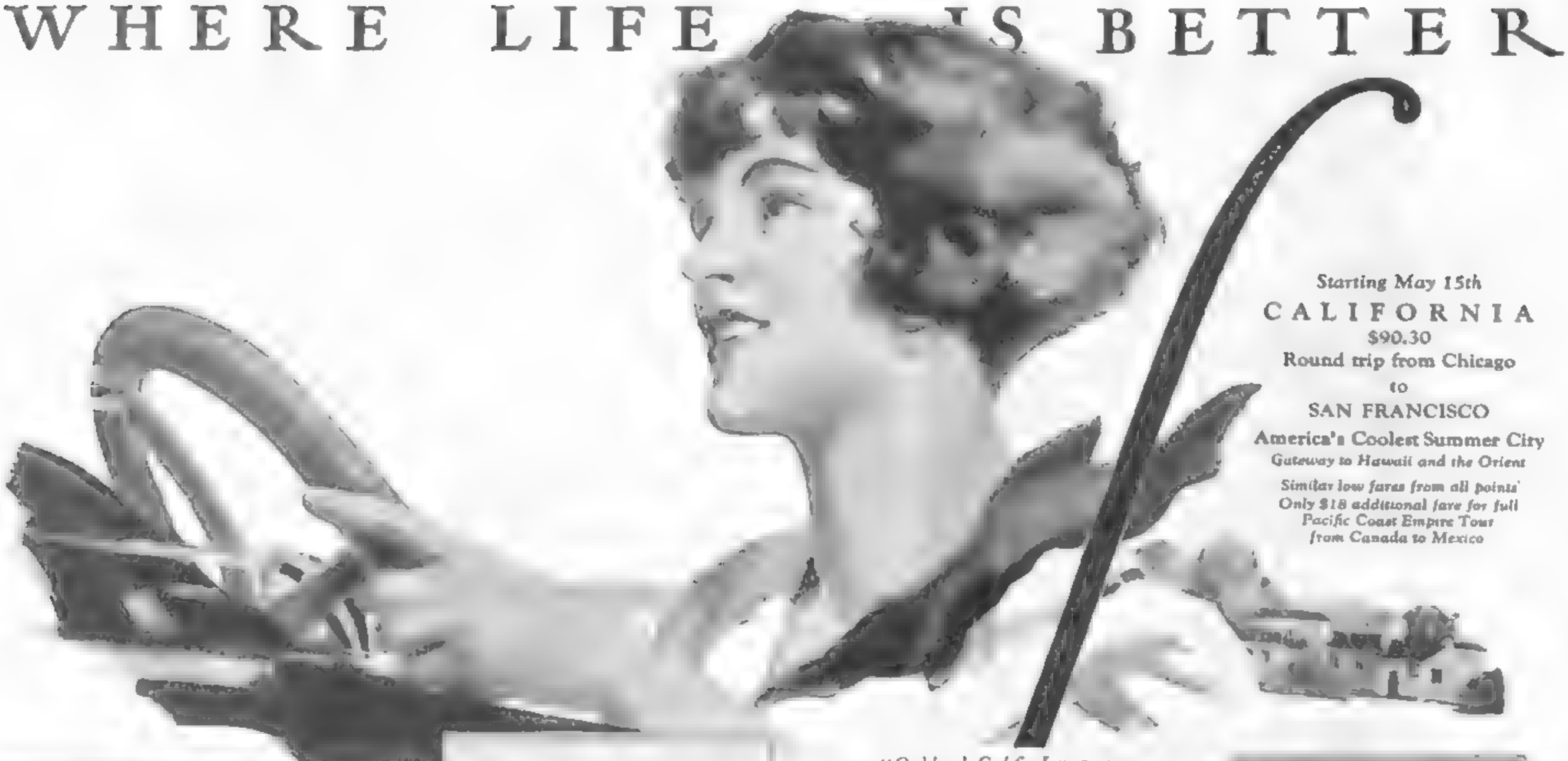
Index of Advertisers

March 26, 1927

	PAGE
Adco Insect Paste	168
American Express Co (paid)	[illegible]
American Radiator Company	164
American Sales Book Company	152
American Stainless Steel Company	212
American Tobacco Co., The	92
American Writing Paper Company	146
Armour & Company	134, 135
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.	166
Barrett Company, The	1
Barton Manufacturing Company	207
Bauer & Black	99
Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co.	83
Blaisdell Pencil Co.	132
Book Cadillac Hotel Co., The	197
Boott Mills	161
Briggs Manufacturing Company	144
Bristol-Myers Co.	116
Brown & Co., Inc., George C.	131
Brown Fence & Wire Co.	161
Buick Motor Company	47
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	120
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.	179
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	44
Californians Inc.	209
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	37
Certain-teed Products Corporation	75
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co	204
Chevrolet Motor Company	69
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway	172, 173
Chrysler Sales Corporation	180, 181
Climax Hosiery Mills	191
Coleman, Watson E.	168
Colgate & Co.	58
Cook Co., The H. C.	206
Crossett Company, Lewis A	149
Cunard and Anchor Lines	185
Curtis Companies, Inc.	114
Curtiss Candy Company	174
Cyclone Fence Company	147
Demuth & Co., Wm	115
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	160
Dictaphone Sales Corp.	178
Dodge Boat Works, Inc., Horace E.	137
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	78, 79
Douglis-Mack Co., Inc., Chas.	175
Durant Motors, Inc.	67
Durham Hosiery Mills	199
Eagle-Picher Lead Company, The	66
Edison Inc., Thomas A.	187
Electric Auto-Lite Company, The	192
Elgin National Watch Company	171
Ethyl Gasoline Corp.	156, 157
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.	85
Fansteel Products Company, Inc.	111
Finnell System, Inc.	101
Fisher Body Corp.	49
Fleischmann Company, The	63
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	205
French Battery Company	128
Frigidaire Corporation	96
Fuller Brush Company, The	133
General Electric	80
General Fireproofing Building Product Inc	121
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	122
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	106, 107
Graham Brothers	105
Haarta Company, J. C.	125
Hammermill Paper Company	93
Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc.	162, 163
Henderson & Ervin	196
Hohner, Inc., M.	145
Honeywell Heating Specialties Company	200
Hookless Fastener Company	129
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	41
Ide & Co., Inc., Geo. P.	176
Indiana Lamp Corporation	118, 119
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc.	82
Insurance Company of North America	141
International Typewriter Exchange	161
Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., The	203
Johns-Manville Corporation	75
Johnson Motor Co.	184
Johet Macaroni Company	158
Keith Company, Geo. E.	107
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	60
Keystone Rubber Co., Inc.	145
Knox Hat Company	147
Kohler Co.	150
Kuppenheimer Co., B	94, 95
Lacey & Lacey	161
LaSalle Extension University	161, 168
Leland & Co., Benjamin	82
Liberty Tours	168
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	201
Lindemann & Hoverson Co., A. J.	74
Locktite Co., Inc., The	149
Long Bell Lumber Company, The	56
Lycoming Manufacturing Company	103
Lykens Poultry Yards & Hatchery	206
Majestic Co., The	81
Mallory Hat Company, The	109
McCaskey Register Company, The	150
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	138
Michelin Tire Co.	167
Mistletoe Co., Inc., The	136
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	188
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	126, 127
Nash Motors Co.	61
National Carbon Co., Inc.	88
National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, The	158
National Lead Company	181
National Textile Distributors Corp.	148
New Haven Clock Company, The	146
Nicholson File Co.	187
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co.	190
Oakland Motor Car Co.	51
Pacific Mills	155
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	86, 87
Peabody & Company, Henry W.	206
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	140
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	202
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	110
Pioneer Suspender Company	153
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	73
Pompeian Laboratories, The	165
Portland Cement Association	195
Portland Chamber of Commerce	206
Postum Company, Incorporated	54
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Raytheon Manufacturing Company	193
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	77
Reo Motor Car Co.	65
Rice & Hutchins	112
Sargent & Company	186
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	57
Seaboard Co., Inc.	89
Sealerting Rubber Company, The	70, 71
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	90, 91
Sherwin-Williams Company, The	142, 143
Silver Lake Company	161
Simmons Company, R. F.	194
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	202
Snider Preserve Co., The T. A.	113
Spratt's Patent Limited	198
Studebaker Corporation of America, The	59
Swift & Company	39
Thatcher Manufacturing Co.	98
Three-in-One Oil Company	117
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	72
Tork Company	161
United States Gauge Co.	104
Universal Pictures	50
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	55
Vacuum Oil Company	54
Wadsworth Watch Case Co., The	211
Wander Company, The	64
Warner Patterson Co.	62
Washburn Crosby Company	IV Cover
Watson Company, John Warren	108
Weldon, Williams & Lick	158
White Company, The	182, 183
Williams Co., The J. B.	210
Wyoming Shovel Works, The	97
"X" Laboratories	154

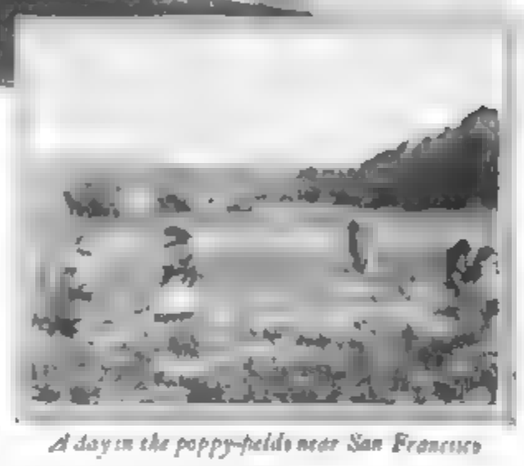
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER



Starting May 15th
CALIFORNIA
$90.30
Round trip from Chicago
to
SAN FRANCISCO
America's Coolest Summer City
Gateway to Hawaii and the Orient
Similar low fares from all points
Only $18 additional fare for full Pacific Coast Empire Tour from Canada to Mexico

A women's golf championship at a San Francisco course



A day in the poppy-fields near San Francisco

If you were a Californian, you'd enjoy more days of California's outdoor living . . . more week-ends of sunshiny rambles . . . for twelve months each year you'd breathe the fragrance of growing things . . .

GOLDEN POPPIES and blue lupines are blossoming at the edge of San Francisco—acres of them along the roadsides. Bareheaded youngsters who have never seen an icicle in their lives are knee-deep in poppy-fields. You should be in San Francisco now to see how plentiful are California's opportunities for better living—and for success.

Californians are a busy, prosperous people. It is a fact that we five million Californians *make* more money, *spend* more money, and have more money left for *savings* than any other five million average Americans. Income tax statistics, standard of living comparisons and savings bank reports prove it. Look them up!

We work for our prosperity and our fun—and we have more of both. The man who succeeds here, as anywhere else, needs some capital and a lot of enterprise. But if you are the kind of a man who has enough of a stake and sufficient ability to get ahead where you are now, the odds are all in favor of a *greater* success in California.

Come out to San Francisco and look us over. San Francisco is your central point, your starting place, for the vacation and the opportunities you want to find in California. By rail, it's almost a business day nearer to Chicago than before; by the new Victory and Lincoln Highways you can motor over good roads, directly into San Francisco.

If you're looking for a farm where life is better, we'll show you not one but two-score rich counties in the Great Central Valley, or smaller valleys equally attractive, where the farmers and the city people who will be your neighbors will see that you get started right. In business, the opportunities are broad, and growing fast.

And for your family read the letter on this page from a typical "Californian."

San Francisco is the headquarters of Californians, Inc., a non-profit organization of business institutions and citizens active in the sound development of their state. It is ready to give you information on any business or agricultural inquiry, to plan your trip through California whether for investigation or pleasure. Now read this authentic letter:

"Oakland, Calif., Jan. 9, 1927.

"To us as to so many other American families, the close of the Great War brought home the question of our entire future—where we should live and what we should do. Our household furniture we sold for what we had paid for it in pre-war days. In late winter we started for California where we had relatives—and found a land of blossoming orchards!

"Nine joyous years have passed. Our three lads have grown—two of them into young manhood—with school and university facilities of the very highest order, and we have another one, just starting out in life. Life is something of a continuing picnic. I have driven our various cars more than one hundred thousand miles, generally with most or all of the family along. A lake near the Oregon border is named after me because I was the first white woman to stand beside it, and the more widely known scenic attractions of the state, like Yosemite, Tahoe, the great Redwood Highway and the Monterey peninsula, are our familiar friends. A few hours will take us to any of them. Fishing and hunting are ours for the asking. My largest trout weighed seven pounds.

"If, besides living comfortably, we have all these pleasures, all the time—no wonder we are enthusiastic about California.

[*Name on request*] Mrs. B. S. A."

WHAT THE *Californian* OWNS

Climate: Year-round producing climate. *The Californian* can work, grow crops or play every month in the year.
Growth: From 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 population in six years—three times faster than the United States average.
Wealth: Twice the national average of wealth, twice the average number of savings bank depositors and twice the average deposit. Only three states report more income tax returns; none has so many automobiles per capita.
Health: 6 of the 15 most healthful cities in the United States are in California. U. S. investigations prove children bigger and taller than the average.
Education: *The Californian's* schools share first rank only with Massachusetts in efficiency. Five states have larger enrollments; only two exceed California's expenditures.
Recreation: 4 National Parks, 1,000 miles of ocean shore, 1,000-mile-long Sierra playground, 30,000 square miles of National Forests, 42,000 miles of improved roads. Year-round motoring, golf, fishing, week-ending out of doors.
Crops: More than $600,000,000 yearly. Six million acres under irrigation with great mountain reservoirs supplying abundant water.
Industry: One of the youngest states, California is eighth in value of manufactured products.
Markets: From San Francisco's great harbor, the largest on the Pacific Coast, *the Californian* successfully sells his manufactures and crops throughout the Western and Eastern States, and exports enormously.

For every Californian—here or on the way—these advantages spell Opportunity

California

A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco!

Begin to plan for California now! As the first step, send this coupon, today, for the 48-page illustrated free booklet, "California, Where Life is Better."

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

3-27

Californians Inc.
Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 202
Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

Why *Men are astonished at the beard softening qualities of Williams lather. It makes razor "pull" a thing of the past.*

razors seem sharper with this *saturated* lather

ANY razor seems sharper when the beard is as thoroughly softened as it should be. Williams Shaving Cream springs into a thick, bulky lather simply saturated with moisture. It is this extra moisture held by Williams lather that works wonders in beard softening. No half-cut hairs—no annoying razor "pull"—the razor just glides along.

Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving and gives your face that "barber's massage" feeling after the shave.

Learn for yourself how much this "saturated lather" can mean to your shaving enjoyment. Send for a free trial tube containing enough cream for a week's comfortable shaves. Use the convenient coupon below, or a postcard.

Williams Shaving Cream

FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous trial tube.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 43B
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1134 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name
Address
City State

AQUA VELVA, OUR NEW AFTER-SHAVING LIQUID, *KEEPS* THE FACE AS COMFORTABLE AS WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM *LEAVES* IT. WRITE DEPT. 43B FOR GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE.

The Poets' Corner

Wisdom

MY HEART has learned of shadowings
The loveliness of little things,
And all the wisdom that I know
Is wisdom of the stars, of snow,
Of flowers, and of winds that seek,
And tiny lives that do not speak.
A deeper speech there is than word,
A sweeter sound in sounds unheard,
And thoughts beyond the reach of art
I find, and never can impart.
The swift, dim laughter of the brooks
Cannot be copied into books—
A butterfly that swerves and sways
Lifts up my heart in secret ways;
And in the tremor of a leaf,
And in the song—so far, so brief—
Of birds at twilight dwells a tone
Beyond all octaves ever known.
Shadows that tremble—clouds that pass—
Reflections in a broken glass—
These mold our life. Reality
Begins and ends in mystery.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Epitaph for a Fool

LET this be written, though you write no more:
No man departed hungry from his door,
The good or undeserving. To the knave
And to the noble both a meal he gave,
Nor tried too hard to judge between the two;
Knave might be knave, and yet one never knew.
There might be guilt in many a circumstance,
And yet he did not dare to take a chance.
A hundred rascals he would give his gold
Rather than help from one good man withhold.

Let this be written: That he gave to kings
His loyalty, his love to many things.
He never caused a child a needless pain,
He never turned a dog out in the rain.
He loved a rose as some men love a crown,
And saw the beauty in the thistledown.
Some called him fool, because he spent an hour
To build a trellis for a fainting flow'r.
If to be fool to be too kind is meant,
Let fool be written. He will be content.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

Architectural Preferences

I LIKE air castles, but I'd much
Prefer a bungalow—
A real one, with three hollyhocks,
Or seven, in a row;

And it must have a kitchen sink,
And it must have a swing,
A bright canary in a cage
That truly likes to sing,

A kitten and a window box,
A fireplace, and—what more?
Why, nothing else, I think, but you
Standing at the door.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

March 26, 1927

Cover Design by Edgar Franklin Wittmack

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Las Señoritas—*Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly)*	8
The Marine and Margaret—*Leonard H. Nason*	10
Hindsight—*Kennett Harris*	14
Heel Taps—*Wallace Irwin*	16
The Test of Intelligence—*Oma Almona Davies*	20
Crude Interest—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	24
Atmosphere—*Maude Parker*	28
The High Mixteppers—*Roland Krebs*	43

ARTICLES

Sidelights on the Woman Question—*Anne Morgan*	6
The Financial Problem of Old Age—*Albert W. Atwood*	12
The Life-Saving Business—*Boyden Sparkes*	18
Mexico for the Mexicans—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	22
Close-Ups—*Norma Talmadge*	26
With a Reverse English—*Albert Payson Terhune*	30
Popgun Opinion and Our Foreign Policy—*Richard Washburn Child*	35

SERIALS

The Mad Masquerade (In six parts)—*Kenyon Gambier*	3
This Way, That Way (Conclusion)—*Ben Ames Williams*	32
Neighbors (Conclusion)—*Clarence Budington Kelland*	38

MISCELLANY

Editorials	34
Short Turns and Encores	36
Getting On in the World	46
The Poets' Corner	210

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

A changing creature is the woman of fashion. A source of never-flagging study for those who have to do with her adornment, whether they design her watches or her clothes

We have watched her as jealously as any French modiste

For thirty-five years Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches

Wadsworth Cases led the styles when these were the fashion

How woman's tastes have changed in a generation!

From bustle and bodice and trailing hem to the short skirts and trim lines of today, how many different stages!

Yet the history of her clothing offers no greater contrasts than the history of her watch.

Compare the heavy locket timepiece which the lady in bustles hung from a chain around her neck with the dainty convenient wristlet of 1927.

Compare the elaborate ornamentation, the intricate scroll designs of thirty-five years ago with the simpler lines, the exquisite taste of the modern wrist watch.

The change in the woman's watch, quite naturally, did not take place over night. Like the change in her clothing it has been the result of a gradual development.

For thirty-five years we have watched her as jealously as any Paris couturier. For thirty-five years the design of Wadsworth Cases has accurately reflected the increasingly better taste of the woman herself.

That is why Wadsworth Cases continue to lead the styles in the dress of fine watches. Why the leading manufacturers and importers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases for their finest movements.

Among the many Wadsworth creations you are sure to find a case exactly suited to your taste, at a price quite within your means. When you buy a watch, select the movement you prefer, or that which your jeweler recommends. Probably you will find that it is already dressed in a case by Wadsworth. If not, ask that it be so dressed.

For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the intricate mechanism contained within. Look for it when you buy.

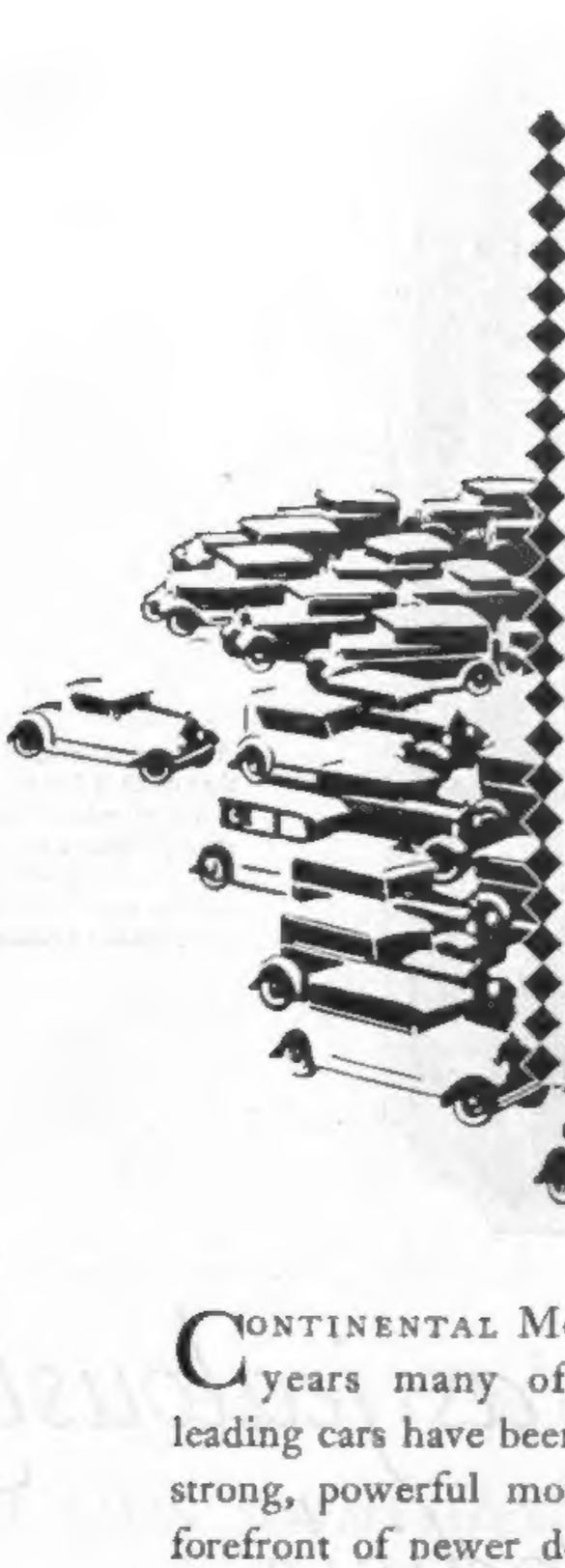
THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY

DAYTON, KENTUCKY, SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO

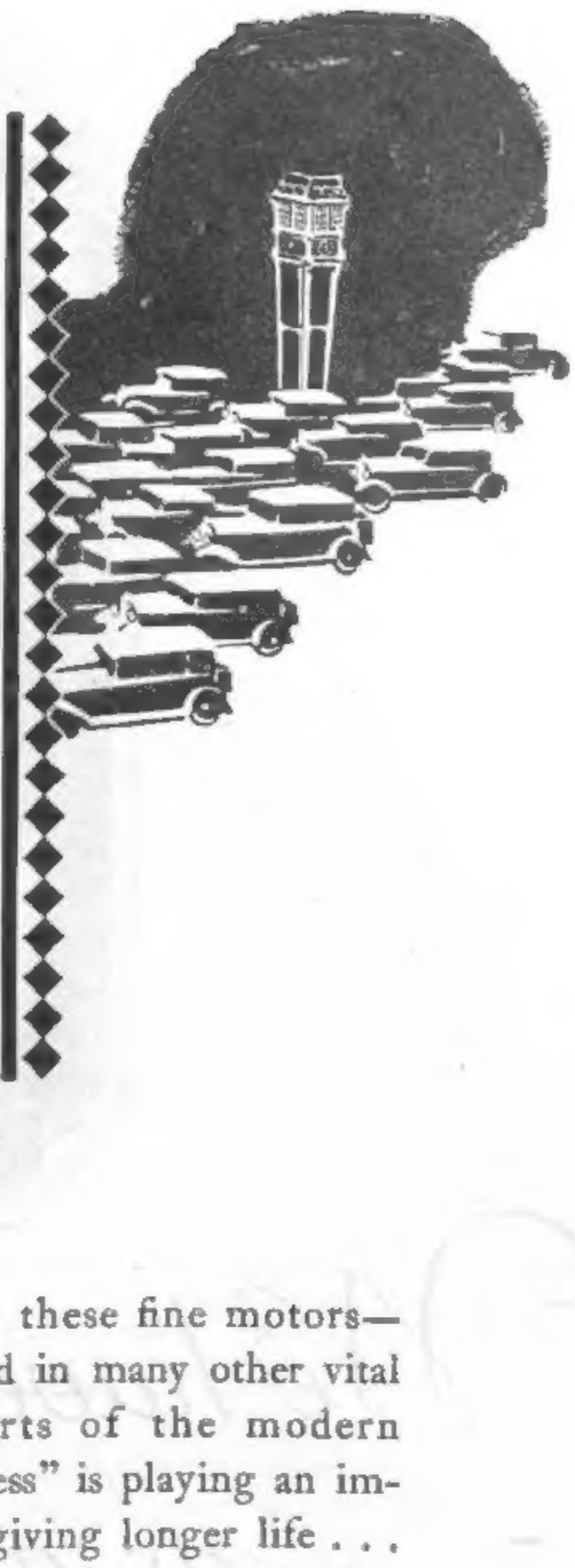
Case makers for the leading watch movements

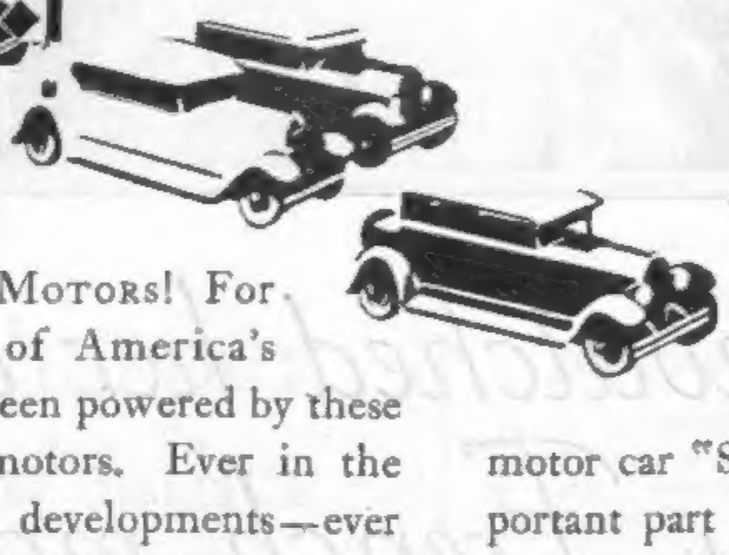
Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Continental tells us of the *enthusiastic praise for* STAINLESS in these New Motors





CONTINENTAL MOTORS! For years many of America's leading cars have been powered by these strong, powerful motors. Ever in the forefront of newer developments—ever awake to new opportunities for improvement—Continental Motors have found in genuine Stainless Steel another chance to add to the long life and trouble-free service of their motors.

In water pumps where ordinary steel is subject to the vitiating influence of corrosion—genuine "Stainless" is now giving a more perfect service than has ever before been possible.

In these fine motors—and in many other vital parts of the modern motor car "Stainless" is playing an important part . . . giving longer life . . . more rugged strength . . . more lasting beauty. "Stainless" can be given a high lustre polish which rivals silver for brightness, yet free from the dulling action of tarnish, rust, and corrosion.

Wherever "Stainless" is used you can be assured of practical immunity from almost every type of deterioration which so readily attacks ordinary steels.

Strong, tough and practically immune to deterioration, these water pump impeller and drive shafts of genuine "Stainless" give an enduring service that is truly remarkable.

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

Like Mother used to make

Fritters—Apple and banana, oyster and clam, corn and cauliflower—the whole fritter family, made with Pet Milk, are better than the best you can remember.

The Milk Does It—Because Pet Milk is *always* fresh and sweet when you get it—because it is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—because the cream is always in the milk—because it can be diluted to meet just the richness you want—because it is sterilized in the sealed container, always pure and rich and clean—Pet Milk gives to cooked dishes the "cream and butter flavor" that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used.

For Every Cream or Milk Use—Pet Milk is rich enough to serve in place of cream, and costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit any milk use, it costs less than ordinary milk.

Fritter Batter

For APPLES sliced ¼ inch thick. To serve with meat course or sprinkled with sugar as a dessert.

For BANANAS sliced lengthwise. To serve as a vegetable or with lemon sauce as a dessert.

For PINEAPPLE (canned) using whole slices. To serve as an accompaniment to a roast or sprinkled with powdered sugar as a dessert.

1⅓ cups flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
⅓ cup Pet Milk
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon melted butter

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add slowly the beaten egg to which Pet Milk and water have been added. Add melted butter and beat thoroughly. Dip fruit into batter and fry in deep hot fat until a delicate brown. Drain on unglazed paper.

We will send free on request our new cook book and our new leaflet "You'll Like It Cooked in Pet Milk" containing among others, the recipe illustrated below for clam or oyster fritters.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

"TESTED"

for Every Baking Purpose

Copyr. 1927, Washburn Crosby Co.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY: *General Offices*, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL